

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

APRIL, 1917

THE UNITED STATES AND THE LEAGUE OF PEACE

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THE idea of a League of Perpetual Peace has a life of three centuries behind it. The Duc de Sully labored to bring it about. William Penn and the Abbé de Saint-Pierre, Rousseau and Kant employed their genius to keep it alive. Saints and philosophers were not its only votaries. It fired the ambition of Henry of Navarre, and for a moment amused Louis Napoleon; in his work at The Hague the Tsar Nicholas was but reviving in a timid form the much bolder inspiration of his ancestor, Alexander I. The most elaborate draft of this scheme has lain for two centuries on the library shelves, and Europe with a punctual cynicism has twice celebrated by a universal war the centenary of Saint-Pierre's 'Perpetual Peace.' This ideal has had too long a history. It must be some new fact, some fresh departure, some shattering of traditions, which will give it life again.

The new fact is before us. It comes from the New World, and it implies the breaking of the most obstinate tradition in politics. If President Wilson, when he addressed the League to Enforce Peace, at Washington (May 27, 1916), had been content to make an academic speech in favor of the processes of arbitration and mediation, we should have listened with a fatigued and languid attention. Persuasive and

cultured orators have exhausted that theme in all the languages of civilization. Rousseau was more eloquent and Kant more acute. On the merits of the question Mr. Wilson said nothing new; there is nothing new to say. He made a new fact by shattering once and for all the tradition of American isolation. Since Washington warned his countrymen against 'entangling alliances,' and President Monroe formulated his Doctrine, the principle that the United States must hold aloof from the politics of the Old World has reigned as an unquestioned dogma. It was more than a preference and an instinct. It was the condition on which Americans hoped to purchase the immunity of their own continent from the ambitions of European dynasties.

The Doctrine was, in the first instance, a warning addressed to the Holy Alliance, which threatened to carry into Latin America, on behalf of Imperial Spain, its principles of legitimate authority and its habit of intervention. It survived to hold at arm's length the colonial aspirations of restless powers. The United States does not meddle in Europe primarily because it will not allow Europe to meddle in America. The doctrine of isolation had come to be much more than a maxim of statecraft. It seemed to guarantee to

North America for all time a peculiar civilization of her own, based on a security unknown to the peoples of Europe. The Republic stood, when our war broke out, on the Atlantic shore, and watched our agony as the landsman in 'Lucretius' watched the shipwreck at sea. The typical American mind is not content to disapprove of war; it barely understands it. In the profound peace of its unassailable continent, the belief in the validity of moral judgments and the confidence in the processes of rational conference have acquired such an ascendancy, that even able men seem unable to interpret our international life, dominated as it is by the ideas of force and power. It is a new human type which is evolving in this melting-pot of races, without the old formative influences of nationalism and militarism. It lives virtually without an army, and prizes above all its other advantages the security which permits it to escape the barracks and taxes of Europe. Mr. Wilson's phrase, 'too proud to fight,' which stirred some of us to an unpleasant mirth, was the apt expression of this spirit.

From this aloofness, a policy not merely of self-interest and calculation, but of sentiment and morals, Mr. Wilson is prepared to step down. He has offered, not merely his services to assist Europe to form a League of Peace, but the power of the United States to back the authority of such a league. His speech was a deliberate and explicit pledge that, if a league is formed among the nations to conduct their common affairs by conference, conciliation, and arbitration, the United States will take her place in the League, and use her economic and military resources against any power which makes war without submitting its cause to one of these processes. He has boldly adopted the idea of using 'coercion' in 'the service of common order, common justice, and

common peace.' It was a declaration, in words that consciously echoed the old Stoic maxim, that nothing which concerns humanity can be foreign to any civilized people. 'What affects mankind is inevitably our affair.' It means that henceforward to be neutral when wrong and aggression are suffered by any nation is a dereliction of duty.

That is not a new idea in the world, but those who preached it have hitherto been dismissed by all the right-minded as Quixotes and Crusaders. Revolutionary France became an armed missionary of liberty in Europe, but only after her own existence as a republic had been threatened by a coalition of kings. For her own defense she carried the torch into their inflammable palaces. The Holy Alliance in its turn stood for a cosmopolitan ideal of reaction, but it too was based on a conception of self-defense; its members, when they bound themselves to assail revolution, aimed at protecting their own rights. More than once in our own history we Britons have approached a cosmopolitan conception of national duty, when we sought to give an idealistic interpretation to the principle of the Balance of Power. When once we have embarked upon a continental war, we profess with an entire sincerity that we are fighting for the liberties of other peoples; but the decisive consideration for us is, inevitably and naturally, that if we did not so fight, our own liberties and our own interests would be threatened by the dominant power.

That last consideration is only faintly present to the American mind — so faintly that in all human probability it will not emerge from its neutrality in the present war. There is a vague alarm about the future, a sense that even America is living in a dangerous world. But the alarm is so general, so little directed at any single power, that it does not destroy the broader and hu-

maner thoughts of international duty. The new fact in the world's history is that for the first time a great power with a formidable navy, a population from which vast armies might be raised, and an economic and financial strength which might alone be decisive in any future conflict, is prepared to stake its own peace, not merely to guarantee its own interests, or to further the partisan aims of its allies, but to make an end in the world of the possibility of prosperous aggression. Whatever may be its fate as a constructive proposal, this American offer marks an epoch in the world's moral evolution. Ambition and fear have masqueraded before now in an international disguise, but the disinterested advocacy of a cosmopolitan idea of duty has been left to academic moralists and to Socialists. At length a great power, hitherto of all powers the most isolated and self-centred, has adopted this idea as the permanent foundation of its policy.

The scheme adopted by Mr. Taft's League to Enforce Peace, which President Wilson was addressing at Washington, proposes to unite all civilized nations in a league bound by treaty to settle by peaceable means all disputes which arise among them. It is a simple scheme, differing only in details from that of the kindred English committee, and much less elaborate than the Fabian Society's model. But the root idea of all these schemes is the same. They all suppose a voluntary union of all or most of the civilized states of the world. They all distinguish between the spheres of judicial settlement and conciliation. They all declare that where diplomacy has failed one or other of these processes shall be applied. They all prescribe coercive action by the member states against another which fails to resort to one of these processes. They are all content to leave optional the further applica-

tion of coercive action if a state refuses to carry out the recommendations of the council of conciliation. They all rely in such cases on the effect of delay, public discussion, and the authority of an impartial finding to make war morally difficult, if not impossible. The crux of the problem of peace is for them to secure a reference to some disinterested authority.

Mr. Wilson, in his speech at Washington, gave a somewhat wider scope to the idea of a League of Peace. He laid down these fundamental principles:—

1. That every people has the right to choose the sovereignty under which it shall live like other nations.

2. That the small states of the world have the right to enjoy the same respect for their sovereignty and for their territorial integrity that the great and powerful nations expect and insist upon.

3. That the world has the right to be free from every disturbance to its peace originating in aggression and disregard of the rights of peoples and nations.

These are broad principles, and this method of approaching the problem of peace has many advantages over the narrower statement of Mr. Taft's League. The question of machinery, important as it is, is really secondary. The world's peace depends in the end on the recognition of these great principles, and, perhaps, of one or two more. To nationality, the equality of states, and the responsibility of all for the prevention of aggression Mr. Wilson afterwards added, in his final summary, the freedom of the seas. He declared that the United States would aim in the settlement of this war at the creation of 'a universal association of nations to maintain inviolate the security of the highways of the seas for the common unhindered use of all the nations of the world, and to prevent any war begun either contrary to treaty covenants or without warning and full

submission of the cause to the opinion of the world — a virtual guaranty of territorial integrity and political independence.' The purely pacifist basis of the idea has here broadened out into the conception of an international charter of right.

A skeptical student of affairs may admit the moral value of this American initiative, and yet retain his doubts about its practical efficacy. The skeptic's case against any league of peace shall be fully and ruthlessly stated as we proceed. Meanwhile let us note that, if the scheme can be made to work by any power of wisdom and goodwill, the inclusion in it of the United States immensely improves its chances of success. What might have been too difficult without this unexpected aid may now be feasible. That is the new fact. No one can have failed to note in the comments on the world's future of British, even of German, Liberals a pathetic stretching of hands toward the New World. We all know what a tragic failure we have made of the adventure of international life. Despairing of our own ability to surmount the accumulated hatred and distrust of our past, we look to the Republic to extricate us. At the end of this war she is to step down upon our reeling stage, like the god from the machine at the close of Euripides' *Elektra*, who taught the bloodstained heroes how they might wash their stains at the altar and obey the judgments spoken on the Areopagus. So far from underestimating this American intervention, we tend, indeed, to trust too much to it, for no one can help us until we know ourselves.

But clearly America is the ideal mediator. She is too strong and secure to dread the resentment of any of the combatants, as the weak European neutrals must do. She has, moreover, in her composite population spokesmen who can present the case of all the par-

ties to our quarrel, and visit the action of the Republic's chiefs with their displeasure if it should be partial. So far from regretting that the German-Americans have influence, we should rejoice that they can gain a hearing for their fatherland. America can do no service to a distracted Europe if she becomes a partisan, and allows her opinion and her actions to be governed by an instinctive sympathy based on the kinship of the majority of her population with ours. We must learn, if we look to a world based on rational conference and even-handed justice, to consider what guaranties any scheme offers to our enemy as well as to ourselves. It is of little use that we should trust a mediator or a council if he distrusts them.

A League of Peace must answer two tests. Can it be so composed that in normal times it will assure to all its members such a prospect of fair decisions in disputes, and such a chance of effecting reasonable changes in the world when they are due, that war will be unnecessary? Secondly, can it be so composed that there will be in every probable contingency an available superiority of military and naval strength at the command of the League if any member should resort to aggression?

A league which cannot satisfy both these tests is doomed to failure — if, indeed, it could ever come into being. The chief difficulty in the way of the creation of any effective concert or conference in Europe is notoriously the sharp division of the Great Powers into two groups of allies. So long as these groups are held together by the principle of mutual support, so long as they come to a conference (to use the Kaiser's illuminating phrase) like 'brilliant seconds to the duelling-ground,' there can be no real mediation and no honest handling of any question on its merits. 'My ally, right or wrong,' is the negation of any international ideal. That

was our difficulty before the war, and it is likely to be much graver after it.

Into this system of close partnerships and unyielding enmities the United States will enter, disinterested and uncommitted. We need not ascribe to her more than the European average of political virtue, but in none of the racial, strategic, or colonial questions which are likely to divide the European powers has she any interest or concern. Beyond the American continent her only interests are the open door to trade, the freedom of the seas, and the maintenance of peace. She has no ally, and she will have none. If, on the one hand, kinship and common ethical ideals link her closely to us, her reading of maritime right separates her politically from us, as her detestation of militarism separates her emotionally from Germany. One may doubt whether, if the group system continued to prevail in Europe as sharply as in the past, a single great power could, by its casting vote, preserve harmony and avert strife. That would mean in the long run a kind of moral dictatorship which would be resented; Europe would grow tired of the American Aristides. But in the first stages of the experiment it is indispensable that some powerful neutral should assume leadership.

If the worst should happen, if some power or powers should break away from the League and threaten aggression, could the United States redress the balance, and make good to the loyal powers by its aid what they might have lost by their own previous moderation? Unless this question is answered in the affirmative, the League will not be formed, or, if it is formed, it will be a meaningless decoration, a plaster ornament which will fail to disguise the sinister old structure of the armed peace. In plain words, would the United States have the will and the power, once the League was formed, to oppose

aggression so firmly as to make it unprofitable? Would a sentimental, negative pacifism of the Bryan type prevail over positive, constructive pacifism of the Wilson type, so that the United States at the real crisis would give good advice but no active help? Would the selfishness which prefers the profits of neutrality to the risks of intervention defeat the new ideal of international duty? Further, if the states should intervene, would their material power be a decisive factor?

The answer to all these questions is to be found in the new American movement toward 'preparedness.' It may evaporate in rhetoric, but at present it seems to be a genuine effort to prepare the means by which American diplomacy may play an effective part in the world. If the shipbuilding programme of Congress is realized, the United States will be in three years the second naval power in the world, and will have an army, with its trained reserves, large enough to be a balancing factor in a European conflict, though distance and the need of further training would allow it to act decisively only after the lapse of some months from the outbreak of a war. We know, and the Germans know even better, how much the industrial and financial power of America has told in favor of the Entente, while she was still only a friendly neutral. It is not unduly sanguine to conclude that, even if the aggression came from a great military power, the aid of the United States in meeting it would be reliable and in the long run decisive. The movement for 'preparedness,' coupled with the abandonment of the old tradition of isolation, is the new fact which for us makes a League of Peace a prudent and rational policy. Here lies the answer to our dilemma. A policy of trust, with America to back it, ceases to be an idealistic folly.

Inevitably we look at this question

from our own angle. We want security first of all for ourselves. But we shall ruin the promise of this scheme if we allow ourselves to think and talk of 'an Anglo-Saxon alliance.' The states are not an Anglo-Saxon community, and the more we talk in this strain the more shall we antagonize the German, Irish, and Scandinavian minorities, who do not propose to give up to Great Britain what was meant for mankind. The American tradition is still adamant against 'entangling alliances,' and Mr. Wilson has been careful to explain that what he proposes is a 'disentangling alliance' — a league which will make an end of the old partisan groupings. The United States will help us in so far as we act as a loyal member of a community of nations; they will not further our self-regarding purposes against our rivals. The American offer is not to back Britain or to join the Entente; it is to use the power of a continent against any future aggressor.

The offer will avail to found a League of Peace only if it brings confidence in equal degree to all its members. It must seem a good and reassuring offer from the French and German standpoints, as well as from the British. The French will ask, How soon could this new army which is to be 'prepared' reach the Meuse and the Vosges? The answer to that very pertinent question is that the knowledge that it would arrive in six or even nine months would enable the French and British forces to be used with full effect at once, without the anxious economy of a staff which must save its resources for a long trial of strength.

From the German standpoint the problem will be anxiously weighed. Absurd as it may seem to us, the risk to the German mind will be that Britain might not be loyal, that she might not in every issue consent to a process of conciliation, and might not always accept

the award of a court or the recommendation of a council. We must consent to smother our natural indignation and examine this hypothesis. Unless the League can reassure Germany, there can be no League of Peace; there could be only an anti-German alliance of the old-world type. The German would at once give to his doubts a concrete form. 'The League,' he would say, 'involves presumably some limitation of armaments; at any rate, it precludes a really challenging and resolute attempt on my part to build a navy against Britain. While the League works well I am secure, and I save my money. But a moment arrives, ten years hence, when some capital issue of colonial or economic policy brings me into conflict with Britain. She refuses to carry the case before the Council of Conciliation, or else — what is more probable — she does go before it; but when the decision turns against her, refuses to give it effect. What am I to do then? I have so far trusted the League that I have agreed to keep my navy within moderate limits. I have allowed England to retain her supremacy at sea. I have lost ten years' naval building, and I am now forced in consequence to bow to England's will, though the opinion of impartial judges is in my favor. The League from my standpoint is simply a proposal to stereotype England's naval supremacy, and with it her power to veto every claim and expectation that I may reasonably cherish outside the Continent of Europe. In such a case I could deal with France or Russia, if they defied the League, and need ask for no one's help. But I am powerless against England. If I go to war with her, however just my cause, she will blockade me and seize my colonies, and all I can do is sink a few of her ships and harry her towns with Zeppelins. There must be some guaranty of equal treatment before I enter Utopia.'

As the world stood before Mr. Wilson's offer, that would have been the German's answer to any proposal for a League of Peace. Convinced that he was acting wisely, he would go on building warships. We should then denounce him as the one obstinate reactionary force in Europe and the one obstacle to the world's peace. We should feel so sure of our own integrity that we should regard his wish for material guaranties of our loyalty as a wanton insult, concealing the worst designs. If the German reminded us that we refused in 1899 to go to arbitration in our quarrel with Mr. Kruger, we should reply that there were in that case decisive and exceptional reasons. The new fact has its bearing on this difficulty. America is already a great naval power, and she now aspires to the second place. If she believed that Germany had been wronged, if the issue were substantial, and our conduct were really 'aggressive,' her weight, if we were ill-advised enough to press a bad case to a quarrel, would presumably be thrown into the German scale, and our ability to make an oppressive use of our naval supremacy would then be at an end. An extreme instance of this kind is indeed almost unthinkable. Our cousinly feeling to America is so strong and our respect for her opinion so real that we are never likely to risk a conflict with her, apart even from the fact that in this case the naval and economic odds might be fairly even.

The American Navy is therefore, in the last resort, exactly the material guaranty which Germany has the right to ask for as an assurance against the abuse of our superiority at sea. It is an ideal form of guaranty, for we on our side know very well that an American-German combination against us is unthinkable, unless we were grossly and undeniably in the wrong. That imaginary case would never arise, not because

we are too virtuous to abuse our power, but because we have too much sense for realities to act in a way that would combine such formidable forces against us. That, if the imaginary German in this argument were sincere, would suffice to reassure him. This balancing of future combinations on land and sea is a gross and repugnant exercise of the fancy. Diplomacy is rarely so crude as this. America's power in the League would rest broadly on the new fact of her readiness to intervene against the aggressor and the lawbreaker. No one doubts her ability to wield great power. What has been in doubt was her willingness to use it. Her conversion to the doctrine of international duty brings the League of Peace among workaday realities.

Before we examine the grave objections to any League of Peace, or consider the conditions in which it might be realized, let us note here that it meets the two chief difficulties in the way of any restoration of normal intercourse in Europe. These are (1) the natural doubt, suggested by her conduct toward Belgium, whether Germany could be trusted to keep a treaty; and (2) the still more paralyzing doubt whether her public opinion, which regards this war as 'defensive' on her part, can ever be a reliable element in a league whose main purpose is to prevent aggression. The object-lesson of Belgium must inevitably destroy, while our generation retains its vivid memory of these years, any unsupported faith in Germany's respect for her own pledges. There has been in modern times no case of treaty-breaking so gross as this. It was aggravated by the innocence of the victim, whose vow of perpetual neutrality made her a vestal virgin, entitled, if her weakness did not sufficiently plead for her, to claim the chivalry of Europe. The breach of a plain treaty shattered the fabric of public law in Europe: the

needless brutality which disgraced the execution of an ill deed added to the account its tale of murdered lives, broken families, and ruined homes.

It is fair to remember, however, that there is no similar instance of the violation of treaties by the German Empire during the forty-four years of peace which preceded this war; nor should we forget that some instance of the disregard of its pledged word or of treaty obligations (though none so gross) can be alleged in modern times against all of the Great Powers. The problem of good faith in international affairs is a common one, and it depends partly on a general raising of the level of international morality, partly on the reform of diplomatic procedure, and partly on the provision of external sanctions against treaty-breaking. Our experience in 1914 taught us that for this last purpose our influence was limited. It failed to save Belgium, for we could not concentrate on that single issue. We were bound also, by honor and interest, to France and Russia. We were part of a complicated continental system, with interests and associations wider than the single issue of Belgium. In the much simpler conditions that prevailed in 1870, when we stood aloof from European affairs, Mr. Gladstone made our neutrality in the Franco-Prussian War dependent on the single condition that Belgian territory should be respected by both sides. By this concentration he succeeded in saving her from violation.

Sir Edward Grey's relationship to France (to mention no other reason) forbade him to repeat Mr. Gladstone's tactics. The special advantage of the entry of the United States into a system of guaranties is that she would come in uncommitted, without allies, and without local interests of her own. She could act in every question of an imperiled treaty as Mr. Gladstone acted in 1870. Her whole weight would be

available against the potential law-breaker, and her action would turn (as ours could not and did not) solely on the question whether the treaty was broken or observed. It is not enough that a guarantor will certainly resort to hostile action if a treaty is broken: the power meditating the breach must also be sure that the guarantor will not act against him (or for other reasons) if the treaty is observed. A European power can rarely specialize in this way.

The United States, on the other hand, is, and will probably remain, outside our system of continental interests and commitments. That it is morally impartial is important; that it has no interest which must drag it into a mere struggle for a balance of power or the possession of territory is much more important. When it promises its adhesion to a League of Peace, all the members will know that the United States can afford to be the guardian, not merely of this or that state or of this or that interest, but of the idea of right itself. If any power should threaten to make war without resorting to the procedure of the League of Peace, its European neighbors might be perplexed, each of them, by a great variety of conflicting calculations, and some of them might be tempted to take sides at the prompting of considerations wholly irrelevant to the question of formal right. The United States alone could certainly afford to take its stand on the constitution of the League, and on that basis alone. In an hour of crisis one great power will certainly say, 'This hasty mobilization, these threats of war, this intemperate hurling of menaces and ultimata are a breach of our agreement, an offense against civilization, and a clear instance of aggression. To us beyond the Atlantic the rights and wrongs, the grievances and hopes which have induced you to adopt this behavior are of no interest. For us the only

vital fact is that you are threatening war before you have resorted to the processes of conciliation. Desist from these threats, demobilize your armies, and await the deliberations of the Council. If you refuse to observe the constitution of the League, if you persist in these appeals to force, then, however good your case, you are for us the aggressor, and our fleet, our army, and our finance will be used against you.'

President Wilson's speeches are, in effect, an offer to guarantee a League of Peace and to back international treaties by the promise that America will in the last resort intervene against the aggressor and the treaty-breaker. In other words, she stands security for such treaties in the future. Her intervention is a new fact, a guaranty of a kind with which the past was unacquainted. We need place no implicit trust in Germany's good faith, but with the certainty that America's power would be added to the forces that opposed her, if she should refuse to adopt the procedure of conciliation, it would no longer be necessary to question the value of her signature to a League of Peace. No power will resort to aggression if it must by so doing raise invincible odds against itself.

It is indispensable that any League of Peace should have behind it the external sanction of a force strong enough to repress a recalcitrant power. But the world's case would be nearly hopeless if the League had to rely mainly on measures of coercion. Unless there is a general will to peace, unless there is, at least in all the more advanced and powerful nations of Europe, a spirit which abhors and condemns aggression, they would labor in vain who sought to build a League of Peace. I believe, for my part, that such a temper exists, that it has been infinitely strengthened by this war, that it has existed for a generation at least in Western Europe,

and even that it existed in the minds of the majority of the German people on the very eve of this war. On the last Sunday of peace the German Socialists held in every large town of the Empire impressive demonstrations against war. They number one third of the German electorate, and in these manifestations they seemed to have with them the good sense and the goodwill of a great part of the middle classes. How came it that a week later these same Socialists, with heavy hearts perhaps, but still with an unquestioning obedience, donned their uniforms and marched obediently to Belgium or the Eastern frontier? No one doubts their sincerity: every country presented the same spectacle. Some of the most vehement orators among the Socialist and Radical leaders and Members of Parliament who protested in Trafalgar Square on the first Sunday of war — August 2 — against our entry into the conflict in association with Russia, were addressing recruiting meetings themselves a few weeks later, or volunteering for the front.

The rampant hatreds of our war are a consequence of the ascendancy which the habit of moral judgment has won over our minds. It is because every nation in arms regards war as an evil (as the old aristocratic and professional armies did not), that we all hate the enemy whom we regard as its cause. The paradoxical effect of the prevalence of a general condemnation of war from the humanitarian, Christian, or Socialist standpoint, would seem to be, to-day, not to prevent war, but to make it, when it comes, less chivalrous, less merciful, and more brutalizing.

Must we conclude then, that modern morality will always be impotent to prevent a war of aggression? We need not pause to point out that the secret conduct of negotiations, and the practice, which obtains no less in Britain than in Germany, of postponing any

discussion of the issue, or any publication of the dispatches, until the irreparable step has been taken, will alone suffice to frustrate the influence even of a resolutely pacific democracy. But to assume that every nation would judge fairly in its own case, if it had all the documents in good time before it, is to take an excessively sanguine view of human nature. There might in the blameworthy country be more division of opinion than at present, but the mass mind is nowhere formed as yet for difficult feats of historical criticism. The only hope of 'mobilizing' public opinion with any effect against an imminent war is to provide it with some test of 'aggression' much simpler than is available at present. That is the great merit of the conception which underlies the League of Peace. Its procedure provides a uniform and mechanical test. The democracy need no longer dispute over the merits of the question, or speculate on the motives of the adversary. The only relevant question is whether its government has kept its pledge to refer every dispute which battles the ordinary processes of diplomacy to the arbitrament of a standing tribunal or council of conciliation. No Western democracy is so simple that it cannot apply that test, and none so prejudiced that it would not apply it.

A skeptic may point out that Sir Edward Grey did propose an informal conference on the eve of this war, which would have interposed the mediation of neutrals between Austria and Russia. The Chancellor's rejection of this expedient — which history may possibly regard as the heaviest count against him — does not seem (if it was generally known) to have disturbed public opinion in Germany. But it is one thing to reject mediation if the procedure and the council must be improvised; if you have no security that in a like case in the future the advan-

tages of this method will be open to yourself; if further you doubt whether the proposed council can possibly be impartial;¹ and quite another matter to reject conciliation if you and your adversary are alike bound by treaty to resort to it; if the council is so composed that impartiality may be hoped for; if, finally, it is a standing institution which has proved its utility in other cases. To have accepted mediation in 1914 would have been for a German Chancellor a notable act of grace; to refuse it if a League of Peace is constituted would be a startling act of perfidy. It requires no excessive exercise of faith to assume that public opinion, if all the Great Powers were pledged to adopt this pacific procedure before resorting to arms, would be in each country sufficiently enlightened to insist upon it, and to condemn as the aggressor the statesman who broke the compact.

Many difficulties will in practice confront a League of Peace. We shall find them only too real and only too formidable. It requires for its realization conditions which exact from European statesmanship a high and difficult level of wisdom. But in this preliminary statement of the idea we have found the two essentials for the fortunate conduct of a league. The promised adhesion of America provides, not merely for an impartial and uncommitted element in its councils, but also for a powerful external sanction for the observance of its constitution and the fulfillment of treaties. The simple, almost mechanical test that it furnishes for the judgment of 'aggression' promises for the first time in history to arm the moral conscience of civilized opinion in the service of peace.

¹ The prevailing view among Germans was that three of the four 'disinterested' Powers — Britain, France, and Italy — were already biased against Austria, and that only one — Germany — was friendly. — THE AUTHOR.

A SIX-HOUR SHIFT

THE LOG OF A TRANSPORT ENGINEER

BY WILLIAM McFEE

I

I LIE still, with eyes closed, for a few moments before rising, listening to the drumming of the rain on the deck overhead, and the gurgle of the scupper-pipes outside in the alleyway. I sort out drowsily the familiar vibrations: the faint, delicate rhythm of the dynamo, the hammer of a pump, the leisurely rumble and hiss of the refrigerator. Suddenly a hideous jar close at hand: the Fourth Engineer is making tea in the galley, and has dropped the poker. I look sideways at my watch. It is now five minutes to two. I decide to get up and dress.

I reflect on the fact that to-day is the anniversary of our departure from a home port. For a year, with but one or two days of rest, we have been dressing at five minutes to two. For a year the Armée de l'Orient has been fed with frozen meat from our insulated holds. I recall a sentence in a recent letter from an officer on the Western front. It seems to put the matter succinctly. 'War,' he says, 'is like trade; only indirectly interesting.' And again, lower down, he remarks, 'It is n't the horror of war that makes a man tired, or even the danger and bloodshed; it is the infernal monotony of it.'

So I suppose we have no corner in monotony! I finish dressing (it is now five minutes past two, but no matter), and go into the mess-room for a cup of

tea. The Fourth Engineer is there, also my colleague whom I am relieving, and the Third Officer in pajamas. This last person is suffering from insomnia, which is not surprising, since he drinks strong tea at 10.30 P.M. He is now drinking strong tea at 2 A.M., on the principle of poison counteracting poison, I suppose. Anyhow, he does nothing all day, so it does n't matter.

The Fourth Engineer is a hospitable soul and makes me toast. He is on duty all night in the main engine-room. He is a lanky, immature, good-tempered youth, with nice eyes. He knows I like toast. In return, I am looking the other way when the cook gives him a pocketful of eggs out of the cold-storage rooms. I like him. He laughs easily and bears no malice. Like most East Anglians, he has a subtle refinement of mind that will stand him in good stead through life. Among the dour north countrymen who throng the ship, he is almost feminine.

While I eat my toast, I listen to their conversation. It does not amount to much. How could it? We have been together a year. We are, occasionally, rather tired of each other. We are each painfully conscious of the other's faults. Most subjects of which we know anything have been bled white of all interest. There are neither mysteries to attract nor revelations to anticipate. 'The End of the War' and 'When the Ship will go Home' are taboo. Most of us

take refuge in light badinage. Others, like the Third Officer and his colleagues, play bridge for three hours every night. Some study languages and musical instruments; but there are not many of these. Some drink secretly, and are reported later as 'sick.' Most of us, however, do simply nothing. We sit, or stand, or walk, or lie, with one dull thought in our minds, one vague image before our eyes — the thought, the image, of Release.

It is an unusual state of mind. I had almost written 'a curious psychological phenomenon,' but I am anxious to make the reader understand, and plain words are best. It is, I say, an unusual state of mind. From the Commander to the scullion, from the Chief Engineer to the coal-passer, we have all gradually arrived at a mood which is all the more passionate because it is inarticulate. With every other outlet dammed, our whole spiritual life is forced along one narrow channel of intense desire. We want to go home. It sounds childish, but that is because the reader does not understand. When he has read through this article, I hope he will understand. I mean him to.

I drink my tea and eat my toast, and having given Thomas a saucer of milk, I go on duty. Thomas is a large black cat, who shares my vigil. *Allons donc!*

I go aft to the refrigerating-room along a covered alleyway, which none the less leaks; and Thomas, who follows, makes little runs to avoid the drips. It is raining as it can rain only in the Balkans. There is something Scottish about this rain, something dour, persistent, and irritating; and this old obsolete banana boat, converted into a cold-storage, leaks in every seam of her boat-deck, which is all warped by the blazing suns of a Balkan summer. We skip in, Thomas and I, in where there is light and warmth and comfortable

noises, and, in our various fashions, carry on.

It is no part of this article to treat of refrigeration. That, being part of modern war, is uninteresting. My greaser, a faded Irishman with a bad leg, does most of the work. I note the log on the desk, thumb the compressor rods, take a few thermometer readings, feel the crank bearings of the engine, and feel bored. Thomas, after watching a couple of cockroaches who persist in risking their lives along the edge of the evaporator-casing, settles down to snooze on the vise-bench. For a time I envy him. I want to sleep again myself. I sit down near the desk, and, sharply alert as to the machine, I permit the rest of me, my soul and body, let us say, to take forty winks. I leave the explanation to competent psychologists. It can be done. I need no Psychical Research Society to tell me that my soul and my intellect are differentiate entities. I know it, because I have kept six-hour watches, because I have been on night duty, because — because of many private reasons, of which it is not seemly that I should speak. Suffice it.

For an hour I sit with folded arms, while the machine pursues its leisurely never-ending race; while the brine-pump lifts first one leg and then the other, gingerly, as though in deep snow; while the electric fans revolve noiselessly in their corners; while the faded Irishman moves uneasily from side to side as he ministers to the needs of the machine. Subconsciously I am aware of all that goes on. So much for the experience and *flair* born of a dozen years at sea.

And, to tell the truth, this is the most hopeless time of the day. I once saw a picture, well known, no doubt, A Hopeless Dawn. My experience is, that all dawns are hopeless, to those who have to witness them. The legend

of the early palæolithic ancestor who spent a night of terror after seeing the sun sink out of sight, and who leaped for joy at the dawning, is too thin. He is no ancestor of mine. For me the period comprised between the hour of two and four is one of unrelieved vacuity. The minutes, the very seconds, seem to deliberate. When, after what seems a long quarter of an hour, I look again at the clock, that white-faced, impassive umpire has registered exactly three minutes. Well, it is three minutes past three. I get up abruptly, startling the faded Irishman who is standing near me, smoking a dirty pipe and thinking of heaven knows what, and go outside into the open air. And outside in the open air is Salonika.

II

The rain, in an inconclusive way, has ceased, though the scupper-pipes still gurgle and cluck with the water running from above. I walk along the after deck, climb up the heap of sandbags built round the gun-platform, and take refuge in a sort of canvas sentry-box which the gunners have improvised out of ammunition cases, a spring mattress and some old tarpaulins. Here I am more than ever solitary at this hour. The gun, looking like a gaunt cab-horse in its gray canvas shroud, droops its muzzle slightly, as though dispirited because we go so rarely to sea. Nothing else can I see of the ship, save the flag-pole, a ghostly outpost of humanity, for beyond it the world has dissolved into a sad chaos of water and sky. There is no wind. The waters of the Gulf lie placid and obscure. The sky-line has vanished, and one has the illusion of floating in infinite space, in a sort of aerial Noah's Ark without any animals. The patches of white in the cloud-canopy are reflected with eerie accuracy in the lifeless and invisible mirror below.

One feels a slight vertigo, for all things seem to have been swallowed up, and even Time, that last refuge of saints and sinners, to have stopped.

The rain comes as a relief, as though the works of the universe were getting under way again. My knees being exposed, I decide that I have had enough of nature in solution and climb down from the gun-platform. The moon, which is shining behind the dense clouds, brightens the patches of white, and these are reflected on the wet deck. Picking my way carefully, for all scuttles are screened, I reach the machine-room. Nothing is changed save the hands of the clock: it is now half-past three. The faded Irishman has become a shade more brisk in his movements. From now on he will become more and more active and intelligent in carrying out his duties, until he reaches a climax of senseless energy at four by breaking into speech with a 'Well, good-night, sir,' and vanishing into his kennel. His place is taken by a somnolent negro.

At four the rain is pouring down with all its old violence, and I make my way along to the mess-room for more tea. I bump into a damp silent man, a Greek sailor, on night duty. He is supposed to keep a lookout at the gangway and tend the galley-fires. He does both very well. Some sailors are poor hands at stoking. The Russian, who occasionally acts as night-watchman, is no good. They say Russians understand tea. Our Russian understands nothing.

The Japanese second cook, on being called by the Russian mariner, is furious with the fire. The Greek and Arab firemen do not understand that coal-dust is unsuitable for galley fires. There are, at times, international complications.

The Fourth Engineer and I once more foregather in the mess-room. I make the tea, and I do it this way. The

tea-pot, of white china, is rinsed and scalded with boiling water. I then put in the correct quantity of tea, which is an art acquired only in the school of experience. Then I pour on the correct quantity of fresh-boiling water — another art. The tea is left to steep on the hob for as long as it takes to cut, toast, and butter two slices of bread. The tea is now ready. I pour it. Its color is superb. Having done all this, I cast a look of triumph on the Fourth Engineer, who informs me that there is no milk; very much as a silly young staff officer might tell his general that the army has no ammunition. I retire to my room and return with a cream-jug full of condensed milk of an age so vague that only boiling water can reduce it to a liquid form. Thereupon we sit down, and having exhausted every conceivable subject of conversation six months ago, we drink and munch in silence.

The militarists say that war is necessary to develop the soul of a nation; without war men would sink into stupidity and sloth.

Having eaten and drunk in silence, we light cigarettes and go away, he down below to pump the boilers up, I to my machine-room to see how the somnolent negro is going on. He is going on very much as I expected. He wanders like a sleep-walker among the machinery, attending to his duties after his own fashion. I make up the log to four o'clock, examine certain things that may go wrong, but never do, and go out into the alleyway again.

The hopeless dawn is approaching. A ghastly pallor now faintly outlines a mountain which I indolently call Ben Lomond. The Gulf of Salonika is almost entirely surrounded by land, and the city is built on the slopes of a mountain. Ben Lomond is farther off to the eastward; other mountains form ram-parts to the west and north, while the

Vardar River delta insinuates itself among the more rugged features in a most curious way. Southward, beyond the headland that marks the entrance, the horizon is closed by the sublime peak of Olympus. The Gulf, therefore, is a kind of bowl, against the rim of which the clouds are condensed and held. Under their caps of cotton-woolly clouds the mountains are white with snow.

We have come out of the void, and dark blobs are now recognizable as ships. Lights glitter along the shore. A motor-lighter passes, her engine exhaust beating the still air like a pulse. The silence is no longer profound or tragic. The world of men, the world of living men, is coming back, and I am glad. I have a weakness for the world of living men. A steamer, weighing her anchor with much puffing of steam from her windlass-exhaust, blows her whistle. It is a trumpet-blast, completing the rout of the powers of darkness.

There is a crash from our galley: some one, most probably the Japanese second cook, has dropped the poker. The Japanese second cook is a creature of moods, often passionate. He is, so they say, a student of philosophy at Tokyo University. He has come to sea to earn more money to complete his courses — of philosophy, I suppose. The chief cook, who is a Chinaman, has presumably completed his studies in philosophy, while the third cook, who is an Italian, has never studied philosophy at all. Anyhow, various noises combine to inform me that all three are now in the galley engaged in making bread and preparing breakfast for the crew in a more or less philosophical manner.

Other sounds assert themselves, too. Weird moans from below announce the Fourth Engineer's success with his boilers. A small dog in the firemen's house aft yelps tediously at an imagin-

ary enemy. He presumes upon his rating as a mascot. A sleepy Greek boy, with weak eyes and legs, appears from the forecabin with a tin tea-pot. He is reported to be a Venizelist. Venizelists, I observe, make poor sailors. The night watchman, who answers to the name of Papa Gregovis, but whose political tendencies are obscure, fades away forward. The greaser in the main engine-room, a one-eyed mulatto, carries his tea-can along.

So an hour passes.

Once again the rain has ceased and I go out on the after deck and walk to and fro. I discover the crowded roadstead of Salonika. Black blobs have become transports, misty phantoms have changed into hospital ships, gray shadows into men-of-war. One hospital ship is preparing to move — does move, as I watch her. She is girdled with a necklace of emerald lights. On her rail is a red cross of electric lights. She is very beautiful, a jeweled wraith moving noiselessly across our bows. Several Greek schooners, with all sails set, float near us on the glassy water, waiting for a wind. Time is no object with them. One appears close to our quarter, like a ghost of some past age, a fabulous blue galleon with silver sails. She is part of the ridiculous unreality of the whole business.

III

I decide suddenly to have a pipe, and go in to get tobacco and matches. However, the mess-room steward is bringing in tea and toast for two, so I postpone the pipe. As I sit down on the stool by the desk, the Fourth Engineer comes in, wiping his hands on a piece of waste. He is gay. It is nearly six. The boilers, sanitary, and fresh-water tanks are all full. Everything is in order. At seven he will dive into his room and be no more seen. He sits down beside me

and partakes of his seventh cup of tea and piece of toast since nine o'clock last night. He wants to go up for an examination. He has been away fifteen months as Fourth. He will probably be away another fifteen. He is losing his chances. And they need young men at home.

One of the great advantages of war, the militarists tell us, is that young men get their chance. War gives us scope, provokes initiative, stimulates the soul, quickens the brain.

With my pipe alight, I take up my walk on the after deck. The setting moon is a mere pool of radiance, like an electric lamp swathed in muslin. A rift in the clouds over Ben Lomond shows a pale blue patch of sky with the morning star shining in the middle of it. The lights of the port shine like stars, too, in the rain-washed air. Men move about the ship, launches begin to cross and recross the harbor. A steamer near us suddenly wakes into life. Electric clusters and arc-lights blaze about her decks, derricks swing and winches rattle. Another ship, a collier, hauls up her anchor and very cautiously, very stealthily, approaches a cruiser, as though she were about to pounce upon her without warning. But the cruiser is in full possession of all her faculties apparently, for hundreds of men appear on deck, whistles are blown, fenders are lowered, ropes are thrown out, and at length the two lie in a close embrace, and the cruiser's Morse light winks rapidly several times, to inform the world that all is as it should be.

As I turn from this fascinating spectacle I behold the French lighter approaching. The French lighter is a cumbrous old Turkish sailing ship propelled by a minute French tug lashed to her side. She seems to have her arm round the tug's shoulders. Loud hammering announces the steam making

its way along our water-logged deck-pipes. A shrill whistle from the French tug elicits a similar whistle from some one on our upper deck. Several soldiers in khaki make their appearance about the ship. The French tug and lighter come alongside and are made fast. A swarm of dirty Greeks climb up and begin to remove the hatches.

You cannot honestly say the day has broken. It is much more as though the blank opacity of the night had worn thin. That blue rent in the dirty tarpaulin of the sky over Ben Lomond has closed up, and a fine misty drizzle begins to fall.

I retire to the door of the machine-room, where I encounter my friend the French sergeant-major. He is a handsome Marseillais, by profession a dealer in antique furniture and *objets d'art*. For two years he has been supervising the transportation of beef and mutton from ship to shore. He is of the opinion that war develops our higher faculties to the utmost, and that without war civilized man would degenerate into a gross preoccupation with material needs. However, just now he is good-humoredly frantic because there is no steam. I inquire what it is that it is. He waves his arms. I say, 'Pas de vapeur?' Ah! he nods and waves his arms again. I wave mine. In a species of utilitarian French which I find that French men — and women — understand, I inform him that the *vapeur* is on its way, but that it is being retarded by the condensation in the pipes, due to the odious weather. He agrees, and waves his arms. I nod vigorously and wave mine. We are brothers. We shake hands. He hands me a copy of *L'Opinion* or *L'Indépendant*, diminutive news-sheets dear to the heart of the Armée de l'Orient. I deluge him with thanks and he returns to the hatch to load the Greeks with opprobrious epithets.

While perusing the little French paper, I am accosted by the philosophical second-cook, the dark-eyed gentleman from Tokyo, and the very human third cook, a dark-eyed gentleman from Naples, who wish to enter the cold-storage. I give them the keys and they vanish into a cupboard-like cavity where they blow on their fingers and proceed to quarrel over legs of beef, corpses of sheep, or other less desirable provender.

The French paper tells me a great deal that I wish to know. I rejoice particularly in the very cavalier attitude it takes up with regard to neutrals. It trounces Constantine very much as the French sergeant-major trounces the Greek cargo-men. I pass half an hour very pleasantly with *L'Opinion* or *L'Indépendant*.

I find it is seven o'clock. The decks are being washed. Firemen and engine-room men, a variegated crowd of British, Greek, Arab, and negro, pass along and go below. Carpets are being shaken, scuttle-brasses polished, floors scrubbed. The city of Salonika becomes dimly visible, a gray smudge picked out with white columns and red domes. A battleship is going out to practice, and presently you hear the heavy *bang-bang* of her big guns reverberating against the bluffs of the Karaburnou. Stone quarries behind the town take up the tale, and for an hour or so you will hear the explosions sullenly booming in the still damp air.

The hours drag on. It is a quarter to eight. My somnolent negro suddenly becomes wide awake and hurries along the deck to call his relief. I make a general and particular examination of everything in my care, and, rubbing my chin, decide to shave. There is a tendency to grow slack and slovenly in circumstances like these. One says, 'Who cares?' and 'What does it matter?' A slow poison of indolence is in the air.

I must shave. As a rule I am negligent, but this morning I make a hasty decision that this must end. I will, I announce to myself, shave, breakfast, and go ashore. As a rule I turn in, as soon as I have eaten. I will go ashore.

I tell my mate I am going, and seek information concerning a conveyance. I inquire of the Second Officer which lighter is going away first. He does not know. He never does know. He is the most complete agnostic I have ever met. I ask one of the soldiers, whose king and country have taken him away from his job on a farm and set him to tally meat. He says he thinks the extra British lighter will finish first. I then discover the extra British contingent loading twenty tons of canned goods — sardines, salmon, and cling peaches; why cling peaches, I cannot say. So I drop down the rope-ladder to the lighter's deck and discover the two naval engineers getting the engines ready for starting. They are Bolinder engines.

If the reader does not know what a Bolinder engine is, he is a happy man. A Bolinder engine is the devil. I once worked on a ship whose launch had a Bolinder engine, and it nearly killed me.

By the time the bulbs are hot enough to start, the senior artificer catches sight of me and we fraternize. He is a pale blond middle-aged man with the expression of mingled humility and efficiency common to lower-deck ratings in the navy. This lighter, he tells me, was under fire at Gallipoli. He shows me a patch on either side of the engine-room plating: the entry and exit of a twelve-pounder shell. It must have passed within a few inches of his neck. With this exception he has led a humdrum parcels-delivery sort of life. Suddenly, as his assistant opens a valve, the engine starts with a roar and then settles down to the fluttery beat and

cough of an oil-engine with the clutch out.

We discuss the merits and demerits of Bolinder engines. I hazard the remark that personally I prefer steam. The man's face lights up for a moment as he answers, 'Ah, me too!' You know where you are with steam. Steam is the friend of man. Steam engines are very human. Their very weaknesses are understandable. Steam engines do not flash back and blow your face in. They do not short-circuit and rive your heart with imponderable electric force. They have arms and legs and warm hearts and veins full of warm vapor. We all say that: Give us steam every time. You know where you are with steam.

So much for the trip ashore — one meets a stranger with the knowledge of the craft. As we climb up out of the tiny engine-room, I observe that we are now inside the stone jetty of the Greek harbor. Several large transports are discharging men, mules, horses, guns, locomotives, and so on. We slip gently alongside, and with a cheery word and a shake of the hand I quit my friend with his cargo of cling peaches and the rest, and jump ashore. It occurs to me in passing that the letters from the front never mention cling peaches and fresh mutton. No, the burden of their song is always 'bully beef' and 'skilly,' whatever that may be. They also speak disparagingly of 'tinned stuff.'

I cannot get those cling peaches and sardines out of my head.

IV

And here I am ashore in Salonika! I feel absurdly shy amid so much busy life. It is almost as busy as a provincial town in England on market days. I feel something like an escaped prisoner. They say that convicts, when they are liberated, wander aimlessly about, not knowing what to do with their liberty.

I feel just like that. I wander about among huge piles of hardware, stared at critically by sentries of all nations. I make for the Custom House Gate, and I become suddenly aware that the sun is shining through a jagged rent in the white clouds over Ben Lomond, and that I am very warm indeed.

There is something tragic about Salonika. I have visited many goodly states and cities, and I doubt if there be one other on the globe to compare with Salonika in her ingenious combination of splendor and squalor. She is a dirty queen, sitting in filthy rags, with gems about her noisome girdle, and a diadem upon her scrofulous brow. She babbles in all the tongues of Europe and speaks none of them aright. She has no native language, no native air. She is all things to all men, Jew and Gentile, Moslem and Frank. She is everything and nothing. The winds of heaven blow among the ruined turrets of her citadel, while the mosquitoes from the Vardar swamps sing ten million strong in the purlieus of the port. She is very proud. She has nothing left to give but death, yet the nations fling themselves upon her and quarrel for the honor of her embrace.

I was thinking all this as I picked my way in the mud along the road to the Place de la Liberté, because I had thought of it often before. It is all true. Quitting the custom house, which is a building of French design, I pass the Olympos Palace Hotel, an edifice of Berlin architecture, all curls and whirls and involute swirls. At this point is the Place de la Liberté, facing the landing place known as Venizelos Steps. The square is not worthy of the name, being a mere wide strip of Venizelos Street, and consisting exclusively of cafés. The steps are flanked by two kiosks which contain bunks for the night watch. This is the heart of the city. Past this point there rushes a never-

ending tide of tram-cars, pedestrians of all nations, ambulance wagons, motor lorries, cavalry and artillery, donkey carts and mule teams, staff motor-cars and dispatch-riders on motor-cycles — good men, bad men, beggar-men, thieves.

Along the front Greek schooners are discharging charcoal, paraffine, stone, fish, vegetables, and peanuts. Around the steps crowd many launches — British, French, Italian, Greek, and Serbian; row-boats, sail-boats, ships' cutters awaiting vegetables, and ships' dinghies awaiting their commanders. Old ladies in native costume, caricatures of Queen Victoria as a widow, move to and fro gossiping. Shoe-shine boys almost trip up the unwary stranger in their endeavors to clean his boots by main force. And then, half a dozen strong, come the news-girls with their loads of twenty-two different newspapers in six different languages.

They are not very clean little girls, but I regard them with tolerance as they press up to sell me a *Balkan News*. They never by any chance mistake one's nationality. I suppose the English character is noticeable in Salonika. Moreover, the Englishman is a fool about money. I know, because I am a fool about money; yet I am not such a fool as some. The French, Italian, Russian officer, counts his change with meticulous care and gives a very very small tip. The Britisher, officer or man, grasps the coins, looks at them without really knowing whether he is being cheated or not, bestows munificent largesse, and strides out, leaving the Greek waiter full of contempt for the burly fool who parts from his money so easily.

This is by the way. We are learning so many things in this war, that quite possibly the Englishman abroad may learn to keep his money in his pocket.

Personally, I have not much to spend, and each drachma must produce its utmost value. But I can gratify my native craving to be thought a philanthropist when I buy a paper. I give all those dirty little girls a penny each.

Do not misunderstand me. I do not say they are ugly little girls. Their noses do not run in the embarrassing way common among the street-children of a northern clime. They are all different. One is dark, with long thick brows over black eyes, her hair in a thick plait. Another is blond and has a red nose. Another is quite tall and will probably become a dancer, she has such neat little legs and feet. Her stockings, by the way, are not a pair. Another has a pair but no garters, and she looks very untidy. Yet another has garters but no stockings, and her legs are very dirty. A very tiny little person has only one forlorn copy of a Greek paper, and she is thrust away by her more muscular rivals. I give her a penny, too. I am popular.

When all are recompensed they sidle away, looking back wistfully for a moment. I dare say they are wondering if I am a millionaire in disguise. Then the whirling vortex of Venizelos Steps sucks them in again; they spy an-

other sailor coming ashore, and they collect and fling themselves upon him, a compact, yelling Macedonian phalanx of youthful amazons.

Turning eastward, one sees the city-front curving very gently as far as the White Tower, nearly a mile away. Beyond that superb landmark the new suburban town spreads out indefinitely amid shabby foliage. The view up Venizelos Street is closed by a covered-in bazaar. The yellow buildings of the front are a confusing medley of cafés, cigarette shops, hotel-entrances, paper shops, hardware shops, barbers' shops, cinema theatres, Turkish baths, a fish-market, farriers' shops, cafés chantants, charcoal stores, more cigarette shops, more cafés, a few immense private houses with interesting courtyards and discontented-looking sentries in battered boxes, one or two small houses with tremendous walnut doors and black iron hinges, bolts, and window-bars; and finally, just as the heat and acrid smells from motors and horses begin to parch the throat, and the devilish cobbles to tire the unaccustomed feet, there is a café in a covered garden, with the White Tower standing alone in a grass plot at the water-side.

(To be concluded)

EDUCATION AS MENTAL DISCIPLINE

BY ABRAHAM FLEXNER

I

WHEN doubts are suggested as to the value of certain time-honored subjects included in the elementary and secondary curriculum, one is told that the subjects in question are valuable because they 'train the mind.' 'Training the mind' is therefore a phrase which expresses a definite educational theory — the theory, namely, that the most important function of the school is to discipline the mental faculties so that in after life they will be serviceable instruments ready for effective use. The faculties to be thus trained are memory, reason, imagination, observation. People who believe in 'training the mind,' or in 'formal discipline,' which is the same thing technically expressed, almost invariably hold that the time-honored subjects — Latin, algebra, geometry, and so on — best serve this purpose. They believe that subjects which will themselves probably never be used furnish the most effective mental gymnastic, to use another favorite expression; that memory developed by learning Latin grammar, observation practiced in distinguishing moods and tenses, reason practiced in algebraic or geometrical operations, are so many weapons, in fighting trim, ready to be put to such uses as arise out in the world subsequently. The theory of mental discipline or formal discipline is therefore the bulwark of conventional or traditional education.

The opposing conception may be described as education on the basis of

content. Education on the basis of content endeavors to equip the pupil with a varied body of properly-ordered material, which will serve his purposes, stimulate his interests, and engage his growing powers. It selects things to teach, not primarily for the purpose of training the mind, but because the things are in themselves useful, satisfying, or inspiring — because, in a word, they serve some purpose which is valued either by society or by the individual, be the purpose material, utilitarian, artistic, spiritual, or what not. Education by content does not deny that there is such a thing as training. Indeed, having once chosen a particular subject or content, it insists that this content should be so presented as to develop the maximum power and interest. But it entirely disbelieves in the training of general faculties — a general memory faculty, a general reasoning faculty, a general faculty of observation — on which the theory of formal discipline sets such great store. It holds that really no such faculties exist, and hence that they cannot be trained. There are instead — so content-education believes — many kinds of memory, many kinds of reasoning power, many kinds of observing faculty; and all we know of training is that these various abilities are within limits improvable through exercise. Content-education holds, therefore, that, if the mind is to deal with varied, yet definite and specific experiences, problems, and activities, education or training should concern itself with such experiences,

problems, and activities — not with totally different and very limited problems and activities. Hence the emphasis on a content which is in range and quality fairly representative of the world as a whole and of the mind in all its varied interests and capacities.¹

American education is, on the whole, dominated by the former of the two conceptions I have briefly characterized — that is, by the theory of formal discipline. Children study most of their present subjects, not because they serve essential purposes or represent significant experiences, but because they are supposed to 'train the mind.' From time to time in recent years, to be sure, content-studies have crept in or been forced in. But it would be a mistake to suppose that this indicates a deliberate abandonment of the disciplinary line. On the contrary, the new content-studies have largely shared the fate of the rest of the curriculum — they have been taught so as to 'train the mind.' Their presence does not therefore indicate that the content-theory is crowding out the theory of mental discipline.

The frankest and most unqualified embodiment of the disciplinary conception of education is the preparatory school. I single it out in this discussion because, particularly in the East, it represents the kind of training given those who qualify for admission to college — those, that is, who want to get a higher education. It is true that increasing numbers enter college, in the East as in other sections, from public and private high schools which do not describe themselves as preparatory schools. Nevertheless, high schools preparing students for college have been directly and indirectly compelled to

approximate the preparatory school in the course of study and in the way in which the course of study is handled. Thus the influence of the American college works strongly in the direction of fastening on the secondary school the disciplinary conception of education. I propose in this paper to consider this procedure; in a subsequent one I shall try to convince college authorities that they ought to promote an experiment with the alternative conception.

The preparatory school devotes itself, then, to mental discipline. It seeks to train the mind by forcing it to do intellectual tasks mostly of little inherent interest, but of gradually increasing difficulty. Some pupils do, indeed, get interested; at times the personality of the teacher will irradiate the instruction; at times the study takes on the character of a game which minds of a certain type like to puzzle out. Again, it happens that in every class certain pupils do with ease and almost intuitively the tasks that are defended because of the deliberate intellectual effort that they are supposed to require and to train. I have never heard any believer in mental discipline explain what becomes of the theory in the case of such students — the students, I mean, who see through the thing in this rather effortless fashion. We need not, however, worry about them; for the number of those who succeed easily because of interest in the game or because of native capacity is not large enough to upset the contention that most pupils find intellectual tasks of the type employed difficult and unappealing. To consider what sort of training — intellectual and moral — these pupils get out of their hard and dull tasks, is the main purpose of this paper.

The preparatory school curriculum is made up of languages, abstract mathematics, history, and a bit of science. On its face, it is predominantly a thing of

¹ For an admirable discussion of this whole question, the reader is referred to Professor Ernest C. Moore's *What is Education?* — THE AUTHOR.

words and symbols. The mind that it trains is therefore necessarily the word-mind — the mind that has to do with words, the mind that can be reached through words, and only in so far as it has to do with words or can be reached through words. If there be people — as there surely are — who think more or less in materials, in colors, in sounds, in images, in action, the word-discipline of the preparatory school is not for them, in so far as they think or act in those media. Now, of course, no education is going to dispense with words and symbols, and the best possible education is going to make a large use of them. But words and symbols are not used in the preparatory school discipline as they are used in daily life. In daily life words are used to suggest meanings or ideas. The preparatory school, on the contrary, uses words and symbols, not primarily to transmit a meaning, but, without emphasis upon meaning, as a method of disciplining the will, the reason, the power of analysis. The other type of school I mentioned — the content type — would employ words and symbols as keys to living subjects, as ways of summarizing experience, as stimuli and challenges to action. Not so the preparatory school. The preparatory school employs words and symbols as formal instruments for disciplinary exercise. And, as we shall see, it treats pretty much all subjects in pretty much the same fashion.

Let me make sure that I am understood when I say that the preparatory school curriculum or the college-entrance programme — call it which you please — is overwhelmingly a thing of words and symbols taught for formal ends. Note in the first place the prominence of language studies and the objects which the language studies subserve. Over one half the subjects offered are languages; much more than

one half the time of pupils in school and out of school goes to the study of languages — to the study of languages, furthermore, which pupils do not learn and are not expected to learn. I say the languages are not learned; no one expects them to be learned. They are taught, not for the sake of their meanings, not to be used in suggesting ideas, but as a means of discipline.

Now consider what happens when a child studies, without learning, Latin and Greek. He commits to memory paradigms, conjugations, and vocabulary. What is the process? A mechanical remembering and identifying of arbitrary correspondences between mere words. Each particular ending in Latin equals something, or one of several somethings, in English; each word in Latin equals something, or one of several somethings, in English. There is a list of cases with meaningless names to be arbitrarily accepted; it is astonishing how glibly children learn to employ this incomprehensible terminology. It is no part of the child's business to ask why; it is, in the main, his business to take the thing on faith and to commit it to memory. Thus, a whole series of declensions is memorized: in the first declension, a long *a* is a symbol to be mechanically identified with what is called ablative singular, *arum* a symbol to be mechanically identified with genitive plural, and so on. Subsequently things called moods, voices, gerunds are accepted on the combined assurance of the printed page and of a teacher who treats this printed page with convincing gravity. Intelligence — on the child's part — is rarely involved; there is rarely anything for him to understand; there is rarely any stimulus to his wit or interest. It is, I repeat, a mechanical process which some children do readily and some do not — and there is an end of the matter.

An enormous mass of such arbitrary material has to be taken aboard like so much lifeless freight — declensions, conjugations, regular, irregular, with no end of equally arbitrary exceptions. Nor does arbitrariness end when the grammar forms are learned; for the syntax is from the pupil's point of view, generally speaking, just as arbitrary, just as much a matter of faith. He is told that *ut* means 'that,' — 'in order that,' or 'so that'; that when it means 'in order that' the negative is *ne*; when it means 'so that,' the negative is *non*; once more, a mechanical set of correspondences, to be mechanically memorized and mechanically applied. So far as he is concerned, it might as well be the other way round or any old way round. No reaction which he can feel or perceive would follow the reversal. Where alternatives are open, the pupil usually fumbles or guesses; some hapless children have a diabolical tendency to guess wrong — just as Mrs. Wiggs's children were carried irresistibly into an open rain-barrel, when with the slightest good fortune they might have avoided it. In such instances the teacher's displeasure, evinced by a low mark, not some untoward experience with the rain-barrel, is the pupil's only way of knowing right from wrong.

I do not, of course, mean to deny that now and then Latin and Greek can be made, and indeed are made, to convey a distinction in meaning which the child may be brought to see is genuine — as, for example when the prepositions *in* and *ad* are distinguished. But even if such opportunities were much more abundant than they are, they would not give to classical study the disciplinary virtue asserted for it. The content learned and the method by which it is learned go together; the child cannot acquire a method *in vacuo* with power to apply it afterwards to other situations that may arise. The

child who learns to make a verbal distinction learns just that — and that is practically an end of the matter; he is not acquiring a generally applicable analytical skill. If the teacher happens to possess a wider interest in his classics and if in consequence his teaching is more or less vitalized thereby, the pupils profit by just so much. The subject is made just so much more real; its stimulating, engaging, or, if you prefer, disciplinary effect is increased by so much, and no more. The disciplinary theory, however, tends strongly to restrict the teacher's opportunity to develop his subject on these side lines. In any case, the scope of meaning or reality in operating with dead languages is as a pinpoint compared with vast arid stretches of formality or arbitrariness. For the most part, teacher and pupil operate, or, better, attempt to operate analytically on intellectual lines with empty, unreal symbols devoid of the breath of life.

II

One half the subjects of a curriculum based on the old-fashioned college-entrance requirements can thus be criticized for many pupils as mere juggling with words and symbols — a juggling which does not in the end hope or intend to be familiar enough with them to become unconscious of mechanism and conscious of the ideas which languages are meant to communicate. Nor is this failure to learn the language as language regarded by the preparatory school as a fair criticism; for learning the language is not what the school aims at — so far, at least, as the avowed theory of the preparatory school goes. The school aims at mental discipline — and the reader is now in a position to judge how much and what kind of discipline most pupils get from the preparatory school language

studies. Moreover, whatever they get, there is no reason whatever to suppose that as discipline it goes beyond the particular abilities called into action by it. In this respect, the discipline got from learning Latin resembles the discipline got from playing chess. *You train what you train.*

Mathematics is another formal subject, taught, mainly, not for the sake of imparting knowledge that is or can be used to serve some purpose or other, but taught, once more, because it is supposed to discipline a certain faculty — primarily the reason. In practice, if only teachers observed what happens, it might be perceived that algebra is learned, not as a rule by the exercise of anything that can be properly called reason, but passively, mechanically, just as Latin grammar and Latin syntax are for the most part learned. And just as the Latin student is reputed to be successful if he can reproduce what he has taken in, so the algebra student succeeds when he can mechanically perform the operations that the teacher or the book performs. He is told that $a^2 \times a^3 = a^5$, while $2a \times 3a = 6a^2$; and, more or less precariously, he comes to do the same thing himself. When negative or fractional exponents are reached, he is — as they say — ‘drilled’ until hazily and doubtfully he can carry out the same operation. A bit later, and in the same imitative fashion, he learns to apply the binomial theorem or to solve quadratics involving two unknown quantities in this way or that, according as they resemble this type or that. But throughout he is dealing with words and symbols through which he does not penetrate to the realities represented.

Nor is the study illuminated by being brought to bear. Formal discipline does not require that; as I pointed out in discussing Latin, the tendency is in the opposite direction. The disciplin-

ary purpose narrows and impoverishes. Hence the preparatory school curriculum offers nothing in the way of science or industry which might relieve the teaching of mathematics of its uncompromisingly abstract character, or might tend to mitigate formality by means of an occasional touch of reality. In consequence, save in rare instances, the student goes through a mechanical exercise to which he remains spiritually indifferent — an exercise which does not tap his interest or power, and which for that reason leaves him very much the person that it found him. Highly typical is the girl who made 83 per cent in algebra in the latest college-entrance examinations, after being ‘prepared’ in one of the most successful preparatory schools in the East. Just before entering the examination, she ran through with her father all the common quadratic types, glibly explaining the appropriate solution of each. It was a perfect performance — mechanically considered; but when it was finished and the subject dismissed, she suddenly broke out, ‘Oh, by the way, father, what is a quadratic anyway?’ Which reminds me of a keen little fellow who recently explained to his mother: ‘You are not expected to understand algebra — only to do it.’ Algebra then, like Latin and Greek, means the mechanical handling of symbols, in close imitation of set models. As a discipline it would at most train children to operate imitatively with formulæ whose origin and function they do not appreciate.

The theory of formal discipline is so pervasive that it has subdued other subjects which, it might be supposed, have and can have only content-value. How, for example, does the preparatory school teach history? In the first instance, the history selected is usually Greek and Roman, not modern — a choice which sacrifices at once the pow-

erful motivation of the student's environment. Ancient history has, to be sure, its proper place in education, but ordinary schools have thought little as to what that place is. The choice of Greek and Roman history is, therefore, not a choice dictated by a sense of the value of content; still less is the treatment calculated to bring out content-value. The subject is presented just about as formally as can be. The unit or symbol is larger, a paragraph, instead of a case or tense or formula; but words and symbols still. There is a textbook of Roman history in which things are boiled down to the form in which the pupil must absorb them with a view to their subsequent reproduction. Of the realities which these feeble paragraphs vainly attempt to portray, few obtain any grasp whatsoever. For the time being, a capable fellow can tell you the main features of the laws of Solon or the Licinian rogations. But the subject-matter was not chosen because of intrinsic interest and importance; and the teacher aims, not at cultivation of historic or civic interest, but at a neat and presentable formal achievement. One may well be puzzled as to what faculty is trained by this kind of exercise; a recent authority tells us that it is 'memory, imagination, and social reasoning!'

I mentioned science. In the last school-year, or the last but one, boys and girls whose faculties have for some eight to ten years been disciplined on case-endings, moods, rules of syntax, algebraic formulæ, Euclidian demonstrations, Roman constitutions, and the like, are permitted to get a year of a chosen science — physics, or chemistry, or physiology. Well, tardily, to be sure, — but let us not be ungrateful, — the eager boy, itching by this time for a contact with real problems, his curiosity deadened, but not yet wholly dead, — here at last, he will have done with

words and symbols; he will come face to face with content, with phenomena. Not so, however. Preparatory school science, like preparatory school language, preparatory school mathematics, preparatory school history, is intellectual in aspect, meagre in content, disciplinary in purpose. The child's normal scientific interest and activity are derived from the world of phenomena and objects in which he lives. In reference to that world, he is, as has been said, 'an animated interrogation point': he wants knowledge of that world; he strives to understand it and to do something with it. The content-teaching of science would heed these strong instincts; and discipline, if we may use the term, would come because of the reality and variety of the efforts made.

This would be science taught from the standpoint of content. The preparatory school, interested in discipline, selects a single science, — physics or chemistry, — presented in strictly logical or intellectual fashion, in a systematic, even if elementary, form; and thereupon, the pupil studies bookishly described phenomena, experiments, and laws, with the same strong emphasis on memory, mechanism, and faith that is characteristic of his study of Latin and algebra. He gets in his physics and chemistry as little sense of the real phenomenal world as he gets sense of meanings when he studies Latin, or sense of uses when he studies algebra or geometry. And what faculties are disciplined? Why, the faculties of 'observation and concrete reasoning'!

Thus, our children study science, our children study history, just as they study German and French and Latin — not to gain insight or mastery or understanding, not because the subject-matter is a selected portion of their present or prospective experience which in one way or another is going to make a dif-

ference to them, but for the purpose of disciplining faculties that do not exist, by means of exercises, the real disciplinary outcome of which remains uninvestigated. They do not study languages as a way of getting at and conveying ideas. They do not study history as a way of arousing and satisfying social curiosity. They do not study science because they wonder at the world about them, or want to be able, so far as may be, to understand or control it. School science, is, therefore, as Dr. Wickliffe Rose once remarked, apt to be 'Latin under another name.'

III

I am at a loss to say just what the preparatory school English course — or the college-entrance English requirements, which is the same thing — aims to accomplish. It may, perhaps, be fairly regarded as an attempted discipline in taste and expression. As such, it is, of all the features that constitute the preparatory school programme, the most dismal failure. For the futility of conventional English teaching, in respect to both taste and expression, is precisely the point that strikes any observer, who, not being responsible for the teaching, is compelled to deal subsequently with the pupils who have passed through it. A university law school professor recently deplored, in conversation with me, the meagre vocabulary, feeble style, and paucity of ideas characteristic of the 'picked' students to whom his first professional courses were addressed. How could it be otherwise? The art of expression develops where there is something to say; but the preparatory school curriculum, and, most of all, the English course, disdains any content such as would give the pupil something to say, and, instead, devotes itself, as consistently as it can, to a 'discipline,' which

bleaches out all subjects to a uniform deadly pallor. As for taste — taste is something to be developed, not something to be summarily forced upon the pupil. Why should the long-drawn-out analysis of dull, unsympathetic, and ill-adapted 'classics' like *Comus*, develop an ordinary pupil's taste? and why should a man or woman who teaches English for twenty years be compelled every year to dawdle for days over *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and Burke's speech? In the thing itself there surely resides no sovereign virtue whatsoever — only infinite boredom for pupil and teacher alike.

In fact, however, the English course — like the Latin course and the history course and the mathematics course and the science course — was devised by persons who never took into consideration such factors as boy-nature, girl-nature, what is left of teacher-nature, or the realities of life and the universe; and it is carried out implicitly by teachers who do not compare what actually happens with what the theory of mental discipline assumes is happening. For, just as soon as the product is tested, — tested as to knowledge of the subjects studied, or tested as to the power thereby developed, — at that moment the whole structure will collapse like the house of cards that it is.

Mental discipline thus effaces the natural distinctions between different subjects; it makes Latin, history, mathematics, science, and English as nearly as possible the same. It empties the subjects of content in order the more effectively to utilize them for intellectual discipline. I repeat what I have already said; this discipline trains what it trains, — not general faculties, but specialized abilities, — the degree of specialization depending on the relative breadth or narrowness of the presentation; on the extent, that is, to which discipline forgets itself and for

the time being becomes content. Dr. Rose very aptly compares the champions of mental discipline to the Egyptian priests who planted rows of dead sticks which, for disciplinary purposes, they watered regularly; had they planted corn, they would have got the same discipline, and something more: the corn, for example, and everything directly and indirectly involved therein.

The champions of mental discipline do not usually try to prove their case by testing the faculties supposed to have been trained. From time to time a business man avers that his classical training lay at the bottom of his commercial success; and some engineers are credibly reported to have expressed the same sentiment. But retrospection is, to say the least, unreliable. I do not forget, of course, the examinations — the preparatory school examinations and the college-entrance examinations. But these examinations do not test the faculties which mental discipline claims to have trained; they are not tests of memory-power, reasoning-power, observation-power, imagination. They test only whether the candidate remembers the things by means of which the faculties in question are said to have been trained. If a boy is required to learn

•
 amnis, axis, callis, crinis,
 cassis, caulis, fascis, finis,
 funis, fustis, ignis, ensis, —
 orbis, panis, piscis, mensis,

in order to train his memory, you do not prove his memory to have been trained by requiring him to repeat the lines (especially if, as is usually the case, he has forgotten most of them). Nor do you prove that a long succession of geometrical propositions has trained his reasoning power, because he can reproduce the simpler ones, after hard drilling on them. You merely prove that a person who has done a thing often enough can sometimes do

the same thing again — more particularly if he has been warned in advance as to just when he may be called on to do it. Meanwhile, certain types of memory and reasoning power and observation might really be tested; but, to prove the preparatory school contention, these powers would have to be tried on material that is both fresh and varied. This is not done.

A much more limited test might however have its uses — namely, a test of the power of pupils in the very subjects with which they have been working. The school tests and the college-entrance tests are not sufficiently objective; besides, the results have not been studied in a way to throw light on the fundamental questions involved. Latin is taught — we are told — so as to train the mind. Very well; let us find out in the first place, how well it is taught. A certain state superintendent of education has recently asked every fourth-year high-school Latin pupil in his state to tell in writing the meaning of a piece of simple Latin prose. On the basis of the performance he makes a preliminary estimate of the efficiency of Latin teaching in his state as between 10 and 15 per cent. This result and other results not a whit more encouraging ought to suggest to believers in mental discipline a series of problems. If Latin is taught to train the mind, how successfully must it be taught in order to train the mind? Is any kind of result better than none at all? Is an inferior result — failure in greater or less degree — capable of *harming* the mind or character? What does an efficiency of 15 per cent signify? Does it guarantee training, or may it indicate damage? If it should be decided that 15 per cent efficiency is not helpfully disciplinary, then just where shall the line be drawn? Suppose we tentatively assume that an efficiency of 60 or 75 per cent indicates a trained

mind, can an efficiency of 15 per cent, objectively measured, be raised to an efficiency of 60 or 75 per cent, similarly measured, and if so, how? Is success in this possible? If possible, what would it cost in time, effort, and money? Would it be worth what it cost to all, or only to those who can achieve it with a moderate expenditure? If a low final grade indicates damage, what shall be done for those who cannot be brought above it? Obviously the same questions can and should be raised as to the other subjects in the disciplinary curriculum. And when the disciplinarians begin to study education in a scientific spirit, they will entertain such questions and patiently seek the answers to them.

Before leaving the subject, I must touch on one other point. Mental discipline is sometimes, as I have said, called a 'gymnastic,' and it is held to be justified by the bodily analogy. I do not want to be entangled in a discussion based on metaphors; the metaphors are too apt to come between the disputants and their subject. But so much I may say: the physical gymnasium may or may not train the muscles for other uses; at any rate, it makes only a limited demand daily on the time and energy of the boy; it leaves him free to cultivate other forms of physical expression and urges the wholesomeness of so doing. Not so the mental disciplinarians. Their procedure — meagre and one-sided though it be — tends, by mere pressure, if not otherwise, to exclude other forms of mental and spiritual activity. At a time when pupils are being formally disciplined and mentally trained by means of six subjects all presented in the same fashion, one might suppose that teachers, supposed to be students and observers of the adolescent mind and soul, would be aware of other potential interests and capacities that must be given a chance. Not at all.

Children with a turn for the woods, for animals, for poetry, for music, for modeling, for drawing, or with the possibility of such a turn, have no right to be heard as against the sure intellectual and moral salvation promised by a mental discipline, which has never been subjected by its votaries to a critical examination! If the grind destroys or starves out their possibilities — well, their 'faculties' have been trained!

IV

When I say that American schools generally are committed to the theory of formal discipline, I do not mean that other claims are not from time to time also advanced. Latin and Greek are occasionally defended on the ground of their culture-value. The champions of formal discipline appear not to realize that the culture argument flatly contradicts the disciplinary theory, and really accepts the content view of education. In any event, the methods pursued and the results obtained belie the culture argument. Latin and Greek have culture-value only for those who learn the languages and read the literatures. But so few of those who study Latin and Greek learn them, read their literatures, or take any interest in their literatures, that the culture claim cannot be taken seriously as a ground for general and enforced study of Latin or Greek. If, of course, any one desires to learn Latin or Greek as he would undertake to learn French or German, and for the same kind of reason, no objection could be urged, for such study would be calculated to realize culture-value — which is a real and not a formal end. But an argument for the classics based on the assumption that they are to be mastered and appreciated cannot possibly serve as an argument for a study that does not result in mastery or appreciation, and is not expect-

ed to result in either. It is a tactical blunder for believers in classical culture to make common cause with the mental disciplinarians, for classical culture can thus only be involved in the ruin which has overtaken mental discipline.

Precisely the same must be said of any argument for Latin or Greek on the ground that higher education must transmit the inheritance of the race. The transmission of culture in the shape of literature, art, history, philosophy — this is content-education, not disciplinary education. Transmission can be effected either through the original language, or through translation, or through both. But if through the original, then the language must be learned, just as French is learned, as a medium for the communication of ideas. The disciplinary purpose is once more a contradiction. Persons who really believe in the culture argument or the transmission argument cannot too soon extricate themselves from their present educational company; they belong on the content side. Instead of defending education of the disciplinary type, they ought to be raising the question as to how in this busy modern world the content of ancient culture can be conserved and transmitted. Whatever the way, it will not be through schools organized and conducted on the theory of mental discipline.

The situation in respect to the theory of formal discipline is, indeed, a curious one. It dominates American education generally; it receives in the preparatory school a clean-cut, unqualified embodiment. Our educational administrators thus accept it, believe in it, practice it. Meanwhile, among students of the science and art of education, — that is, among those who are concerned with the study of educational processes and results, — the theory of formal discipline has, nowadays, no

standing whatever. It is as though the students of disease believed, let us say, in the germ theory, while the practitioners of medicine took no stock in it at all. As a matter of fact, practitioners of medicine listen to the students of disease; but educational administrators are still wary of psychologists and such folk!

For our present purpose, I need not argue the case against formal discipline further. It is clear that its psychology is seriously at fault; for the faculties — memory, reason, etc. — which formal discipline thinks to train in such wise that they can afterwards be used to deal with any problem or emergency that arises, simply do not exist in separate form. Memory, reason, imagination are not single entities which can be disciplined once for all. There are all sorts of ways of remembering, reasoning, and imagining; so that, from the standpoint of training, not a monotonous, verbal, and intellectual set of exercises is needed, but rather all kinds of physical and intellectual experience. Further, formal discipline errs in belittling the possibilities of interest, in ignoring the urgency of knowledge and power adapted to practical needs, social and personal, and, finally, in overlooking the significance and importance of individual capacity. It is at once false in its psychology and too narrow in its outlook.

v

A school that concerned itself with content would begin by asking what children naturally do and are capable of doing; what tasks life imposes; what accomplishments are of inherent value; what different sorts of ability can be profitably and happily employed. It would set out to guide and to develop the interests and abilities of children; it would select from the objective world

significant objects — languages, literature, art, civics, industry, physical phenomena — in the hope of making them objects of genuine and significant concern to growing boys and girls. It would not bother with discipline in the abstract; but it would endeavor so to do its work that habits and attitudes of the right kind would tend to become the ways in which the individual expressed himself. In a content school such as I am describing one would study languages in order to understand them, to use them, to have access to the ideas stored up in them, to satisfy one's curiosity, if one will, about their history, structure, and so forth. But always one's aim would be involved in the language, not in some supposed medication of one's mental faculties through it. Again, one would study science, not to discipline the mind, but to serve a purpose through knowing the subject; the same would be true of history and literature. Science, literature, history, modern languages, industrial processes, would be taught because they answer the questions which live people ask and can be led to ask, or because they in their substance minister to our needs, capacities, or aspirations, — taught, that is, because they serve purposes and in order that they may serve purposes.

Some of the purposes will be what some people might, perhaps, call low; some of the purposes will be what they might be pleased to call high. We can afford, however, to be less concerned with the topography of the purposes than with the reality or genuineness of the results. If literature can be taught so that there is a vital connection between school and home reading; if history can be taught so that it supplies the child with answers to his problems and raises more problems still; if languages can be taught so that they can be used; if science can be taught so that

the world about us is either intelligible or intelligently unintelligible; if industry can be so utilized that the child can understand and sympathize, it is immaterial by what adjective either the effort or the result is described. Is it not clear that this way of studying restores to every subject its proper individuality and thereby engages the mind in various ways? There could indeed be no greater absurdity than to divorce training from content, even were it possible; all the advantage lies the other way. In other words, the purpose for which subjects are taught lies, not in the pupil's mind, but in the subject-matter and its relations to existence and life; and the more varied and appealing and trying, if you will, the subject-matter, the better for the boy, whether the result be viewed from the standpoint of discipline so-called, or from the standpoint of knowledge, interest, and power. The purposes inherent in subject-matter and its world-relations are infinite in variety. Some are utilitarian; some spiritual. Some are mediate — that is, lead elsewhere; some end with their own attainment. But they are always and invariably real, not formal; and discipline comes — if it comes at all — through exercise and experience with various realities.

At heart, intelligent teachers of the classics must know this just as well as we do; they must in their candid moments admit to themselves that they hold on to the theory of mental discipline because their present subjects are not successfully taught as content. They defend Latin and Greek as instruments of mental discipline; but they know perfectly well that that is not why Latin and Greek came into education. Latin and Greek came into education as real subjects, not as formal subjects; they came into education because they embodied more valuable thoughts than other languages, and because except

through learning Latin and Greek the thoughts were not accessible. Suppose even to-day someone invented a way to teach Latin, — a way to teach it so that preparatory school pupils could speak it, read it, care for its literature, — would not the preparatory schools jump at it and never mention mental discipline again? Do they not really know that there is more good of one kind or another to be got out of knowing a language than out of the discipline acquired through failure to learn it?

Consider the question from another angle. I know a family of children whose father reads, writes, and speaks Latin. It is to him a language in the same sense and for the same purpose as English and French. His children are acquiring Latin as they are acquiring English and French. There is no question of grammar or syntax, of formal or of informal discipline. They are absorbing Latin through their pores. Is this a bad thing or a good thing? Are those children acquiring a language at the expense of a discipline? Are they getting culture by sacrificing mental training, and, perhaps, moral training, too? Are we to say that, if Latin could be learned as children grow up, because it is spoken in the household, the loss to intellectual training would be utterly disastrous? Of course, no one believes this. Everybody knows that the value of Latin is in knowing Latin, as the value of French is in knowing French, and the value of botany is in knowing botany, and in using it to solve problems and serve purposes; and that thorough and varied knowledge in this sense is effective as training because it involves wide, varied, stimulating, and resourceful employment of one's capacities. If, then, Latin is to remain in the curriculum, it remains in order to be learned; and if it goes out, it goes out because it is not

learned, or because other languages or other subjects are better worth while.

In conclusion, a word by way of quieting the apprehensions of those who fear that real studies will weaken character through appealing solely to spontaneous interest and through following slavishly its vicissitudes. I observe here once more indications that the disciplinarians have not exerted themselves to understand the opposing theory, and have not carefully reflected upon their own practice. When, for example, they discover a teacher of Greek who interests his pupils and arouses their enthusiasm, they do not discharge him. They do not tell him to make the work disciplinary by making it dull; they raise his salary. If interest — whether native or derived — is salutary in respect to Greek, why is it dangerous in connection with a modern subject or activity? Now let me say that in my judgment every teacher, every parent, every business man, every person responsible for any kind of result, will do well to enlist the most vigorous possible interest on the part of those with whom he is trying to work. That only means that the workers are active, assertive, that their powers are mobilized — the very attitude that a good teacher or effective leader aims to procure.

I do sincerely hope that every teacher in a modern school will have enough common sense to do this. The preparatory schools themselves do it when they can, and are right in so doing. Interest, whether native or derived, is indeed the most direct, though not the only, path to moral, intellectual, and economic salvation. So far from being a source of possible demoralization, it is the most certain means of preventing just that.

Perhaps it may be said in reply that it is not so much interest that is to be dreaded, as the heeding of variable and

inconstant interests. But this is a manufactured bogey. The modernist does not propose to follow up every interest: he proposes to select and to develop significant interests. Nor does he propose to heed only the child's native interests and to drop activities as soon as interest flags. Subjects and activities will be selected because they serve purposes. Many of them will be interesting, if teachers are fairly competent — the more, the better. But they will be taught because they serve purposes, not because they tickle the palate, and they will be taught thoroughly enough to serve their purposes, whether they cease or continue to interest. Difficult

things will be done— some with zest, let us hope, others by hard pulling against the stream. In both cases — as in all cases — the effort will lead somewhere, and it will be supported by the consciousness that it does lead somewhere. Meanwhile, such effort involves no surrender of the principle that interest, derived as well as native, forms a legitimate and powerful motive. I should work it to the limit; I feel sure that far more can be done with it than is commonly done; but it is, after all, only one aspect of a complicated problem, and no well-informed person has ever made it the sole criterion of educational value.

THE SCHOOLMA'AM OF SQUAW PEAK. II

BY LAURA TILDEN KENT

I

THERE came a cold Friday morning when Clyde and I thought ourselves half-frozen all the way to school. A strong wind rose and rose all day, and by night was sweeping down icily out of the north. We fought our way home for two miles against it that afternoon, and all the evening after we got home we shivered and hugged the stove and could not get warm. Clyde was sick that night and the next day and Sunday. As for me, I was oddly weak and stiff. I would not quite call myself sick.

On Monday morning I set out to school alone. Clyde was still not well, and the morning was very sharp. I dreaded the long walk in the cold, and for once realization was quite equal to

anticipation. I was thoroughly chilled by the time I reached the schoolhouse; and there Nemesis met me boldly. I had been cowardly about dismissing a negligent janitor. Now I was to pay the penalty. There was no fire this morning. I had to go out, cold as I was, to gather up frosty wood to build one. And when the wood was gathered, I found that the stove was too choked with ashes to receive it.

I went out again and lugged in a heavy wooden bucket, weighted with remnants of the cement that had once been mixed in it. This was our ash-bucket. I filled it three times before I considered that the stove would do. And when I finally made the damp wood burn, I was feeling, not cold only, but very queer.

Queer and more queer I felt all day. By noon I knew that I was sick; but I had an idea that perhaps I could struggle through the afternoon session somehow.

I tried it. By two o'clock I seemed to be looking at my geography class through a dense haze; and I realized foggily that I wasn't quite sure of what I was saying to them, and that I cared very little what they should say to me. At about this time I suddenly sat down in one of the children's seats and admitted that I was not feeling so very well.

There was an immediate, still, awed confusion in the schoolroom. I dimly saw a small girl's terrified face and felt that I probably looked rather white and odd.

Then, 'I'll get my horse for you,' Edward Lancaster was saying. He always thought of something practical! 'You can ride home —'

'I'd never stick on a horse,' I owned mournfully.

'You would n't?'

Edward was looking at me regretfully. I hated to disappoint him, he wanted so to help.

I put my head down upon my arms and let the world go as black as it wanted to for a minute. Then, because I knew from the hush how frightened the children were, I sat up again and tried to look intelligent.

It was then that Rosie Dennen spoke. 'Walter, you go an' hitch up Dolly to the buggy,' she said to her big brother. And to me she said, 'Walter'll take you home.'

He did. In a surprisingly short time — considering how time dragged just then — Walter was back with the ramshackle surrey, on the back seat of which was spread out generously a gorgeous 'comfort' from the Dennen beds. Mamma had sent word that I was to be wrapped in it; but even in the numb-

ness of the moment, I shuddered at the thought.

'I'm all right. I don't need to be wrapped up,' said I, feebly dropping down on the seat.

But when we reached the Dennen house, there was Mamma herself ready to go with me to the Wests', and she pulled that comfort about me with a firm hand.

'I'm not much cold,' I protested faintly — in spite of the chill I was having! 'And don't take the trouble to go with me. I'll be all right.'

'I'm a-goin',' she replied cheerfully. 'You look as white as death. Are you troubled with heart trouble?'

I denied it. And she began to cheer me up — if I remember correctly what I did n't much notice at the time — with some accounts of illnesses that she had had in her family.

When I had once reached the Wests', and been put to bed with hot things about me, I began to revive. And when I had revived, I slept. And after I had slept, I decided that I was not in for a fit of sickness at all. I should be all right to-morrow. During the night I revised this opinion; and indeed I did not get to school again for a week.

Of course, that was an illness hardly worth mentioning; but have you ever been away from home and teaching your first school far out in the country? It was a short illness — but oh! the length of the crawling days when I lay in bed and gazed at the faded wallpaper in that narrow room that did *not* look like home! I could read very little. I was alone. It was terrible — especially after the sky clouded over and it began to rain. And after I got up, the days seemed longer than ever. I could not even sleep while sitting in a straight-backed chair at my little study table.

All this is not saying that Mrs. West was not good to me. She was an angel

of mercy. The trouble was with me, who did not need anybody but home folks.

Two things stand out clearly from this experience. One is the call of Mrs. Dennen, who came heavily in on the day when I felt worst. I could not help a decided surging out of gratitude in her direction. Her ideas of sanitation were exceedingly meagre; but — bless her! — she was, after all, interested in the teacher. I wished even then that she had a better schoolma'am to be interested in.

The other little incident of my sickness was my terrible struggle with the oil-stove. It was after I had got better. It was on Friday, I remember. I had been trying to do something to the wick of the thing, and in my ignorance of oil-stoves, I had managed matters so that neither I nor any one else could turn it either up or down.

Mrs. West and I both labored valiantly over the wreck of my comfort. I, especially, worked with frantic zeal, but more and more despairingly. I had always rather despised my oil-stove, which was never a satisfactory means of heating my room; but how much better than nothing it seemed now!

It was a raw, bleak day of drizzling cold rain. Mr. West and Bert were out riding to bring in some poor cattle to shelter and food. I could n't tell when they would be back. Besides, it stood to reason that they could n't fix a ruined stove when they did arrive. In my despair — it was despair, though it was only over an oil-stove — I hysterically half resolved to harness Bally and try to reach the Post myself, where there might be oil-stoves on sale. I could not sit idly by and see myself freeze. I knew that I must, in all reason, be sick again, if I tried anything so rash now; but I could not feel that I cared much. I wanted my stove! — I must be warm — a *little* warm!

Mr. West and Bert got back in time to prevent my going out in the storm. They set to with noble energy, and, after an hour or two, restored my stove to me. Its newness had forever departed; it could never again be what it was before I tampered with it; but it could be used! It would burn! When I carried the mutilated thing back into my own room, I felt a great thankfulness for the priceless boon of the oil-stove.

My sickness had called my attention to two blessings. The oil-stove was one. The friendliness of the Dennens was the other. I knew now that they were friendly, though they were dull and not clean.

The schoolma'am, you see, was learning, whether or not the pupils were.

II

The one definite thing that was making my whole year hard, and that made my little sickness seem so long and so woeful, was the fact that at Squaw Peak I never knew when I was going to get my mail. During the early part of my sojourn on the Verde, the situation had not been so painful. Then it was possible to send my sister into town to the post-office, whence she could arrive almost as soon as I was home from school; or it was possible for us to ride to the Post together after my work was over. But after she left, when I very much needed mail, I could not often go for it myself in the evenings. The days were too short and cold now. And when I knew that I could not get it myself, the mail became an obsession with me.

I used to think about it at school. There were days when I could hardly wait for four o'clock, when I could set out in hot haste down the long road to the Wests', to see if, perhaps, somebody had not gone to Camp Verde to-day. And when I found that no-

body had, — for the Verde-ites are a contented lot, not much excited over conditions outside of the Valley, — what a terrible feeling of desolation used to settle down over me! I would go savagely at my work on those nights, filling my pitchers and my lamp and my oil-stove in a spirit of animated gloom. I would look off desperately over the long, cold, brown stretches of country, feeling myself a very little prisoner in its bigness — little and helpless and hopeless and very young! As I have said, I was really older by several years than most girls who teach their first schools; but I could not remember it, surrounded by these very old, very relentless mountains.

Now I am newly impressed with the fact that I am not making myself out to be anything of a heroine. I was *not* a heroine; but I was human, and I suppose that human, homesick girls have tried before to teach, and that they will try again. Let me go on frankly with my shameful story.

The mail was an obsession. I lost no chance to get it; and many were the adventures for which it was responsible. There was, for instance, the time when I 'rode around' for it on Sunday with Ethel Baker.

There had been a rain-storm which had sent the river booming. Nobody could cross for the mail. Nobody had been able to cross for days. The situation was growing intolerable. And then Ethel suggested that she and I 'ride around' on Sunday. We sent word to her sister in Camp Verde to get our mail from the office on Saturday, and on Sunday morning we set out.

We could do this because we were really on the same side of the river as Camp Verde, but across a great bend from it. Normally we would ride about three miles each way, fording the river twice. Now we must ride more than twice the usual distance; and we must,

besides, open a dozen gates going and the same number coming back. Since almost all of these gates were of the famous barbed-wire-and-pole variety, and since the roads were very muddy, this was no small task.

I was not a good rider; on the slippery roads I hardly dared go out of a walk; so we moped along monotonously for something more than two hours, I suppose, before we reached Camp Verde. The hope that was set before us buoyed us up. For myself, I was tired, of course, when we got to the Post; but I should soon have my mail now!

We hastened to Ethel's sister — and found that, although she had taken Ethel's mail from the office, she had not got mine.

Did you ever have a great disappointment? Grown person, school-ma'am though I was, I greatly desired, for a few minutes, to weep openly in the face of several strangers! I just managed not to disgrace myself; but my woe must have been evident. The strangers made a vigorous effort to get hold of a man who had the keys of the office. They failed, and I went wearily back over the miles of mud and gates, mail-less and melancholy.

Sometimes I had real adventures when on my quests. Once, when the river had been up but was falling, I decided that I must get to the post-office after school. They told me that it would be safe if I crossed carefully and at the right spot. To impress upon me how very unsafe it might be to cross Rio Verde at the wrong spot, they had before told me various gruesome tales of happenings along the river. There was the story of a young soldier who, before the Post was the Post only in name, had tried to cross the Verde during high water and had been seen no more. There was the story of a young cowboy who, only a few years before this, had been lost just below the Wests' house,

in the sight of the Wests and of several other people. He had gone down suddenly into the quicksand. Some of those who watched him were unable to swim; others lost their heads for a minute or two. He was gone when help tried to reach him. His body was never found.

These stories I had heard; but I was told now that I could cross the river without danger, if only I would be careful and take the Old Crossing. They insisted strongly upon that. I *must* take the Old Crossing right here below the house. There would be no danger then.

I rode forth a very trifle timorously in spite of the reassurances of the family; but I must have the mail. Also, I must put in the office my own important letters. Down the lane I went, and across the tiny bridge to the little hollow at the foot of the bluff. The mud was black and deep and shiny. Beyond, the wet sand lay quite unmarred except in one narrow track. It gave the country a very lonely look, somehow, as if it were uninhabited — newly washed up from the waters. The river tumbled by, black and angry.

To take the Old Crossing I must turn from the one narrow track, and that very act gave me a feeling of greater loneliness. I seemed now to be blazing my way through a new country and I did not much like being a pioneer. Still, I was fully determined to obey instructions!

Brownie liked being a pioneer no better than I did; but we traveled obediently across the smooth, wet sand into a bog of the shiny black mud I had noticed before, and on to the ford. A white cottonwood log marked the beginning of this ford — a bleached skeleton of a log that lay now half-drowned in the muddy water, like a dead body washed ashore. I did n't like the look of the crossing — the water was so still

and mysterious there. Neither did Brownie like it; but we were both docile. We followed instructions and waded bravely in.

I pulled my skirts up and up and curled my feet higher and higher on Brownie's sides. The water was much nearer wetting me than I liked to have it; but we were out of the deep place at last, where Brownie stepped so gingerly, and were splashing over a long stretch of shallow water with a hard, stony bottom. And then we were on the wet, unruffled sand again, and finally on the muddy road, where I saw once more a few tracks that proved that somebody besides myself was alive in the Valley.

We hurried as well as we could to the Post. The river had to be crossed again just before we entered Camp Verde; but it was broader and shallower here, and the bottom was known to be stony all the way across. We splashed over, — a long way it seemed, — and as soon as I could finish my brief business and reach it again, we splashed back. Three crossings were made! Only one more remained, and I should know myself to be safe! I hurried. I needed to hurry to reach the last ford before dark. In spite of all my haste, I failed.

The damp twilight had faded into night as Brownie and I drew near again to the long stretch of fresh, wet sand that lay between us and the last crossing. The stars were not very bright up in heaven, and they weirdly lighted the river waters that glimmered a dull silver under them. There seemed to me something sinister in that shimmering silver. It looked too peaceful. I heard the river's ugly voice gurgling hungrily as if demanding something. I remembered the cowboy and the poor young soldier.

It was very dark. I strained my eyes, when I had reached the water's

edge, and only dimly made out the bleached skeleton log that I must head for. Then — fearfully, I confess — I urged the unwilling Brownie into the water. It was a long, long way across. I drew farther up on Brownie's back, away and away from the water, and held my breath.

We were across at last.

The next morning at the breakfast-table I told them how hard it had been to see the white log when I had crossed the evening before.

Three men stopped eating and gazed, gasping, at me.

'You crossed at the white log?' they demanded.

'Why, yes!—You told me the Old Crossing—' I began, puzzled, feeling guilty, somehow.

'But—that's not the Old Crossing!' they denied excitedly. 'You—you crossed at the white log!' They seemed stupefied by the knowledge.

'Why, yes. That's the crossing we always have used. It's what I call the Old Crossing—'

'No! no!' they hurried to inform me. 'The Old Crossing—You crossed at the white log! Have n't you heard about the cowboy who was drowned there? Don't you know the river-bottom changes there with every storm? You did n't see any tracks leading down to that crossing, did you?'

Oh, there were plenty of questions they had to ask me! I could hardly remember ever having caused so much perturbation among my acquaintances. 'Sonny,' especially, — who had given me most of my instructions for crossing, — kept repeating over and over, 'But I *told* you — I'm *sure* I must have told you!' And the 'white log' kept coming in like a refrain from them all.

At last they were convinced that I should never again try to use the white-log crossing in bad weather. Then they

grew calm — ready to let the matter drop.

'You crossed where no man would 'a' dared cross,' said Bert then, serenely once more. 'You were brave —'

'I was not brave. I was ignorant,' I had the grace to admit instantly.

But now that I was ignorant no more, I had a great fear of the river when it was at all muddy and high; and not even for the mail would I try crossing it when it was called rather dangerous by those who knew. Yet my obsession did lead me into real danger at least one other time. It was nearing the end of my year. Mrs. West had brought Bally and the buggy to the schoolhouse for me that afternoon; and with their help, I was to return our borrowed books to the school across the river. Then, in spite of a blackening sky and a gusty wind, I was going to risk continuing to the Post for the mail!

To do myself justice, Mrs. West actually advised my going this time. 'Why, certainly I'd go on for it, if I really wanted it,' said she. 'It's too late in the season for storms on the Verde. If it should rain, it would n't amount to much.'

That was enough for me, of course! I took the books home and then went on, down a not very familiar road, toward Camp Verde and the post-office.

The country here was rather more desert-like than on our side of the river. It was flatter, more monotonous; and I was traveling through an uncultivated section, too. There was a fence on one side for a way, but it seemed to be only a pasture fence. Inside and outside, the almost level land was dotted with a scattering growth of thin mesquite. It was all dreary enough under the darkening sky.

It was indeed a darkening sky. The clouds that rolled about old Squaw Peak were taking on a hue more and

more inky every minute. And the wind was blowing ever more gustily.

I was watching the sky with an increasing nervousness now. Mrs. West had assured me that it could n't rain in the Valley at this time of year. If I had been anywhere else, I should certainly have expected rain — or something. As it was, I began to expect something.

Now a few icy blasts came cutting down from the mountain, and with them a great stinging drop or two of rain. I decided to trust no longer to Mrs. West, but to act for myself; and I dived under the seat for the old umbrella she kept there and hoisted it in the teeth of the wind. Since I was still driving Bally, who evidently did not like the wind or the occasional lashing raindrops, this was no small task.

I had hardly got the umbrella up and its handle tucked firmly under my arm, when I began to perceive that it was going to be entirely insufficient. The cutting gusts were increasing to a gale; the occasional drops to a clatter of pelt-ing rain, spiced now and then with a touch of hail. I struggled down with the umbrella, and hauled out an old slicker which providentially reposed under the seat. A large square had been torn from one corner of its tail, but its shoulders were intact. The wind got inside of it, puffed it out like a sail, and tried to carry it bodily out of my hands.

I was decidedly nervous now. How to get into the slicker and under the umbrella — how to keep Bally from running away?

I managed it somehow. I was inside the slicker. I had the handle of the open umbrella tightly clasped under my arm again. The umbrella itself rested low, almost on my hat. I was again sitting on the seat of the buggy with the reins in my resolute hands. Harder and harder blew the wind. Faster and faster fell the rain. More

and more hail came hurtling down with it — larger and larger stones. They battered on to my umbrella; they whacked poor Bally's sides like a cannonade of great marbles. For a little I was half-blind with the storm and with sheer fright. Then, in my desperate need to act, the terror cleared away a little.

The buggy was filling with ice and ice-water. Bally was shivering, balking, leaping ahead in sudden spurts when the larger stones pelted her. At last she got her back to the tempest as nearly as she could, and, forsaking the road, set off galloping unsteadily through the mesquite. I would jerk at her — almost stop her. An extra pelt-ing of hail would set her off again. I saw the end of it in a swift vision — the wheels of our chariot tangled in some clump of mesquite — the buggy upset — I, lying stiff, crumpled, in the ice-water, with the hailstones pounding me. Somehow I had got to stop Bally!

For a second I did get her stopped, huddled together in the raging storm. And then I hurled myself out over the wheel on to the plain — a shallow lake, now, with hailstones floating in it. I was instantly wet to the knees, gasping with cold; but I could not stop. I sprang to Bally's bridle and caught it and held on. Somehow I kept the umbrella, too.

I had a wild notion of leading my horse to the shelter of some clump of mesquite; but she had wild notions of her own. We dragged each other back and forth for a time. Once in a while I got her near some worthless bush and saw that it was worthless. Now and then she grew crazy with the beating of the stones and set off, pulling me after her. At last — it seemed long, but I suppose it was only a short while — we both realized the hopelessness of trying to better ourselves, and then we huddled close together and took what was

coming. *That* lasted only a few minutes, too, I am sure. The gale swept the black clouds and the lashing storm over us. The flood of driving rain became a drizzle and then a sprinkle. The pelt-ing stones grew fewer and fewer, and ceased.

I stood there hanging to Bally's bridle and to the umbrella, and wondered how I had escaped alive. Any one of those stones might have stunned me if it had struck me squarely. The shallow lake of the plain was afloat with them everywhere. I climbed into the buggy — its body several inches deep in ice-water — and headed Bally in what I thought was the direction of the road. I happened to be right. We reached the road. We were near Camp Verde, I saw.

Now I was very wet. My shoulders, protected by the yellow slicker, were dry; but my shoes were soaked, my skirts, to far above my knees, were wringing wet. In spite of the umbrella, my hat was wet. It hung in a dripping straw ruffle about my face, and from its two bunches of lovely pink roses fell rosy drops of ice-water. Damp strings of hair lay against my cold cheeks. I probably looked even worse than I felt, but my spirit was up. I was not going to be downed by such trifles as my appearance and the atmospheric conditions. I had set out to Camp Verde for the mail, and to Camp Verde for the mail I went.

They made rather a fuss over me in the post-office. I might have been killed, they said. It was a marvel I had n't been killed! And my nerve —!

'Nerve!' I cried half impatiently. 'It was n't *nerve*! I was in it and I could n't get out! I had to stand it somehow!'

To this day I am very glad I did n't 'collapse after it was all over,' or desert Bally, as they suggested I might have done; but also to this day I do wonder

whether I did display much courage in this little experience? As I said then, I was in it, and I could not get out.

I borrowed some dry clothes in Camp Verde and went home after the dark had fallen. It was barely light enough, I remember, for me to see white foam and floating hailstones in the water at the first crossing. I was a little afraid, but I reminded myself that I was now a rural schoolteacher and that I'd better get over some of my weaknesses.

I never got over the weakness that led me into the trouble. The mail continued my obsession to the very last. When I think of it the old passion of loneliness comes back over me. I can imagine myself again out on the wind-swept mesas, bright with strange cactus blooms, hunting for Bally, who is somewhere in the Big Pasture — only three miles across! Again I can feel my throat tighten, choking me as it did on the night when I went to the barnyard for a horse that I *knew* was there, and found that Mr. West had turned all the creatures out. I can even pityingly see myself, a slim girl dragging a bridle in her hand and hurrying in the gathering dark through the thick mesquite of the pasture, knowing all the while that it is useless, feeling all the while that she is ridiculous, and yet suffering all the while that hideous agony of longing that we call homesickness.

Poor new rural schoolteachers! I suppose many of them have known the disease — and have taught somehow in spite of it.

III

The mail was my obsession while I was at Squaw Peak; but it was not the only one of my cares outside of the schoolroom. The oil-stove, which I have mentioned before, was another trouble. In the first place, it was seldom satisfactory as a heater for my quarters; but since there was no chim-

ney connected with the room, it had to do its best to fill a void. On cold mornings it was very exasperating to try to keep half-warm by the thing. I fancied the icy breeze blowing up between the cracks in the floor through the thin carpet, wafting upward the slender heat of the stove, to filter through the muslin ceiling and freeze against the cold of the iron roof just beyond. Then I realized so keenly the inadequacy of my own heating plant that I could not help feeling also a positive grudge against oil-stoves in general. I detested the things, I was sure, until that day when I thought that I had ruined mine. Then I discovered an amazing fondness for it; and ever afterward I cherished for it what might be called a sort of contemptuous affection, as for a poor weak creature, but one that was willing to do its best.

Sometimes that oil-stove's best was not to be despised. Sometimes, late in the evening, my room grew to be really warm. I would have my large lamp lighted to aid the stove. The curtains would be drawn closely. A pan of water would stand steaming on top of the heater. Gradually I would find myself relaxing in a luxurious, blissful comfort.

There was only one disadvantage connected with this delight. The same warmth that was so agreeable to me seemed equally pleasing to a family of yellow-jackets that must have lived in some loose door- or window-frame, or in the wall behind the paper. It did not add to my peace of mind when they used to come crawling or fluttering out as soon as the atmosphere grew balmy. I was afraid of them. I was afraid even to try to kill them — until one night I stretched out my hand for some half-hidden object, and jerked it back again with a feeling of confusion and disaster. I felt for a minute as if I had been struck by lightning; but I finally recov-

ered enough to perceive that I had merely been stung on the little finger by a yellow-jacket. Him I killed; and thereafter I slew as many as I could of his relatives. I used often to kill several of them in my room in a single evening. I wish I had kept a record of the whole number I disposed of during my year at Squaw Peak.

Yes, indeed, there were drawbacks connected with my oil-stove! I have mentioned that it had to be filled. It consumed oil unbelievably. In the coldest weather a five-gallon can would not last me more than ten days, though I was at school, or on the way to or from school, all of five days out of seven. I was continually getting out of oil and having to borrow from the Wests. Sometimes, when the river was high, they used to get out, too — and then I was in dire straits.

One day I remember particularly. It was the first of May and presumably delightfully warm and summery in the Valley. But the year of my sojourn was an unusual one, they say. It was cold — really cold. It rained an icy rain at the river-side, and Squaw Peak was covered white with snow. I was very satirical regarding my May Day in the ever-balmy Verde. It was Saturday. Trusting to the lateness of the season, I had allowed my supply of oil to run low. Now it was stormy, very chilly; the river was up. I was in great anguish of spirit. It seemed to me a pity to freeze to death within about three weeks of the end of my term. Had I kept alive all the year for this?

At about noon Mrs. West and I decided that it was clearing. A chill breeze swept down from Squaw Peak and parted the clouds. Doubtless they would disappear after a while; but doubtless, also, it would still be cold. I had a letter that should be posted. I wanted the mail. I needed fuel for my precious stove. Therefore, after much

gazing upward and many hesitations and changes of mind, I finally did visit the barnyard, catch the faithful, peevish Bally, saddle and bridle her, and set out, wrapped in two woolen sweaters.

It had rained so much that traveling was rather hard. The roads were slippery to Bally's feet and very disagreeable to mine when I had to dismount and struggle with gates. I had hardly started before I realized that my ride around would be less pleasant than usual. The wind continued to blow from Squaw Peak; but instead of clearing the clouds away, it now seemed to be bringing in more of them. When I was about half a mile from the house, Squaw Peak began to be shrouded in mist. Then I could see racing streamers of mist moving over the mountains, down onto the mesas — nearer and nearer to me. They reached me presently. It was a fine, cold mist, varied with dashes of lively, frozen snow that pelted right merrily down. I had a feeling that the sensible thing might be to turn back; but I had put my hand to the plough. A certain spiteful stubbornness in me forbade my returning; and I kept on, laughing grimly at myself from time to time and really enjoying myself in my usual inconsistent manner. Why was it that I always got so much fun out of the perfectly horrid situations? Tamer hardship bored me to death.

I arrived in Camp Verde exceedingly cold and damp in spite of the two sweaters. My curious habits were becoming known. People had not yet stopped talking about my hailstorm experience. Now — as I learned afterward — one of the Post ladies looked from her window into the drizzle. 'I guess we're going to have a good, smart shower after all,' she remarked to her husband. 'There goes Miss Kent.'

At the post-office and general store I

told my troubles and asked advice on the weather. The clerk told me that in his opinion the storm had only begun. I should get soaking wet going home, unless — And he departed and returned with a beautiful yellow slicker, large man's size. It had been hanging in a stable for months and might have rats' nests in the sleeves, he said; but I was welcome to it. It was certainly welcome to me, as were the four quart bottles of coal-oil which the same obliging clerk loaded carefully on to my horse.

I dried out a bit at the house of a friend and set out for the ranch against a wind that cut like a knife. It did not rain on the way home, but I kept thinking over and over that I must certainly have frozen stiff had it not been for the yellow slicker. I had always detested the very sight of a yellow slicker before I went to Squaw Peak. Now I love them dearly still!

IV

In telling the story of my year at Squaw Peak, I have dwelt most upon my experiences outside the schoolroom. That, I am afraid, is because my experiences outside the schoolroom most interested me. Perhaps it is also because the experiences outside were more varied than those within. I hope this is part of the reason! I do not like to believe that I had nothing of the teacher in me. I should like to believe now, as I wanted to believe then, that, somehow, it had been good, on the whole, for the young Squaw Peakers that I had spent a year among them. It had been good for me, I knew. I did not want to have all the good to myself.

My experiences in the schoolroom had been very instructive. For one thing, I had utterly revised my views of the Little Teacher as pictured by my Institute Orator. She did need to be

rather a wonderful young woman — that rural schoolma'am whom I had once thought of so lightly.

I went back over my own days at Squaw Peak and remembered the meagre first equipment that had helped to set me off wrong. Before the windows had been put into their frames, the wind had scattered papers over the house. I had allowed the pupils to scurry noisily over the floor after those papers. The habit of being noisy in my room was one of which I never broke my pupils. In that regard I had allowed myself to be wrecked at the outset by a mere external. The Little Teacher would not have done this — and I knew it.

I had tried to be adaptable that year. Before the term began, some men had evidently had a spitting match in the old schoolhouse. Mrs. Dennen told me that she had removed some of the results of the contest; but I remember vividly that after I arrived I mounted a chair and scrubbed tobacco juice from the walls above the door and between the high windows. This I tried to do with a good grace; but I think I did not succeed in feeling very cheerful over my labor.

I washed windows at the Squaw Peak School; I struggled with a long, rusty, refractory stovepipe which had a periodic passion for coming disjointed; I often acted as janitor in the janitor's absence, — and sometimes in his presence, — carrying in loads of frosty wood, lugging out ashes, building fires, sweeping. I gave a few free music-lessons; I acted, as well as I could, as a physician and surgeon in cases of accident; I attended school faithfully, regularly, myself, in spite of furious storms and the two-mile journey through the mud; I really tried to teach the children something when I had got there — and yet I was not at all the speaker's Little Teacher!

I seemed to miss the things that count. I failed to discipline children who had not been disciplined at home, and thereby left a lack in their backbones, I suppose, — as in mine, — at the end of the year. I loathed the filth of the Dennen youngsters, and sometimes almost loathed them because of it, instead of teaching them to be clean. How I could have done that, though, I have no idea even yet. The Little Teacher would have found means to accomplish it. Often and often I lost chances through my inertia, through my own self-centredness. I was numb with homesickness. In school this should not so have been. Since it was so, the sympathy which should have existed between those country children and myself was often gone.

And as to book-learning! — I was proud of a very few of the little tots — and very proud. But from older children, in final examinations, after a year of my training, I got such answers as these. A member of the history class informed me that General Lee was the commander on 'our' (the Northern) side during the great Civil War; and that Cornwallis Jackson commanded on the other side. Another member of the same class suggested the name of 'General Wolves' — apparently for both positions. A great statesman's career was thus epitomized: 'Benjamin Franklin was a poor boy. He went barefooted. He got married to Dora.' I was informed that Maschuttes was the first settlement in North America and that Captain Cabbot helped the town. And when I requested a little information regarding General Sherman, I found out simply that he had once 'taken a walk to the ocean.' In geography Urazy and Yourp were mentioned as continents, and Virginia was named as 'an important western city.' From the language-class I gathered that a 'nown is a table or a chair or a

house,' and I also learned that, while the subject of a sentence is what you are talking about, the predicate is what you are not talking about!

Yes, I know! 'These things are nothing,' cries a whole chorus of teachers' voices. 'We all have those experiences, sometimes. Why do you waste your time in commonplaces?'

Commonplaces! Indeed, indeed that is my own criticism of all I have written. I have told commonly the story of a common country schoolteacher's experience in the Verde Valley of Arizona. Once I thought my adventures rather unique and picturesque. Their fancied picturesqueness and uniqueness alone made them tolerable during the year I lived at Squaw Peak. Now I know them to have been only the usual thing. It is entirely usual that country schoolma'ams should have inadequate equipment at school, fierce struggles with the elements outside, and loneliness and homesickness always. I had a good boarding-place with a family who are still my dear friends. I could easily have missed that. As the commonness of my story is my own criticism of it, so is it also, in my mind, its best defense. I endured nothing that every rural teacher does not, in some measure, endure. And many teachers succeed gloriously in spite of every hindrance.

There are many of them. The little

blue-eyed, golden-haired Miss Manchester, who taught across the river from me, is one who stayed, and only one. And any girl, it seems to me, has something of the heroic in her, if she can stay, joyously, helpfully, with her task of being a rural schoolteacher.

I honor them. They seem to me a fine, upstanding sisterhood. What are those words again that came to me as the Institute Orator held forth? 'The goodly fellowship of the prophets' — 'the noble army of martyrs.' In serious earnestness I want to describe just so this growing band! They are so to me now — those who teach themselves to belong in the country schools. For what do they not need? Adaptability, sympathy unbounded, resourcefulness, courage, knowledge — and such knowledge! Not the course of study and the texts are sufficient. They need to know practical sanitation and medicine, music, household arts, sewing; and they need the gift of imparting what they know. And they need hearts that will not go straying home in school-hours!

Are they not truly a goodly fellowship — those who are succeeding? To me they are.

You will observe that I say 'they' and not 'we.' Nothing would I give for what I learned during my Squaw Peak year. All that I taught might very cheaply go.

DILEMMA

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

O JESUS, if your good Samaritan
Had come along the road to Jericho
An hour earlier; if he had heard
The cries for help; if he had found those thieves
Half-killing that unhappy traveler, —
Would he have waited, peeping round the turn,
To give the helpless victim time to offer
His coat, and cloak also, and other cheek?
What would a neighbor do? O Son of Man,
That day you call the nations unto judgment,
Do not forget — we gave two pence for Belgium.

O Jesus, were you thinking of the Germans,
Or Turks, or Austrians, or French, or English,
Or Russians, or Italians, when you said,
'Be not afraid of them that kill the body,
But cannot kill the soul; fear rather him
Who may destroy both body and soul in hell'?
Or were you thinking of old Master Mammon,
Who laughs to see his puppets, Peace and War,
Obedient to his hand that pulls their strings,
Dancing his Dance of Death? O Prince of Peace,
How shall we slay the slayer of the soul?
How shall we know your peace from Mammon's peace?

O Jesus, when we're set on your left hand
Among the goats, we wonder will it be
Because we took up arms and did our bit,
Killing our quota, reddening the shambles?
Or will it be because we always said, —
America first!

BABANCHIK

BY CHRISTINA KRYSTO

I

It was my smallest brother who called him that, because, at the time of their meeting, he could not manage the whole of his very long name. But his friends took it up presently, liking the ridiculous yet oddly caressing sound of it, until all who knew him well knew him only as Babanchik.

I remember him first as a chance guest in my father's house by the side of the Black Sea—a big, deep-chested man in a badly wrinkled pongee suit, who missed his train because we children had drawn him into a game of hide-and-seek. I can still hear his laughter-filled voice demanding fiercely, 'Where are they? Where are they?' as he flung himself about the room, making wide détours to avoid our feet, which protruded from under the cloth-hung table, while the train, with his car attached, paused a moment at the 'half station' at the far end of the pasture and went roaring on along the shore. He stayed the night with us, and our child-world changed forthwith.

During the two years which followed, the play-times of Babanchik and his children were inextricably bound with ours, and the distance between our homes grew very short. At Christmas we danced around the scintillating tree in his spacious Tiflis house; at Easter he helped us with the beating of the unnumbered eggs which go into the Easter bread of Russia, spattering the kitchen wall most dreadfully.

Business brought him often to Ba-

tum, which lay just over the hill from us—so often that we fell into the habit of racing down to the pasture-bars every Saturday to wait for the afternoon train. It was long and wearying, that walk back, on the days when the train clattered by without pausing. But on other days, when, just this side of the cliff, the engine whistled to announce the stop,—when we listened, breathless, for the setting of the brakes, when we saw his huge figure swing lightly from the steps, coat-pockets bulging with mysteries, and heard the gay voice shouting that his own car would not come by until Monday,—the walk home was a march of triumph. Two summers we spent together in a half-starved Georgian village high in the Caucasian mountains, where we lived on bread and eggs, both reeking with the wild garlic which grew thick among the wheat; ran, bare of head and foot, over the pine-grown canyons; and loved every moment of it.

It was in those two summers that we came to know Babanchik best and to adore him accordingly. We might emulate the manners of Manya, his young-lady daughter of twelve; we might acknowledge the leadership of his harum-scarum son Kolya; but it was Babanchik who really counted. It was he who led our marvelous expeditions to the neighboring peaks, his clothes steaming with the effort of that leadership,—he who showed us where to look for mushrooms, and later fried those mushrooms for us, surreptitiously, lest mother begrudge us the butter

where no new supply was to be had. His mind it was which settled, wisely and fairly, all our momentous quarrels, and invented countless new and fascinating games when we had tired of the everlasting croquet. But for him we should never have bathed in the yellow water of the mad Kura, water so muddy that it left great streaks across the bath-towels; but for him we should never have been forgiven for robbing the little forest church of candles with which to rub the porch floor whenever we wanted to dance.

That the merry existence of his vacations was but a small part of his life, we knew, even as we guessed that the man who frolicked with us lived only in the hours of play. For often at tea-time on the porch we came upon the other Babanchik, a bitter and fearsome man who talked to father in a voice which, to us, was the voice of a stranger. They made us very wretched, those tea-times, when from an obscure porch corner we watched him striding up and down along the railing, the smile gone from his eyes, his cheeks flushed, his arms waving wildly. For we could never understand why the man who taught us that it was cruel to step on ants seemed so ready and eager, at those times, to throttle some one, we knew not whom, unless it were the terrible creature he called the Russian government. It all hurt us inexpressibly. Yet hour after hour we watched him and listened to his long, involved denunciations of oppression and dishonesty and selfishness and class-distinction and many other long words which we could not grasp. And most difficult to fathom was his oft-repeated assertion that he was doing all that talking in behalf of us.

'It is for the children that I fight!' he would shout, stamping feverishly up and down the long porch; 'for my Manya and Kolya, and for your boys

and girls and all the countless thousands of others whose lot has been cast with this accursed country! I must fight, for I know what will come to them! Their souls will be dwarfed and crippled by our stupid schools and our stupid laws, and their minds poisoned and embittered by suspicion and hatred and the damning sense of their impotence, as long as conditions here remain what they are! Our lives are behind us, yours and mine. But we must make theirs different for them, must keep them away from straight-jacket regulations, must keep them happy and trustful and brave! It is for this that I fight! And I would fight if I knew that I could not change a word of our laws and our statutes!'

He did fight. Unceasingly, along with his routine work, —he was one of the managers of a Caucasian railroad, — went the bigger work of making his corner of the world a better place for those who came behind him. He fought in the ranks of his employees, that the least of these might claim justice and equality; pleaded with school boards and schoolmasters for patience and generosity toward their charges; and fought — and this was the most bitter fight of all — against those who held in their hands the destinies of his city.

In all this he was severely handicapped. An Armenian by birth, which in itself matters even in cosmopolitan Caucasus, he had inherited the ungovernable temper and unbridled tongue of his people, and this, coupled with his love for truth, worked him unceasing woe among the hidebound conservatism of his associates.

All this Babanchik knew. And yet, in spite of the knowledge, he had a dream of becoming a member of the city Duma, that he might have a real voice in the direction of the city's fortunes. It should not have been a thing

so difficult of attainment. Time after time his name was proposed for the city ballot; time after time hordes of enthusiastic friends made his election a certainty; and, time after time, as the deciding day drew near, his candidature was suppressed, his name withheld from the ballot, his adherents silenced — and the dream remained a dream. No one knew just when it happened, or just how: — he was an Armenian and a revolutionist, a freethinker and an enemy of the government, marked '*neblagonadejny*' (not to be depended upon) in the police-books of the city — and no country knows so well as does Russia how best to curtail the activities of such men.

What he could do in spite of these drawbacks, he did. Was he not our undauntable Babanchik? If he could not insure fair play for the men of his railroad, he could give them of his advice and sympathy, and they forgot to ask for more. If additional factory windows did not come into being at his command, he could still lend his money to those of the workers who fell victims to the foul air; and how beautifully he lost his temper when a borrower spoke of interest! And if school boards and schoolmasters remained unyielding in their demands upon the children he loved, at least the holidays were his, when he could take those children on long walks in the open and teach them to respect their souls and not to step on ants.

All of which we learned much later. At the time, he was merely our Babanchik, without whom the world could no longer be imagined; who came in the evening to blow out our candles because he had guessed that the memory of his good-night laugh cheated the dark of its dangers; whose rumbling shout awakened us in the morning and opened up for us a new day of unsuspected possibilities.

II

The third summer we did not go to the mountains. Some one else was sharing Babanchik's cottage in the Georgian village; he was leading a band of new children in search of mushrooms and adventure. But we were too excited to care, even in the face of this.

A new unrest hung over our house. All the day long father was showing strangers about the place, pointing out to them the value of the untouched forest, the richness of the pasture land, the clearness of the drinking water, the glories of the mountains and the sea. In the sun-filled glass room which served as library mother was superintending the sorting and packing of books. And a placid-faced woman with the patience of a saint was fitting our squirming bodies into trim, tight-fitting clothes which, after the loose, shapeless things we had always worn, vexed us endlessly. We were going to America.

Babanchik came to us often in those last weeks, inexpressibly saddened by our impending departure; and his discussions, to which father listened a bit abstractedly now, grew ever more violent. Though their invariable ending filled us with an unexpected hope: —

'When my work is done here, I will come to you, in the United States. I cannot, now — there is still so much to be done for my weaker friends. But when I am very tired, so tired that I can no longer endure it, I shall take my children and come to you — to forget the Russia that I hate.'

So we parted. We leaned over the rail of an Odessa steamer, our arms overflowing with the packages he had brought us; and he stood on the edge of the wharf, waving his hat and smiling. But tears were running down his brown cheeks and losing themselves in his beard.

The new life, the new language, new interests, caught us. From the first Russia seemed very far behind. Several letters followed us. Kolya wrote three or four in his uneven round hand — funny little letters which began, 'We have two ducks and two puppies. How many dogs have you?' and which were properly answered in kind. After that, we forgot very quickly.

But Babanchik did not forget. Once every month we found in our mail-box a fat, square, carelessly addressed envelope which held a letter for father and a folded note for each of us. The notes were full of gay nonsense, stories and rhymes and caricatures; but father grew very thoughtful over the letters.

Life was pressing Babanchik hard. He was still without thought of defeat. But his enemies were bringing more stringent methods into the combat; he was now being constantly watched. Other troubles were even harder to bear. The government was consciously setting the hot-headed Georgians and Armenians at each other's throats, that neither might have time to think of greater issues. And Babanchik could but stand by and watch the suffering of his people. Manya was in school, in the hands of narrow and incompetent teachers, teachers selected for their political views. Kolya's turn would soon come. After that, so ran the letters, his children would have the choice between becoming power-seeking sycophants of the government, and going, as he had gone, into battle with it, knowing beforehand of their certain defeat. He could not take them away from it — yet. But he realized, he said, that each day, besides giving to him its measure of sorrow, brought a little nearer the fulfillment of his new dream. He was beginning to study English.

The years marched on. The square envelopes came less often, but they came still full of their old-time warmth

for us — full, too, of increasing enmity toward the country which we had left. Manya had gone to Petrograd to attend women's 'courses.' Two years later Kolya followed her, and entered the University in the same city at the time that I was enrolled in mine. And when, a care-free sophomore, I was working off surplus energy in basketball and dramatics, a new alarm crept into Babanchik's letters. Manya and Kolya were becoming involved in the revolutionary movement.

It is hard, in these clean war days, to remember the murky chaos of the Russia of 1904–06. If a revolution could have come at all it would have come in those years, and it would have been led by students. The younger minds were afire with visions of freedom, — irrepressible combinations of deep conviction and the ardor of youth, — visions which took no cognizance of the wide and weary space which lies between desire and accomplishment. Class-rooms were hotbeds of revolutionary plots, — mad, illogical, glorious plots, — for which their authors, usually still in their teens, paid so heavily. Too heavily, for the government, alarmed, was losing its head a bit.

The heart of Babanchik beat fearfully. 'I am proud of the trend of their convictions,' he wrote, 'but sometimes I am a little afraid. They can so easily be led into a spectacular prank, a bit of mischief for which the government might take it into its head to punish them too harshly. And though we have all become accustomed to that sort of thing, it would hurt me sorely to have them spend two or three months in prison.'

He conjectured mildly. There was news one day, in our American newspapers, of the attempted assassination of a Petrograd official. We passed it by — attempted assassinations were no rare events just then — until the next

letter came from Babanchik, a letter of two brief paragraphs. Both Manya and Kolya were implicated in the crime. Manya had waved her handkerchief from a window which commanded a view of the official's residence; Kolya had passed the signal to twenty fellow conspirators. All had been caught and all had confessed. The official was unhurt and there was hope of a light sentence. Still — the two or three months of prison lengthened into a prospective two or three years.

Once more he conjectured mildly. Manya was sentenced to be hanged. Kolya, because of extreme youth, was punished by life imprisonment. We read the story of it, scarce believing, page after anguished page in a handwriting we did not recognize. We never knew — no one ever did know, save Babanchik himself — all that went after that. His letters no longer came regularly and, when they did come, were so incoherent with rage and despair that we gathered little information from them. We learned, however, that by some superhuman means he had obtained a stay in the execution of the sentence, had taken a leave of absence from his office in Tiflis, had called in all the money which he had loaned, borrowed what additional money he could, and had gone to Petrograd. At the end of eighteen months there was a new trial, and we were left to guess of much that went between.

It was not difficult to guess, in part. His way to that new trial had lain along the ways of personal influence, and the men who possessed that influence were the officials whom all his life he had hated and who knew him only as one 'not to be depended upon.' Could he have abandoned to their fate the twenty whom he did not even know, and worked for his children alone, his task would have been less difficult; but then he would not have been Babanchik.

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So for eighteen months he worked; seeking audience in the studies of his enemies, humbling himself before their insolent eyes, accepting from them what taunts they chose to give, holding in calm control the hot temper which was hourly made less manageable by the strain under which he lived, pleading where he longed to curse, smiling where he would kill — and knowing, with a knowledge which made all these things possible, that a careless word on his part would take forever from twenty-two youngsters the one hope to which they clung. And so he accomplished the inconceivable. Somehow the new trial was held, somehow the twenty-two sentences were made lighter, unbelievably lighter. For Manya was sent into a far province and given hard labor for life, and Kolya would be free in ten years. But what those eighteen months did to the loving big soul of Babanchik can best be told in the barely legible words of the letter which brought us the news.

'It has finished us at last, this country! It has strangled my children and torn my heart to shreds! I burn with shame at the thought of being its subject, and there is no wretchedness which I hold too great for it, no plague which I would not send upon it if I could! I long to take the first steamer away from it.'

But he had his lost fortune to recover before he could go. There were his debts, too, and the children needed money, even in prison. He went back to his work with redoubled energy. But as he fought for the money which would bring him to America, he found himself fighting against a new enemy. The splendid body had not been able to withstand the ravages upon his mind; he remembered suddenly that he was nearly seventy. He spoke little of this, — perhaps he would not believe it, quite, — but there was dejection in

every word he wrote. And we began to wonder whether we should ever see our Babanchik again.

Yet in the winter of 1913 he came to us, a tired and feeble old man. There was a burned-out look in his eyes and his wrinkled pongee suit hung limp from stooping shoulders. The journey across Siberia had been hard, that across the Pacific still more trying; there had been an alarming wireless from the nurse who accompanied him. But he reached us, and as I remember the sound of his laugh on that first day twenty years ago, so shall I never forget the ineffable happiness in his face when he stood, a few days after his coming, and looked out over our sunlit valley.

'Peace,' he said, 'and joy. And the end of Russia forever. God has been good.'

He built for himself a tiny bungalow in a corner of our garden, one that could be moved when Kolya should have come to him, and was soon deeply engrossed in the simple tasks in which erstwhile busy men sometimes find such keen delight. All day long he spaded and raked and planted, wrote letters home, and went on ever-lengthening walks; but evening brought him to our living-room where, beside the humming samovar, we swung the conversation around to his wild Caucasian tales.

The stories he told were not new; we had heard them all many times before. Accounts of his own trips in pathless mountains, adventures of the danger-loving Georgians, legends of his own people, the Armenians — they had lost not a shade of their interest in the years which had gone since those other winter evenings, when the sea raged just beyond the pasture-bars and made us crowd close to the fireplace and to him. Often, too, he talked of his children, but always it was of their life before

Manya had waved her handkerchief from a window. Only of Russia itself he would not speak, nor would he read our Russian newspapers.

'Let her be,' he once said, 'the vampire! I ask only to forget.'

And we thought that he did forget, for the months brought to him an ever-deepening contentment. His shoulders were squaring themselves into old accustomed lines, the illness which had menaced gave no sign. Spring found him searching for a plot of land which would be his own, for Kolya had but two more years to serve.

III

And then, in the summer, came the war.

We translated the news to Babanchik — he had never finished learning his English. A smile twisted his mouth.

'Retribution!' he said; and there was something very dreadful in his uplifted hand. 'I pray that Germany will destroy all Russia.'

We turned upon him in indignation. Under our accusing eyes his arm came down and hung limp by his side. He swung on his heel and left us, muttering as he went, —

'Nothing but German shells will ever break down her prisons.'

There followed the weeks and months of tense living. The Russian papers were filled with opportunities for the new work, names of old friends appeared in committee lists. As for us, we could but talk of it endlessly, and dream of it, wait for the morning paper, and talk again. We still saw Babanchik every day, but, every day, he mattered less. We could, and did, accept without comment his attitude toward the country which still held our affection, but, somehow, we had lost interest in his stories.

The war went on. The enemy was

halted before Paris; the Russians swarmed over Prussia and were promptly driven back, far over their own boundary. Riga began to figure in the dispatches, and life seemed a solemn thing — so solemn that we had no time at all for noticing that something was very much amiss with Babanchik, until he said one evening, diffidently,—

‘If you could ask your doctor to stop in — some day.’

We stared at him curiously. Why did he have that ghastly look about him? He was perfectly well only the day before — or was it last week — or was it a month ago? or when was it that we had really looked at him? What had checked so suddenly the straightening of his shoulders? We could not say. But we were vaguely ashamed.

The doctor was terse and explicit.

‘There is nothing wrong, chronically, save a general hardening of the arteries and a very high blood-pressure. He must have had bad news recently, a sorrow of some sort.’

‘Nothing new,’ I contradicted. ‘He was perfectly happy until now.’

‘The war perhaps? or Russian reverses?’

‘Oh,’ I answered lightly, ‘he cares nothing for the war, and Russian reverses would cause him no sorrow.’

The doctor left no medicine.

‘Keep him amused,’ he ordered, ‘and don’t let him grow excited. That is the only remedy.’

Keep him amused! With no thought in our minds, no word on our tongues which did not deal with the war, the war of which he never spoke, with which he had no concern!

It was the youngest brother who broke through our quandary.

‘I think we have all been blind — and stupid! Babanchik never asks for war news. But why does he always happen to be about when the paper

comes in the morning? Why does he never change the subject as long as we talk of the battles? Have n’t you seen the embarrassed look on his face when Germany claims victory? And why did n’t he need the doctor until Warsaw was endangered?’

Thus did we chance upon the truth. Though even then we were not certain — not until a letter, six months delayed, came to him from Kolya. Babanchik’s hands shook when he laid it down.

‘The little rat! What do you think he has done? He has sent a petition to the Tsar, the Tsar himself! To beg to be released from prison that he may join the army. He promises to go to the most dangerous position, to do the hardest work, if the Tsar will only set him free and let him fight. The blessed little rat!’

‘Fight?’ I asked, and looked Babanchik straight in the face, ‘fight for Russia?’

The embarrassed look came into his eyes. But, even then, he did not at once capitulate.

‘Oh, my dear,’ he replied, ‘youth forgets so easily.’

After that it was not difficult to keep him amused. But to keep him from growing excited was not a task for human minds. Already he was fighting with Kolya. At night he lay awake, gleefully devising a thousand sly schemes whereby, single-handed, Kolya should take captive a hundred Germans; the days he spent in filling his letters to the boy with a detailed description of these schemes. Each morning we were introduced to marvels of unheard-of strategy, and called upon to translate from the newspaper every word of the long and conflicting dispatches. He was forgetting to eat, he had no time for exercise. An alarming shortness of breath followed, and we sent for the doctor again. The lat-

ter's visit was short, his opinion no less so: —

'If he continues to live at this tension he will not last until winter. Keep him quiet.'

And he left some pills.

And then came another letter from Kolya. I stepped into Babanchik's room a few minutes after he had read it and found him at his open window, staring out at the sky. He brushed his hands across his eyes before he turned and held out the letter to me.

'Read it, my dear.'

The uneven round handwriting was pathetically reminiscent of the letters which used to deal with ducks and puppies, and there was boyish heartbreak in every word of the curt, matter-of-fact sentences. Kolya's petition had not been granted.

'And now, father,' the letter ran on, 'you will have to come back. We are the men of our family. And, since the Tsar has decided that I must not help, the honor of that family rests with you. For, if you fail, I also fail.'

I looked up over the page. What could he do, a sick old man, in a country which was calling forth the finest of its young strength? He answered my unspoken question hastily.

'There is much for me. The wounded are coming home; I could read to them in the hospitals, and tell stories — you know how well I tell stories. And I can count cars — that is the logical work for one who had been so long with the road. Right in Tiflis I can count them, — supply-trains go out from there, — and release a younger man for the front. Will you get me a schedule of the sailings of Japanese steamers, my dear?'

So came his decision. At dinner-time he could not eat. Morning found him with a newspaper in his hand. Out of his meagre knowledge of English he was trying to decipher the flaming headlines. He waved away the suggestion

of breakfast. Food interfered with his breathing, he said; but would we not bring in his trunks and suitcases? By afternoon he was shivering, and the tea I made for him failed to warm his hands. And once more we called the doctor.

He fought with all the strength which was left him, our gentle Babanchik, fought with tears of helpless fury coursing down his face, when we took him from the chaos of his packing and put him to bed. And a hard three months began for all of us.

It was a cold and cheerless autumn of early rains. The doctor came every day. And every day I sat at the bedside, translating to him Babanchik's entreaties and commands. I had procured for him the schedule of Japanese steamers and he had marked the dates of their sailing with red ink.

'Tell him,' he would say, his unsteady forefinger on the first of these, 'that I must be fit for travel by this date. Tell him to give me more medicine, — I shall take two pills every half hour. Tell him I cannot wait.'

And again, two or three days later, his finger back on the page, —

'There is no use in trying to catch this boat now. But tell him that the next one goes two weeks later. Surely he can cure me in two weeks; tell him that that's fourteen days.'

The weeks crept by and, one after another, the Japanese steamers sailed without him; but in his mind, which was slowly losing its clearness, a new hope dawned each day. I began to dread the hours beside his bed. It was hard to listen to the plans for his work which, under the stress of mounting fever, often trailed off to incoherent muttering, and to watch the thin profile of his face showing an ever sharper line against the pillow; hard to follow the doctor to his car and hear his passionless, hopeless words; harder still to

go back and face the crazily bright eyes of Babanchik and, in response to his questions, lie cheerfully and so extravagantly that it seemed that only a madman could believe.

Yet he believed. For, one morning, I found him ruling a sheet of paper on a lapboard — he had fumed until the nurse had given him his pen. The vertical lines cut unsteadily across the page, and at the top of the columns he had written, —

‘Date.’ — ‘Car Number.’ — ‘Destination.’ — ‘Cargo.’

‘You see, my dear,’ he explained eagerly, ‘there will be a great deal of purely mechanical work, such as this, to be done, and much of it I can do beforehand. For I shall be too busy, in Tiflis, and I cannot expect an assistant at this time.’

On that day I did not go back to his room. The doctor’s words had been fewer than usual, and there are times when one does not lie.

But, before bedtime, seeing his light burning, I tiptoed in. He stared dully.

‘You have been talking long — I fell asleep waiting. And I wanted you to tell your doctor that I am losing all patience. If he cannot make me well enough to go at once, I shall find some other way to go — without his help. Keeping me in a warm room, the rain shut out, while my boys are lying in trenches! When I could be counting cars —’ His breath failed him and he closed his eyes. Only when I looked back at him, with my hand on the door-knob, did he finish the sentence, — ‘for Russia.’

When again I saw him he was neither old nor feeble nor ill. By some untold magic he had become the undaunted Babanchik of twenty years ago. Only, his pongee suit had been very carefully pressed, and this, together with his unsmiling mouth, made him look strange — strange and a little forbidding, as if the way for which he had been searching was one with which we could have no concern. And, presently, one of the Japanese steamers was taking him back to Russia.

SOME ORCHESTRAL CONDITIONS

BY HORATIO PARKER

THE orchestra for which Haydn and Mozart composed their later works is historically the first in which the element of orchestral color can be found as a factor of any considerable weight. Bits of purposeful coloring, fairly numerous and sometimes important, may be noted and enjoyed in earlier music: for example, that of Bach and Handel. But polyphony preponderates entirely

over color as the source of musical interest, and it seems fair to say that intentional orchestral euphony, showing consistent regard for the characteristics and limitations of the different instruments and groups of instruments, — in other words, a standard orchestra, — does not appear until the latter half of the eighteenth century. This orchestra of Haydn and Mozart

may be said to show the purity and the slender immaturity of adolescence. It is thin, delicate, delicious, yet incomplete. The orchestra of Beethoven is by comparison mature, well-nourished without being too convex in the middle, sonorous without being blatant, strong, sane, and, for his purposes, complete. In Wagner, perhaps, rather than in Berlioz, in Germany rather than in France, the rich diet of fat horns, the sonority of toneful string players, the omission or neglect of the soprano and alto trombones in favor of the more succulent tenor instrument, have so nourished the full-grown orchestra of Beethoven, that, while it gives voluptuous pleasure, a suspicion of obesity is suggested rather than of evenly distributed development and strength; at least, there is a suggestion of velvet rather than of silk as a corresponding texture.

Among the French the horns have a thinner, sourer tone. String players are more crystalline; oboes and bassoons are more agile and less sonorous. Alto trombones are commonly used, with the result of a certain transparency, even gracility, in general effect, which is quite as characteristic as the softly rounded massive richness of German orchestral *ensemble*. At best, the French orchestra is very silky.

Discriminating foreigners, like Americans, may choose according as their taste makes them prefer the fat or the lean. In the Boston Symphony Orchestra the horns are German, the woodwind French in character if not always by birth.

The present-day orchestra of Richard Strauss is greater and more complete than Wagner's, but shows in some of its finical habits evidence of a freakish old age following a maturity spent in luxurious rather than strenuous activity. Strings divided many times, and in their highest regions,

have become the rule rather than the exception. Yet there is no doubt that all stringed instruments, particularly the violins, still sound their best when played in the first position. The double bass at the upper limit of its compass sounds no longer like a bass but like something else. The viola, in a similar register, is apt to sound like a bad violin gone askew. Large groups of wind instruments are as likely to add muddiness and monotony as richness and variety. Two harps call for less discretion, less skill in their use than one. Constant striving by composers for unexpected color may eventually breed indifference in the listener. Possibly these developments arise from operatic rather than purely orchestral necessities, but we have in Strauss, who marks the confluence of two great streams of color, respectively from Wagner and Berlioz, the normal point of view from which to look out toward the future.

Neither time nor art can go backward, but each may be depended upon to lop off unnecessary excrescences, technical, numerical, or musical. Just what these will prove to be in the orchestral music of to-day, only time and the development of art can show, although we may guess at some of them. Perhaps there will be greater numbers of stringed instruments, and possibly greater agility among their players; although the history of piano music would seem to indicate that this must be at the expense of more desirable qualities. In the matter of compass we seem to have reached the limits of effectiveness until the violin shall have longer strings. It is true that Strauss writes  for the violin, but he does  not disclose how it is to be played.

Wind instruments are still improving in compass and agility as well as in evenness of tone. Their numbers are increasing, but their types remain

about the same. Composers want the picturesqueness of the gurgling heckelphone and the beauty of the almost inaudible double-bass clarinet, but it may be questioned whether these will be common features in future orchestras. The need of such instruments as the oboe *da caccia*, and of such subtle variations in tone-color as are known to have existed formerly, is not yet clear.

With increasing refinement original characteristics grow fainter. The greeny delight which flows from our finest modern oboe is no more like the stolid, scarifying squawk of the early Victorian instrument than strong brandy is like maraschino. But the former is a man's drink, and it is not an unmixed blessing that the fuzzy, grunting "loud bassoon" of our forefathers has been supplanted by a pale, acrobatic, highbred orchestral specialist who may be implicitly relied upon not to offend the most delicate of listeners' ears. To me he often seems more aristocratic than companionable, rather dry than juicy, and this in spite of the indisputably greater beauty and delicacy of his tone compared with that of former days. Still the most fascinating of wind instruments and the most full of character, the bassoon has won agility, control, and all other technical advantages, but at the expense of something in the old tone very honest and sympathetic, if a little awkward and helpless. We may regret these old square-toed things, but we cannot recall them any more than we can return to the weighty, pregnant speech of Martin Luther.

Brass instruments can hardly develop more tone or greater agility without essaying things which now seem unsuited to their natural limitations. Possibly there are no such limitations. A cradle-song for trombones sounds preposterous, but it is true that three expensive trombones can play more

softly than three horns. There is as yet, I believe, no dynamometer for musical sounds outside the heads of the musicians, so that proof of this statement for the lay mind must be indirect. It may illuminate the point to remember that three lines drawn with a hard pencil can be finer and fainter than those drawn with a soft one.

The field of percussion instruments offers a pleasing invitation to speculators. Shall our children have more of them? Shall they have louder ones, or queerer ones? Will there always be a *céleste*? If so, will they want to hear it once a week? Once a month would seem often enough for a modest taste. Shall they have wind and rain machines, pistols and cannon? Such things tend toward caricature rather than real character, and are used at present in response to pictorial needs. They correspond to spices and condiments. Too many of them are bad for musical well-being. Perhaps they indicate the fundamental artistic weakness which lies in the extra-musical basis of so much of our music. A return to absolute music would bring a thorough corrective for all such fantastic divergences from music itself.

And then the conductors! Are there still to be such in the future? Shall they be visible or hidden? This latter point seems unimportant: both ways work well, except that in hot weather the second has obvious advantages. The hidden orchestra is undoubtedly at a disadvantage. Direct impact of the tone upon the listeners' ears is always more vital and satisfying than anything which comes round a corner. It is not likely that executive responsibility for the musical activity of any important orchestra can be divided, or that conductors can be either multiplied or abolished. A captain is needful, and his approval is one of the strongest incentives to good work for the individual

members of any orchestra. He is a living conduit, flexible and intelligent, through which the many-colored strands of musical texture flow as through a weaver's frame from players to hearers. If he were a living metronome and no more, he could be safely discarded. A great conductor, no longer living, used to speak with scorn of those who could not conduct without 'beating time.' A glance to restrain the over-zealous or to stimulate the slightly lethargic, the lifting or lowering of an eyebrow to correct faulty intonation, were among the most used of his subtler devices. They were unseen by the audience, but he attached far more importance to such refinements than to the gentle, quiet motions of his arms.

It is perhaps conceivable that the conductor's work can all be done in private before performance. This has already been exemplified in classic works by Hans von Bülow, who sat quietly at the piano and played concertos while his orchestra did its share of the work faultlessly. But in modern music it is hardly possible in the near future, although I believe that with enough familiarity any single orchestra of high excellence could learn to play any single work or a fairly large number of works exactly as the conductor desired, yet in his bodily absence. But there is a mutual action and reaction between a leader and his men, each stimulating the other.

It may be still an open question whether or not the public appearance of conductors will always be indispensable; but granting them to be necessary for a long time in the future, what shall they be like? Together with some of our keenest musical enjoyments we can recall many differing qualities: a somewhat languorous efficiency; laborious, baleful earnestness; strenuous, beaming moisture; cool, solemn, semaphoric infallibility; brilliant, dazzling virtuos-

ity; studious, careful moderation. But why prolong the list? Truly there are and must be all kinds; but the memory of one who spent his whole musical life in America, a very human, kindly, peppery sort of uncle to his men, suggests a normal hope. More richly endowed by nature than even by art, he had an insight for human as well as musical tangles, which made him and kept him a true leader. And he had the most astonishing ears. His sense of absolute pitch was nearly as reliable as a siren — I mean the instrument used in physical laboratories, not one of the ladies on the island. That is a power with which future conductors can hardly dispense.

A well-known, and in many ways admirable, critic and writer on music once confessed to me that singing or playing a little out of tune did not distress him. He said he hardly noticed it. I admit receiving a very distinct shock, and hope the confession was good for his soul. To me it had always seemed, and seems still, a *sine qua non* that music should be exactly in tune. This is a belief to which singers do not always cling. Playing or singing just a little out of tune for any considerable time is most difficult if it be done on purpose. Many, however, achieve it unconsciously without effort. I recall a very famous and highly paid man singer who said, when reproved for singing flat, 'The audience wants to hear my beautiful voice. They do not care whether it is flat or not'; and his position was apparently upheld by the box-office.

Still, I doubt if any great departure from my preference will ever become common. On the contrary, musical mankind will surely improve in this respect; and this thought suggests a refinement in orchestral playing which is capable of higher development than it has yet reached. I have heard a great

violinist play a single note divinely out of tune. It was a double-sharped note in the Saint-Saëns B-minor Concerto which he played mathematically too sharp, much too sharp. Whether instinctive or calculated, it was purposeful and most legitimately effective, for it intensified the upward striving nature of the passage with an indescribable poignancy. Likewise, I have heard notes with downward tendency played or sung too flat and colored dark for the same purpose. Bear in mind that I am speaking of single notes.

Of course we can split hairs and ask, what is in tune? Humanly speaking and with the fear of the physicists before us, it is quite impossible that any man-played, non-mechanical instruments, or any voice, should be exactly in tune any longer than the hands of the watch are together. Since music cannot be bottled and taken to the laboratory for tests, the decision on this point must always come from musicians. Singers may sing a dozen notes in a second or a violinist play fifty. How shall they all be tested with scientific accuracy? Is it possible for a scientist to chase a singer up and down the scale with a siren? Even suppose there were a dozen or fifty scientists, each with a siren, one never could find out which note was awry, if there were one, because there would not be time; but any well-trained musician can hear and identify any note out of tune in any passage however rapid. Pilate, the tired lawyer, asked, 'What is truth?' thereby exemplifying a very common judicial attitude. But it must be a very *blasé* musician who is willing to leave to science the decision as to what is in tune. It is a question of art.

Another element in future music-making on a large scale relates to the auditorium or concert-room. The visions of Berlioz concerning the orchestra of the future are a little quantita-

tive, perhaps, although he does not neglect to insist upon high quality. An orchestra of four hundred with a picked chorus of two hundred will occupy space enough for fifteen hundred listeners. Probably the audience must always be provided for, and in a room large enough to accommodate such forces with an appropriate audience single instruments must fail of their proper effect. The grace and elasticity of a single flute, oboe, clarinet, or other such instrument, disappear at once when several of them give out an expressive musical phrase in unison. So there is a size-limit imposed by the capacity of our human ears. Of course scene-painting in a theatrical way is as legitimate as miniature-painting; but the difference is like that between the fish-net and the bit of lace. Normal, frequent artistic enjoyment for large audiences must always lie between the two. Except occasionally, such an orchestra as Berlioz describes must be a dull affair, since it seems to imply conditions in which the element of personality in solo-players must be partly if not wholly ineffective for reasons of space or distance.

Another element in future orchestras is the unionizing of the members. A somewhat similar influence is exerted in Europe by the pension system. It must be acknowledged that these by-products of social progress are wholly inimical to art. The writer recalls a comparatively young German musician who, upon being called to account for quite perceptible slackness, replied, 'I work hard enough — they can pension me if they are dissatisfied.' The New York custom of sending one man for rehearsal and a different one for performance is disappearing, but it was quite interesting as a symptom while it was common. Democracy in art is not far from anarchy; and what will result when the whole world is

unionized, is absorbing if not delightful matter for speculation.

Great new halls now being built for music are always provided with great new organs, for the organ is a frequent factor in orchestral music. There are devoted and excellent musicians who play the organ with fine taste and skill and who are jealous of the artistic importance of their instrument. Its future can safely be left to them, but just at present there are unsettling influences at work. Electric organs permit organists to do things which they ought never to want to do. They stimulate or invite cleverness and an appearance of brilliancy rather than more solid qualities. Who will care to spend the time purifying organ-music to the pellucid clarity demanded by Bach's polyphonic masterpieces, when with ten fingerfuls of treacly chords he can cause thrills up and down the spines of soft-hearted listeners?

There never can be any substitute for clarity. Men will always love the limpid language of Whittier or Maeterlinck; and the further fashion removes us from it, the more desirable does it seem. Richard Strauss's particular fondness is for Mozart.

Whatever future alterations may be, they will move the orchestra constantly forward and upward. New difficulties will be met and overcome; each adding new richness or new delicacy to the

palette of the tone-painter. Present-day composers often rely on atmosphere for interest rather than on tonal or musical substantialities. The attendant vagueness so dear to us moderns makes their new beauties seem elusive, though not less real, and requires more sensitive reactions from individual performers. But the demands of classical composers remain constant though not rigid, and are more readily met by more sensitive players, so that the orchestra always increases and widens its range of expressiveness. The time must come when Beethoven will seem to musicians as distant as Bach, perhaps more distant. Changes are inevitable, and each change will be made after it has been conceived in the mind of some composer and has found a fitting response in the minds of listeners. The desire for change, for revolution even, is a constant factor of inestimable value in determining the nature and amount of our human development. This appetite in Beethoven, in Berlioz and Wagner carried the orchestra rapidly over enormous vacant spaces. God forbid that there ever should be any limit to such progress!

The orchestra speaks in a living, growing language. It is by far the most eloquent of the tongues by which composers can express themselves and there seems no reason to doubt that it always will be.

DEMOCRACY AND DIPLOMACY

BY ARTHUR BULLARD

ON both sides of every battlefield in Europe all forward-looking men are demanding relief from the dangers of secret diplomacy. The popular party of Germany is outraged at the revelation of the secret power of their Foreign Office. In England, the Liberals are distressed at the realization of the disasters which might have overwhelmed the Empire if the uncontrolled power of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs had been in the hands of a knave or a fool. It is almost the only point of unanimity in the Old World. The democratic control of diplomacy is a burning issue in every nation at war.

Some Americans naïvely believe that secret diplomacy is an evil confined to 'the effete monarchies' of Europe. Such people are generally embarrassed by the question, 'Are our marines still in Nicaragua?' Not one in ten of our voters can answer off-hand. Not one in a thousand can give a coherent account of our diplomatic relations with the Central American republics. Why has our administration, so strongly opposed to intervention in Mexico, intervened in San Domingo? The people of the United States know no more about the international policy of their government than the English or Germans knew of the plans of their Foreign Offices.

This ignorance in regard to the facts of our foreign relations is not due solely to indifference. The veil of secrecy which shields Downing Street and Wil-

helmstrasse and the Quai d'Orsay is no denser than that which enshrouds our State Department. Our diplomatic archives are as jealously guarded as any in Europe. The student of American history who wishes, for instance, to understand our rôle in the Conference of Algeciras must go to European sources for help. The State Department has little or no information available.

The diplomacy of our Republic is almost as undemocratic as that of Russia. Once in four years we elect our Chief Executive. But we have no direct voice in his policy in dealing with our neighbors, and only such knowledge of it as he chooses to impart.

Until his recent peace move, Mr. Wilson made no noticeable effort toward the amelioration of this condition. He kept more closely to the tradition of secrecy than some of his predecessors. This was regrettable. For there is no contribution to democratic progress and the peace of the world which we, as a nation, could make, which would be more gloriously American and more heartily welcomed by the Liberals of all the world than the devising and demonstrating of means by which diplomacy could be made democratic.

The advocates of open diplomacy cannot deny that there are certain definite advantages in secrecy. The man who decides to be truthful is certainly handicapped when dealing with less scrupulous rivals. But a reputation for veracity confers certain advantages which the liars lack. To argue in favor

of truthfulness, it is not necessary to deny that falsehoods are sometimes profitable.

The methods of business offer a better analogy. The directors of any company find it easier to bribe legislators or judges, to burn competing plants, to oppress their workers, if they are protected by secrecy. But the common-weal is better served by publicity.

In diplomacy, as in business or private life, 'the wicked love darkness.' The nation which is bent on aggression had best keep it quiet. If we wish to annex Central America, secrecy will be of value. But, just as the growth of democracy in business tends to fight the sinister profits of secrecy with increasing publicity, and just as we are gradually opening the books of insurance companies, railroads, and other great corporations, so the growth of democracy in government will surely abolish '*le secret du roi*.'

The chief opposition to democratic control of foreign affairs comes from the professional diplomats. They defend their special privilege of secrecy with passion. They bitterly oppose democratic interference with their prerogatives. They hate and fear publicity.

But behind the professional diplomats of Europe (and too many of our diplomats accept them as models) are the great masses of common people of all countries, who, like us, are striving for a better democracy. If the President should break through the crust of tradition, tear up the red tape of the protocol, and take the citizens, at home and abroad, into his confidence in regard to the problems of foreign relations, it would doubtless lay him open to the sarcastic jibes of the diplomatic clubs. He would probably be lampooned in *Punch*, as Lincoln was. But he would — as Lincoln did — win the love and gratitude of all democrats the world around.

II

The democratization of diplomacy presents a two-fold problem: the relation of the government to other nations, and its relation to its own citizens.

It is an anomaly, a denial of our own democratic faith, that our Republic should accredit its ambassadors to the kings and not to the peoples of Europe. We have simply followed the fashion, accepted the old monarchical protocol. We should have devised some means whereby we could deal directly with the Reichstag of Germany and not solely with the Kaiser. We have a representative at the 'Court of St. James,' but none with the British Parliament. This is more than a quibble over words, for in this case the words are symbols — these forms of the *ancien régime* are symbols of all that is anti-democratic.

There are obvious mechanical obstacles to the publication of all the day-to-day detailed operations of a great organization like the State Department. The advocates of democratic diplomacy are not asking for any such absurdity as a daily 'White Paper.' There are also occasional negotiations which would be disturbed by current discussion. But the broad principles of foreign policy are susceptible of democratic control. They are no more esoteric than the tariff. They are not nearly so complicated as the currency bill or the adjustments between Capital and Labor.

Our Constitution is unfortunate in this matter. The Executive is practically irremovable for four years, and that is ample time to set all the world at war. In the countries with responsible ministries, which can be reversed at any time, there is much more chance of direct popular control of diplomatic policy.

Even the quadrennial election is a poor guide. Was the issue in November home or foreign politics? The campaign recalled the first candidature of Bryan and the perplexity of low-tariff men who believed in a gold standard. The multiplicity of issues makes voting a distressing choice between a programme of Seven Devils and Seven Seas and a platform of Seven Seas and Seven Devils.

So long as our Constitution remains unchanged, any president who wishes to base his foreign policy on the will of the nation, will have to rely largely on extra-legal expedients. No machinery has been provided by which he can take a referendum in such matters.

No administration can follow the will of the democracy unless the citizens know what they want. So the first requisite in democratic control of diplomacy must be education in the subject. And all experience in the plebiscite shows that the intelligence of any vote is in direct ratio to the clearness with which the issue is posed.

The phrase, much used in the November campaign: 'He kept us out of war,' is a good example of the bad method. What did it mean? Are we to understand that Mr. Wilson has stood and will stand for 'peace at any price'? It is beyond dispute that many who shouted this slogan, many who were influenced by it, disagreed in their understanding of it. It was unintelligible and therefore unintelligent.

If we are to have any serious democratic control of our international relations, we shall need very much more concrete and precise statements of policy than that.

It is widely, if vaguely, known that the establishment of more cordial relations with the Latin-American republics is a matter very close to the Presi-

dent's heart. We have heard rumors of explicit treaties — a 'Peace League' of American republics. But what is the status of these negotiations?

Some real progress in good feeling was certainly made during Mr. Wilson's first term. His reëlection undoubtedly adds greatly to the strength of his influence. But what are the obstacles which have so far prevented the reaching of tangible results? Have the obstructions come from opposing interests at home? From unreasonableness below the Equator? From intrigues in Europe or Asia? What privileges and what pretensions must we surrender? What hostilities must we overcome? What new obligations must we take upon ourselves? In short, what chance is there of success?

We know that the President is working on this problem. But we are absolutely in the dark as to the methods that he is using, the snags that he has encountered.

Isolated individuals who have close connections in the Argentine, Brazil, Chile, or Ecuador, who follow the South American newspapers, or those who enjoy the personal confidence of the President or his advisers, have more concrete knowledge of the problem. But there is nothing which deserves to be called public opinion on the subject. The democracy has not been trusted with the essential facts.

We, as a nation, can have no intelligent attitude toward the Mexican tangle so long as we are ignorant of these South-American negotiations. The Secretary of the Navy and Congress cannot agree on any sane naval programme so long as this large element in the problem is ignored.

And what policy does our government intend to follow in the Far East? It is idle to talk of democratic control in this matter. We have no means of

knowing whether we approve of the Administration's policy or not. We do not know what that policy is.

But it is necessary for our own peace of mind that we should be told. Is it our policy to maintain the Open Door, even at the cost of war? Completely open, or only ajar? Are we to support the young republican movement in China with financial help? Are we to determine this question for ourselves, or ask consent of the 'Concert' of Great Powers? Or are we going to blow up the Philippines and come home?

Until we have thrashed out all these problems, until the nation is agreed on a policy, all this 'preparedness' talk is empty words. We cannot adequately prepare till we know what to expect.

We ought to define our Asiatic policy out of fairness to our friends in Japan. There are jingoes over there, who are inciting ill feeling toward us. Their strongest argument is the assertion that we have decided on an aggressive policy, that we are determined to deny them 'a place in the sun.' And our friends among the Japanese cannot refute this dangerous propaganda of hate, because they do not know what our policy is. We do not know ourselves.

When we turn our attention from the Far East to the Nearest East, we are rendered breathless, dazed, by the Great Tragedy. How light were the petty gains that the diplomats strove for in secrecy compared to this appalling weight of woe! Was any new colony worth it? Or any railroad to Cathay? The democratic elements of Europe did not want this war. If the common people could have controlled their fates, if they could have reasoned together, it would not have come.

If the misery of war ever falls on us, it will come in the same way — with-

out our willing it; without any foreknowledge of its imminence. As I write, men over whom we have no control may be signing a treaty in our name, drafting an ultimatum which will seal our fate.

III

While the democratic control of our own foreign policy demands first of all an elaborate and continuous campaign to educate the electorate, and then some specific constitutional changes, our dealings with other countries could be rendered more direct and democratic by executive action.

When, in our dealings with the British Empire, we are content to confine our intercourse to the Court of Saint James, we are ignoring the vital, modern elements of the nation. We—a republic—are giving credence to an empty survival of mediævalism, and we are coming in contact with the most reactionary caste of Great Britain.

The British have led the world in democratic forms of legislation. But their diplomatic service is still an appanage of the aristocracy. Mr. Bryce was the happy exception which proved this unhappy rule. Many of the British ambassadors, many of the permanent officials of their Foreign Office, are Tories. As they are fighting desperately against all democratic progress at home, it is not to be expected that they will deal sympathetically with us. If we 'play the game' according to the rules they devise, we must give up hope of direct and cordial communication with the democratic mass of the British people. When we deal with the 'Court of Saint James' we are talking to that small and unrepresentative section of British society which is most outspoken in its hostility to our political theories and in its disdain for our ideals.

The attitude of the British Govern-

ment toward us during the war has been exceedingly complex. The Asquith Cabinet — the famous 23, who have recently fallen to make way for the Lloyd-George directorate — were rarely united on any subject. But the necessity of explaining our neutrality to their own people had brought them into practical unanimity on the simple thesis that the attitude of our government was determined by a mixture of degenerate commercialism and fear of German-American riots.

The people of Britain went into the war on the 'Moral Issue' — their word pledged to Belgium, democracy versus military autocracy. The critics of Britain have called these motives in question, but that is aside from my point. The people accepted them with earnest sincerity and conviction. The stupendous success of voluntary enlistment cannot be explained on any other basis. The popular, democratic support of the war has been based on the conviction that the Moral Issue is obvious.

If it had seemed equally obvious to us in those fatal days of August, 1914, we would have declared war on Germany. But no such moral obligation was apparent to our government. And although every one of us at once took sides individually, — overwhelmingly the Entente side, — public opinion supported the official proclamation of neutrality. Many of our citizens have questioned the political expediency of neutrality, but few have condemned the attitude of the administration on the ground that it has shirked an obvious moral responsibility.

But for the British Government to admit that any fair-minded people can be honestly neutral is to give up the semi-religious doctrine that the Moral Issue is clear. The government dares not allow any doubt to arise as to the justice of their cause or the complete righteousness of their actions. And the

supervision of the newspapers by the Press Bureau, the censorship of private correspondence, the Defense of the Realm Act, make the control of public opinion more facile than any one who has not witnessed it can easily credit.

Of course the efforts of the government in this matter have not been completely successful. Certain individuals, a few fearless periodicals, have maintained a critical attitude toward the official theory. But the great mass of public utterances, on the platform and in the press, has been pretty successfully 'controlled.' And the average Englishman has been adroitly taught to believe that we are tugging at the leash to join them in their war against the enemies of civilization; that we are gnashing our teeth in rage at Mr. Wilson for holding us back. Any American who does not fit into this pattern is suspected of German blood or a sinful desire to run contraband. It was generally believed that Mr. Wilson in his heart of hearts saw our plain duty to join in the crusade, but was deterred from righteousness by a crafty desire to win the votes of munition-makers and by fear of personal violence at the hands of the Kaiser's spies.

So far our Administration has confined itself to the traditional technique of diplomacy. Our notes to Britain have been able briefs in International Law. They have hardly reached beyond Downing Street. Some have been published as White Papers. A few have been published *in extenso*, in fine print, on the inside of the newspapers. But they are long and involved, and few read them. Not many citizens of any country are mentally prepared to follow such intricate arguments. Our diplomatic correspondence reaches the British public in the form of newspaper résumés, carefully pressed through the sieve of the Foreign Office.

I chanced to be in London when our

first note in regard to the interference with the mails was delivered. It was a long legal document, discussing all the alleged illegalities of the British action. It certainly was not news to the officials of the Foreign Office. They knew what was happening to the mails. They knew the law in the case.

Reports from Washington said that Wall Street had gambled heavily on the Entente victory and that the Administration would not dare to press the protest. Public opinion in America was so strongly anti-German that there was no danger of our switching to that side. The Foreign Office did not fear our ill-will and did not care for our good-will.

Some official of the Foreign Office made a condensation of the note — a cold-blooded sophistication. It was circulated by the Press Bureau and the next morning the British Democracy read in the headlines: —

DOCTOR WILSON'S NEW NOTE
DRASTIC WORDS AS SOP TO
HYPHENATES
OUR RIGHT TO SEARCH MAILS
CONCEDED

The leading articles of the day gravely discussed the immorality of the Yankees' desire to trade with the Huns, and whether or no Mr. Wilson's subserviency to German-American voters would gain his reëlection. And all this was reprinted in the newspapers of Paris, Petrograd, and Rome.

The situation in the other countries of the Entente is largely a derivative from that in England. We have no controversies with any of them beyond the fact that, more or less reluctantly, they have consented to the British naval policy. There has been little reason for anything but amiable diplomatic correspondence with them. In the second place, there is the unfortunate fact that few of them maintain regular newspa-

per correspondents in America. Most of the letters and news they get from us passes through the hands of the British Censor. Almost all the items in their papers dealing with American affairs are translations from the London papers — more often than not from the Northcliffe press, which is definitely hostile to us.

The traditional friendship between the French and ourselves is being seriously threatened, because our State Department has not contrived means to deal directly with the French people.

It would be difficult to overstate the degree to which our attitude is misunderstood. Often intelligent, well-read Englishmen and Frenchmen have said to me, 'You blockaded the Southern States. How can you object to our blockade of Germany?'

There is no word in any of our notes to the Entente which questions the right to blockade or to seize for contraband. Our government wishes to preserve these methods of warfare. Our protests have been against innovations in these matters, which seem to us contrary, not only to the express letter of International Law, but also to the spirit of equity. However, the President's notes have been so long that few have read them. Misunderstandings have been made the more easy.

The result of following the traditional protocol of diplomacy is that, while the people of the United States and Britain and France have every reason to coöperate in the general work of civilization, their governments are snarling at each other.

Lincoln was faced by a somewhat similar problem during the Civil War. Those who were in control of Her Majesty's Foreign Office would have rejoiced to see the failure of our experiment in popular government. But the great mass of the English people — then as now — were inspired by liberal

democratic aspirations. Lincoln went over the heads of the Court of Saint James, directly to the common people he loved and understood and trusted. His letter to the trade-unionists of the cotton industry was a grave breach of diplomatic etiquette. And no doubt the professional diplomats were shocked and offended by Beecher's visit to London. But Lincoln won his point. He succeeded in putting his case before the democracy of Britain.

The point I have illustrated above by reference to our relations with the Powers of the Entente is of course even stronger in regard to our relations with their enemies. There is a greater chasm between the government and people of Germany than in the case of Britain. By adhering to the traditional protocol in our dealings with the German Empire we are voluntarily abandoning the chance of any accord with the democratic forces of that country.

One is tempted to sardonic humor over the situation. During this war America, the youngest of the greater powers, has been more rigidly conservative in her diplomatic traditionalism than the older monarchies of Europe.

Both groups of belligerents have recognized the value of 'Publicity,' and the holiest traditions have not kept them back from accepting this most modern arm. They have all subsidized newspapers in the neutral countries. The British and Germans, having sent so many propagandists to our shores, could hardly object if we returned the compliment. The Entente, dissatisfied with the Court of Athens, has appealed to the Greek public. Several European premiers and foreign secretaries, two or three kings in distress, have harangued us directly by means of newspaper interviews. Our Administration has not been so progressive.

Of course the most distressing ele-

ment of the situation is the present *mal-entente* with Britain. The great mass of our people want cordial relations with our Anglo-Saxon cousins. And in this matter the democratic will of the nation is in accord with the most astute statesmanship. If we are to abandon our traditional isolation, — a change in policy which is inevitable, — the best hope of the future lies in more happy relations with the American republics to the South and in the development of a cordial working agreement with France and Britain. There is every evidence that the democratic forces of these two countries — struggling in Britain, triumphant in France — desire our coöperation. But so far, our Administration, limiting its action to the traditions of diplomacy, has failed to establish friendly terms with Britain.

IV

In order to democratize our diplomacy some such steps as these are necessary.

First of all, we must consciously work at the education of our public opinion. It is as true of diplomacy as of any other branch of government that an intelligent despot is preferable to an ignorant majority. If we wish to escape despotism we must go in wholeheartedly for education.

Without violating any proper confidences, without wrecking current negotiations, qualified students might be granted much freer access to the archives of the State Department. So long as we forbid professors of American history to study our recent diplomatic history, we are forbidding them to teach it. We are condemning our students to ignorance in this matter.

The Secretary of State could learn valuable lessons from his colleagues of the Departments of the Interior and of Agriculture. They have discovered

how to interest the public in their work. We should be taught to consider our State Department, not as a mystic arcanum, but as an important element in the nation's welfare which it is our duty and our interest to understand.

Private enterprise has established a number of forums and societies for the study of international relations. They should be stimulated by official encouragement. Mr. Wilson's speeches before the League to Enforce Peace, at the lighting of the Statue of Liberty, and, more recently, before the Senate, are the kind of educational work of which we need more.

Our periodical press, daily, weekly, and monthly, is our greatest source of information. Here and there editors have realized the importance of informing their readers on the problems of diplomacy. But they have had very little official encouragement. If the State Department wished, it could multiply the volume and greatly increase the accuracy of the printed discussions of foreign affairs.

At present the Secretary of State issues an annual report which is published as an annex to the President's Message. It is perhaps the dreariest reading of all our official publications, a close second at best to the machine-made Tidal Calendar. As a means of developing an intelligent public opinion in foreign policy it is utterly inadequate. Most of its items are two or three years old. We should have White Papers, as occasion arises, published while interest in the matter is still alive.

The Yellow Books published by the French Government in regard to the frequent crises over the Morocco Affair are infinitely more informing than anything that we have been given about Mexico.

Mexico furnishes an admirable illustration. On no subject is the public mind of America more at sea. Mr. Wil-

son and his aids have struggled with this problem for four years and have failed to bring peace to that unhappy land. Most of us are ready to admit that it was an exceedingly difficult problem — that the Archangel Gabriel would probably have failed, too. But by shrouding the negotiations in mystery the Administration has not hidden its failure. It has hidden only the causes of failure and so has further bewildered public opinion. On all hands we meet people who pretend to 'know about Mexico.' Each one of them has seen more or less clearly some facet of the problem. Their statements are blatantly contradictory. No one's claim to 'know about Mexico' is worth anything unless he has had access to the State Department archives. Only the Administration has been able to see all sides of the question. But beyond a few sonorous generalities we, the people of the United States, have been given no information.

There are few questions, if any, of greater importance to us and the generation to follow us than this Mexican tangle. We are kept in darkness. But if the President's policy has been as high-minded as those in his confidence believe, he could furnish no better defense against his critics than the bare facts.

The publication of any honest and complete collection of Mexican correspondence, frankly confessing bad guesses as well as good intentions, admitting the inevitable human failures as well as success, intended to inform rather than mislead the electorate, would be of great value, not only in increasing our national understanding of the problem: it would be a resounding stroke for democratic diplomacy the world around.

If Mr. Wilson would dare to authorize a non-partisan committee of qualified scholars — appointed, for instance,

by the American Historical Society — to go over the very voluminous Mexican correspondence and publish a digest of it, it would not only help us to a clearer appreciation of this problem, but would set a new standard in diplomatic usage. It would plant a new milestone in the progress of Democracy.

In order to break through the traditional barriers of diplomacy and to establish more direct contact with the popular forces of other countries, the President might instruct our ambassadors abroad to watch the newspaper discussions regarding the relations between the two countries, and, if the need arose, to take part in them.

A poor translation of an inaccurate, unsympathetic English report of Mr. Wilson's speech before the League to Enforce Peace appeared in the telegraphic columns of the French papers. It was two weeks or more before the mail brought the text of the speech. A deep and painful impression had already been made. The complete text, or an accurate résumé, of every such important speech on foreign affairs should at once be telegraphed to our ambassadors for issuance to the press. It would not be amiss for the State Department to cable regular press bulletins to all our embassies.

When ambassadors are dispatched on foreign missions, it would be well for Congress to give them credentials and messages of good-will to the parliament of the country to which they are accredited. And when ambassadors come to us, the President, in some formal ceremony, might take them to the Capitol and present them to Congress, and in this manner emphasize the fact that their business is with a democracy.

It would be but one step further to grant to all ambassadors the courtesy

privilege of addressing messages directly to Congress.

We desire to make it impossible for a few men in secret and uncontrolled conclave to decide the fate of nations. If we find the Foreign Office of any country standing in the way of cordial friendship, we must go over their heads, directly to the people. It is popular friendship more than the good-will of the rulers of the moment which we seek.

And we must freely grant the same privilege to other nations. It would be better for all concerned if the European governments, which are now spending money to influence our public opinion, were offered some more open and direct method of appeal.

If the minister from Liberia is dissatisfied with the treatment he receives at the State Department, it would be much better if he were free to air his grievance before Congress than for him to be reduced to the necessity of 'persuading' some editor to write an indirect attack on the administration.

But, of course, in any such reforms, the spirit of their operation is more important than the form. The two main objects to be sought are: first, the development of an enlightened public opinion at home, and, secondly, more direct methods of communication between the peoples of the different countries.

We, as a nation, are deeply interested in the future peace of the world. We must devise means by which our diplomacy can be made democratic in its control and in its action. Any experiments we make in this direction will be watched with interest by the Liberals of all the world. The solution of the problem would be the greatest contribution which any nation could make toward the welfare of the race.

THE LOST CAUSE

BY JAMES MORRIS MORGAN¹

[After a cruise as venturesome and picturesque as that of any Elizabethan buccaneer, the little commerce-destroyer Georgia finally gave up her raiding of Federal shipping and landed her crew at Bordeaux. Midshipman Morgan and his fellow officers proceeded at once to England, took passage for America, and successfully ran the blockade of Charleston harbor. Young Morgan was shortly assigned to land duty at Battery Semmes, on the James River near Richmond, where he is stationed when he takes up his narrative again.]

I

AT the house of Mr. Trenholm I was always received as one of the family. The beautiful house, which had been built originally by an English gentleman of wealth and artistic tastes, was the centre of a certain amount of gayety, and was frequented, especially on Saturday evenings, by many distinguished people, among them of course many generals, and foreigners who visited Richmond for the excitement of the experience. Mr. Trenholm, as well as being Secretary of the Treasury, was a man of great wealth, and probably the largest owner of blockade-runners; consequently almost every luxury in the way of food was most hospitably placed before his guests.

Where two or three young Southerners were gathered together, there was sure to be singing and dancing. It is true that there were not many handsome toilets to be seen at these receptions, but the young girls were so pretty that no one took the trouble to look at their dresses of a style fashionable before the war. The foreigners of course appeared in the orthodox dress-coats and white ties; but we poor fellows who belonged at the front shamelessly join-

ed the gay throng in our rags and tatters. My uniform, which had once been gray, had turned a green yellowish-brown, owing to its exposure to the elements and the mud in the trenches; besides, I had had the misfortune to have one of my coat-tails burned off while sleeping too close to a camp-fire. One of my trouser-legs had raveled out to halfway up the calf of my leg, and the lower part of the other trouser-leg was very ragged. I wore a boot on one foot and a shoe on the other — the boot on the bare leg. This Falstaffian costume was set off with a sword, and if there is anything that will make a ragged man look more ridiculous than another, it is the wearing of a sword. But the girls in their four-year-old dresses did not mind our appearance, and it would have been a cold day when a man in civilian togs — no matter how well-dressed he was — could have persuaded one of those Southern girls to dance with him when a man from the front wanted a turn.

At Mr. Trenholm's house I met General Robert E. Lee on several occasions. It always amused me to hear the fond mothers tell about the rapture and overflowing affection with which the general treated their little ones when they were brought before him. I happened to be present at one of these demonstrative occasions in the general's

¹ Earlier recollections of the author were printed in the *Atlantic* for January, February, and March. — THE EDITORS.

life, and afterwards heard the mother's account of it. She said that as she entered the room with her little four-year-old daughter, the general opened his arms, into which the little girl rushed; and the great man fairly smothered the child with kisses. What I saw was that, when the little one saw the grave statuesque man with silver hair sitting on a sofa, she drew back in fright; her mother then seized her by the wrist and dragged the shrinking little tot up to that formal embodiment of dignity, and told him that she wanted her child to be able to say in future years that she had shaken hands with him. The general, looking very tired, without a word extended his forefinger. That was all the demonstrativeness I saw.

Mr. Trenholm, as I have said before, was most hospitably inclined, and he was the possessor of some of the finest and oldest madeira wine in the country; naturally his invitations to dinner were rarely declined. I used to meet at his table the most distinguished generals of our army and the members of the cabinet. These gentlemen for the most part were taciturn and serious; but Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, the Secretary of State, and Mr. Trenholm were both gifted conversationalists as well as being very witty, and they always enlivened the banquets with anecdotes. Mr. Pierre Soulé of Louisiana was also a frequent guest, and he was a most interesting talker. It was Mr. Soulé, who, when United States Minister to Spain, after the duel between his son and the Duke of Alva, the brother-in-law of the French Emperor, shot and crippled for life the Marquis de Turgot, the French Ambassador to Spain.

Despite the sad state of affairs, both in the Capital and the country, there were balls and parties and 'marrying and giving in marriage' going on in Richmond. Mr. McFarland, a wealthy banker, was to give a ball, and social

Richmond was all agog over the prospect. To attend this ball, it was necessary for me to have a new uniform. With any amount of Confederate money at my disposal, the modern man might ask why I did not go to a tailor and order one; but that was not the way we did things in those days. In the first place, there were no shops; and had there been, there would have been nothing in them for sale. I had to search the town before I found a man who possessed a few yards of gray cloth and was willing to part with it for several hundred dollars in Confederate money. I finally found such a man, and also bought from him a pair of boots made out of thick half-tanned cow-hide, for which I paid three hundred dollars. I looked so nice in my new togs that I was immediately asked by an army surgeon to be one of the groomsmen at his wedding; I also attended the wedding of the beautiful Miss Hetty Cary and General John Pegram which had so sad an ending a few days afterwards, when General Pegram was killed.

We had our gossip, of course, and society was very busy discussing the marked attention Mr. Soulé was paying to Mrs. Stanard, a widow and an acknowledged social leader. Mr. Soulé must have been an ardent wooer, for Mrs. Stanard told her intimates that, when Mr. Soulé was with her, he was so eloquent that she could not say no to him; when he left her, however, she realized what a mistake she would make in marrying a man upwards of sixty, who had no future before him. At Mr. McFarland's ball it was whispered round the room that Mrs. Stanard had taken the occasion publicly to announce her engagement at last, and that congratulations were in order.

Mr. Trenholm came up to me and, taking my arm, said that he wanted to find Mr. Soulé. So we walked to where the latter was standing by the side of

Mrs. Stanard. After congratulating the pair, Mr. Trenholm said, 'Now, Mr. Soulé, my old friend, I want you to tell me: is this something new, or is it an old love-affair?'

Mr. Soulé, rolling his *r*'s, replied with his very pronounced French accent, 'Well, Mr. Trenholm, I will tell you. It is not so very new, nor in fact is it so very old. The truth is, my dear sir, it is now some thirty years since I first had the honor of meeting Madame Stanard; but at that time there was Stanard, a splendid fellow, and Madame Soulé, a magnificent woman, both in their prime; and to tell you the truth, my dear sir, we did not see our way clear!'

II

While the young people were laughing, dancing, and being killed, the black clouds of adversity were gathering over our beloved Confederacy. Bitter dissension had resulted from the removal of General Johnston from the command of the Western army — a step which President Davis took in response to popular clamor for a change. This demand did not come from Johnston's soldiers, but from the populace, who cried out that if Johnston continued his strategy, the Western army would soon be in the Gulf of Mexico; they wanted an aggressive man put in command, and Mr. Davis gave them General Hood. He was aggressive enough, Heaven knows! After the bloody victory he won at Franklin, in which some seventeen Southern generals fell, Mr. Davis was heard to observe, 'One more such victory and there would be no Western army left.' After the disastrous defeat at Nashville, the very men who had clamored to have General Johnston superseded clamored against Mr. Davis for having removed him.

The Confederate Congress was at open war with President Davis and

missed no opportunity to thwart his policies. They refused point-blank to adopt any of his suggestions for the relief of the pitiable condition of the country, and, in rejecting the financial schemes submitted by Mr. Trenholm, the Senate Finance Committee frankly told that gentleman that under no circumstances could they adopt his suggestions, as it would imply their sanction of a measure emanating from Mr. Davis's administration!

Mr. Trenholm told them that, when they had treated Mr. Memminger, his predecessor in the Treasury Department, in the same way, Mr. Memminger had consulted him as a friend as to the course he should pursue, and that he, Mr. Trenholm, had advised him to resign. Now that he himself was placed in a similar position it was necessary that he should do likewise.

The Senate Committee, however, protested that such a course would not do at all, as they had a financial proposition of their own that they wanted him to father on account of the popular belief in his ability as a financier.

Mr. Trenholm, no less frank than they were, informed them, after glancing over their bill, that he had a reputation among business men to maintain, and that if he put his name to and gave his approval to such a measure, business men would laugh at him. He went to Mr. Davis then and tendered his resignation. Mr. Davis told him that it was his duty to remain in the Cabinet; that he, Mr. Davis, recognized that with a Congress at open war with the administration, nothing could be done to relieve the Treasury. He declared that he needed Mr. Trenholm's clear head and advice, and begged him to stand by him in his hour of need.

As an example of the demoralization of the Confederate government at this time, I remember going into the Senate chamber one day while that august

body was in session. At the front, heavy firing was going on, which could not only be plainly heard inside the building, but the windows rattled and shook when particularly big guns were discharged. With this ominous *obbligato*, the lawmakers were earnestly debating the question how many daily newspapers should be placed on the desk of each senator every morning! While these petty quarrels were going on, the destiny of a whole nation was being ruthlessly decided in blood and suffering. We men in the trenches fought, shivered, and starved outside the city, and danced and made merry whenever we were allowed to come within its limits, little dreaming the end was so near.

The Southern soldier was a very determined fellow, and at the same time reckless and light-hearted; one moment he would be in deep distress over the loss of some dear comrade and the next he would be shouting with laughter over some senseless joke perpetrated by one of his companions. I went one day to a tobacco warehouse, then used as a hospital, to see my friend Captain F. W. Dawson, who was very seriously wounded. The ladies of Richmond were very kind to the wounded, and out of their scanty means they managed to make dainties which they would carry to the hospitals and distribute themselves. The day was hot; I found my friend lying on a cot near the open front door, so weak that he could not speak above a whisper; and after greeting him and speaking some words of cheer, I saw that he was anxious to tell me something. I leaned over him to hear what he had to say, and the poor fellow whispered in my ear, 'Jimmie, for God's sake make them move my cot to the back of the building.'

I assured him that he had been placed in the choicest spot in the hospital, where he could get any little air that might be stirring; but he still insisted

that he wanted to be moved, giving as a reason that every lady who entered the place washed his face and fed him with meat-jelly. The result was that his face felt sore and he was stuffed so full of jelly that he was most uncomfortable. As he was so weak, he could not defend himself, and the women would not listen to his protests.

Shaking with laughter, I delivered his request to the head surgeon, who pinned a notice on Dawson's sheet to this effect: 'This man must be washed and fed only by the regular nurses.' Dawson was a gallant soldier and served on the staffs of J. E. B. Stuart, Fitzhugh Lee, and General Longstreet. He recovered from his wounds and in 1873 married my sister Sarah.

III

The spring of 1865 was fast approaching and we expected soon to see great changes. One army or the other would surely attack; they could not stand still indefinitely. One morning things became very lively at Battery Semmes. A rifled gun in my division exploded and an eight-inch smooth bore was dismounted by a well-directed shot from Signal Hill. About noon my commander sent for me and, to my amazement, ordered me to go up to Richmond and report in person to the Secretary of the Navy, adding that I had better take my belongings with me. I at once commenced to think of all my sins of commission and omission. What could a secretary of the navy want to see a passed midshipman for, unless it was to give him a reprimand?

Arriving in Richmond, I made my way to the Navy Department at once, and, to my surprise, I was shown into the Secretary's sanctum without delay. Mr. Mallory was smiling, and if I had not been a midshipman, I should really have thought he was glad to see me. To

my surprise, he told me that I was to accompany Mrs. Jefferson Davis South, and added, with a twinkle in his eyes, that the daughters of the Secretary of the Treasury were to be of the party.

I hurried to Mr. Trenholm's house with the news, but no one there seemed at all surprised. I then went to the President's mansion, only a block away, and had a few words with Mrs. Davis, who seemed to take it as a matter of course that I was to go South with her. There was not the slightest appearance of excitement or preparation.

I dined with Mr. Trenholm's family, and we laughed and talked; but none of us spoke of the coming journey. In fact, we young people were in blissful ignorance concerning the momentous events about to take place. After all, there was nothing strange in Mrs. Davis's going South, for the President had often expressed a desire to have his family go to Charlotte, North Carolina, where they would be out of the turmoil and excitement of their surroundings in Richmond.

It was then the Friday preceding the fall of Richmond, and about eight o'clock in the evening we received the expected word that it was time for us to start to the station. A few minutes after we arrived there, we were joined by Mrs. Davis, her sister, and the children, escorted by Colonel Burton N. Harrison, the President's private secretary. The party arrived at the depot in an overloaded carriage, Mrs. Davis being the fortunate possessor of about the only pair of carriage horses in Richmond. These animals had made some lucky escapes from being requisitioned for the army, as, owing to the necessities of the family, they had once been sold and were bought by two or three gentlemen and presented again to Mrs. Davis, only to be seized shortly afterwards by a provost guard, on the street, while Mrs. Davis was seated in the ve-

hicle. President Davis would not lift a finger to save them, saying that other people's horses had been pressed into service for the army, and he saw no reason why his wife's should not be taken in the same way. But again influential friends persuaded the quartermaster to send them back, and their last service to their mistress was to start her on that memorable and eventful journey.

There were no Pullman coaches in those days, and it was with great difficulty that an old creaky passenger car, long a stranger to paint and varnish, had been secured for the wife of the chief magistrate of a nation of some fifteen or twenty millions of people. We at once entered the car and seated ourselves on the lumpy seats, which were covered with dingy and threadbare brownish-red plush, very suggestive of the vermin with which they afterwards proved to be infested.

The sleepy little children were laid on the seats and made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, but they had hardly closed their eyes before President Davis entered the car. He spoke to us all pleasantly and cheerfully, then took a seat beside his wife and entered into conversation with her. They talked earnestly until the signal for our departure was sounded; but in those days the trains were not run by schedule: you started when the train moved, and you arrived when you got to your destination; and that was all anybody knew about it. Mr. Davis rose from his seat at the sound of the bell, and went from one to the other of his children, kissing them good-bye; then he bade farewell to his sister-in-law, Miss Maggie Howell, and affectionately embraced his wife. Passing the seats where sat the Misses Trenholm and myself, he gave us all a friendly handshake and wished us 'bon voyage.' He then stepped on to the platform, closely followed by Colonel

Harrison. The signal to start was one of many false alarms, and the President and his secretary walked up and down on the platform outside, while engaged in what appeared to us onlookers very serious conversation.

It was ten o'clock before our wheezy and feeble locomotive gave a screech and a jerk which started us on our journey. Colonel Harrison precipitately left his chief and jumped on board the moving train, while the President waved a second farewell to his loved ones. We proceeded at a snail's pace for about twelve miles, when suddenly we came to a standstill. Our ramshackle locomotive had balked; no amount of persuasion on the part of the engineer could induce it to haul us over a slight up-grade, and we remained where we were for the rest of the night. It was the afternoon of the next day when we arrived at Burkesville Junction, where Colonel Harrison received the news of the battle between Generals Pickett and Sheridan and telegraphed the information at once to President Davis.

We did not reach Charlotte until Tuesday; a journey which to-day requires only six or seven hours had taken us four days to accomplish! There was a delay of two or three hours at Charlotte, and, while waiting, Colonel Harrison used the time to go into the city in search of shelter for Mrs. Davis and her helpless family. The inhabitants, however, did not rush forward to offer hospitality to this lady in distress, as they might have done a year or two before misfortune had overtaken her. They seemed to take it for granted that the end of the Confederacy was at hand, although the news of the fall of Richmond did not reach them until two days after our arrival. Mrs. Davis would have been in a sad plight if it had not been for the courage and chivalric courtesy of a Jewish gentleman, a Mr. Weil, who hospitably invited her to stay at

his home until she could make other arrangements. May the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob bless him wherever he is!

The news of Mrs. Davis's arrival in Charlotte quickly spread through the city, which by that time was thronged with stragglers and deserters, conscripts and so forth — the very scum of the army; and a mob of these wretches gathered around the car in which she sat. The wretches reviled her in most shocking language. Colonel Harrison, who had returned from his quest for lodgings, closed the open windows of the car so that the ladies could not hear what was being said. We two men were helpless to protect them from the epithets of a crowd of some seventy-five or a hundred blackguards, but we stationed ourselves at the only door which was not locked, determined that they should not enter the car. Colonel Harrison was unarmed and I had only my sword and a regulation revolver in the holster hanging from my belt. Several of the most daring of the brutes climbed up the steps, but when Colonel Harrison firmly told them that he would not permit them to enter that car, the cowards slunk away. When the disturbance had quieted down, Mrs. Davis, her sister, and her children left the train, and with the daughters of Mr. Trenholm I continued on to Abbeville, South Carolina, where the Trenholms had previously engaged a pleasant house. It took us two more days to reach Abbeville, and it was not until our arrival there that we learned that the Confederacy had received the *coup de grâce*: Richmond had fallen.

Mrs. Davis remained for a few days in Charlotte; then it was reported that General Sherman's army was headed that way, and it was necessary for her to seek some haven of safety. She was indeed in a forlorn position, as nobody wished to shelter her for fear that the

Union troops would destroy their homes if they did. Every road was infested by deserters who, if they had wanted anything she possessed, would have given her scant consideration.

The only human being she could look to for protection was Colonel Harrison, and he would have stood small chance of defending her against the bands of undisciplined shirkers who were traversing the country, and who never hesitated to take what they wanted from the weak and helpless. Just as things looked most hopeless to this unhappy lady, the midshipmen from the schoolship Patrick Henry, under the command of Lieutenant William H. Parker, arrived in Charlotte.

When Richmond was ordered to be evacuated, the authorities almost forgot the midshipmen, and it was only at the last moment that Lieutenant Parker received the order to blow up the 'school' and make the best of his way to Charlotte. The midshipmen were landed on the river-bank, and as they trudged toward Richmond they were saluted by the explosions of the magazines, not only of their own ship, but also of the Confederate ironclads and wooden gunboats.

When they arrived at the railway station at Manchester, across the river from Richmond, they found, not only that the soldiers had left, but also that no arrangements had been made for their transportation. Here a piece of good luck came their way. The Treasury officials, with some five hundred thousand dollars in gold and silver coin (all that the Confederacy possessed) packed in kegs, were standing helplessly on the platform alongside a train on which they hoped to get away, while a drunken mob was fast gathering round them. Hundreds of barrels of whiskey had been stove in, their contents filling the gutters in Richmond; and this crowd of swine, after guzzling the fiery liquor

out of the ditches, became very brave, and determined to divide the assets of the Confederacy among themselves. The Treasury officials rather doubtfully asked Lieutenant Parker if he could protect the treasure; and when the little midshipmen had formed, the mob commenced to jeer the children. But something happened! and before those ruffians realized it, they had been driven back to a respectful distance, and it began to dawn on them that the guns and bayonets in the hands of those youngsters were going to be used at the word of command. The scoundrels were not so drunk that they did not appreciate the fact that discretion was the better part of valor, and they fled.

The Treasury men were so impressed by the easy way in which the midshipmen had handled the situation that they begged Lieutenant Parker to accompany the specie with his command. The money was loaded on the train, the midshipmen piled in after it, and thus they arrived at Charlotte.

The little command had only a short breathing-spell at Charlotte; the enemy were fast approaching, and there was little time left for them to make good their escape. Lieutenant Parker finally persuaded Mrs. Davis to trust herself to the protection of the midshipmen; so they again started on their sad and painful journey. The railways by this time were completely disorganized and they could proceed in the cars only as far as Chester, South Carolina, where Lieutenant Parker commandeered some wagons in which he placed Mrs. Davis and her family and the kegs of gold. They then started over the rough country roads for Abbeville.

What a distressing spectacle this train of three or four wagons, hauled by broken-down and leg-weary mules, must have presented, and what must have been the apprehensions of that stately, serene woman, the wife of the

President of a great nation, as she sat, surrounded by her helpless children, on one of these primitive vehicles while the half-starved animals slowly dragged her over the weary miles! A platoon of the middies marched in front of the singular procession, acting as an advance-guard; another detachment followed the wagons, serving as rear-guard; and on either side of the train marched the rest of the youngsters. Not far away, on either flank and in their rear, hovered deserters, waiting either for an opportunity or for the necessary courage to pounce upon the untold wealth which they thought that those wagons contained.

When night fell on the first day of their march, they stopped at a country roadside church, which at least afforded shelter from the elements. Mrs. Davis, her sister, and the children slept on the bare floor, and Lieutenant Parker, as commanding officer, rested in the pulpit. The midshipmen who were not on guard-duty lay down under the trees outside, in company with the mules.

IV

While Mrs. Davis and her escort of ragged boys were slowly plodding on their way, things began to happen in the beautiful village of Abbeville, where every residence was surrounded by a garden, and which impressed one as a more fitting setting for a May-Day festival than for the scene of the disruption of a government. First, Senator Wigfall, the man who had received the surrender of Major Anderson's sword at Fort Sumter, arrived. He was the most malignant and unrelenting of all President Davis's political enemies. Before making Texas his home he had been a resident of Abbeville, and he at once went to the house of Mr. Armisted Burt, an old friend, to ask for hospitality. Now it so happened that Mr. Burt

had found means to send a message to Mr. Davis, asking him, if he passed through Abbeville, to make his, Mr. Burt's, house his home. In less than forty-eight hours after Mr. Wigfall's arrival, who should appear at the house but Mr. Davis! For a few moments Mr. Burt was in a most embarrassing position; but Mr. Wigfall relieved the tension of the situation by hastily taking his departure out of one door as Mr. Davis entered the other.

The next distinguished persons to arrive were President Davis's Cabinet. These gentlemen drove up in an ambulance, with the exception of the Secretary of War, General Breckinridge, who preferred to ride on horseback. He made a great impression on me, with his superb figure mounted on a large and *fat* charger — a rare sight in those days. The Cabinet camped in and around their ambulance, which had stopped in the suburbs. I visited their camp, and was somewhat surprised to see among these serious and careworn-looking gentlemen the beaming smile on the round face of the rotund Secretary of State, Mr. Judah P. Benjamin. He was the picture of amiability and contentment. Mr. Trenholm, who had been taken seriously ill on the journey from Danville, had been left at a house on the road.

Mr. Trenholm afterwards told me that Mr. Benjamin, up to the time he had left them, had been the life of the party, with his wonderful fund of anecdote, which continuously rippled from his mouth during the daytime; and when the shades of evening fell, and a more serious mood came over him, he would hold his small but distinguished audience spellbound by repeating poetry from the apparently exhaustless storehouse of his memory. Mr. Trenholm also told me that he felt certain that Mr. Benjamin had at the time secreted in his valise (which was a sort

of Aladdin's lamp from which he could instantly produce anything that was needed) a complete disguise in which he intended to make his escape from his pursuers — and such indeed proved to be the fact. Throughout this whole trying journey Mr. Benjamin smoked fragrant Havana cigars, much to the astonishment of his companions, who wondered where he had obtained so unlimited a supply of so rare a luxury.

Then Mrs. Davis arrived with her ragged and mud-stained escort, most of whom by this time were walking on their 'uppers,' or the bare soles of their poor bruised feet. On arriving at Mr. Burt's house, she expressed to her host a fear that his home would be destroyed by the Union troops when they learned that she had been sheltered there. The grand old Southern aristocrat made her a profound bow and replied, 'Madam, I know of no better use my house could be put to than to be burned for such a cause.'

The midshipmen pushed on to Augusta, Georgia, some eighty miles away, seeking a safe place to deposit the treasure; and on their arrival were told to leave the city as quickly as possible, as Sherman's men were expected at any moment. So back they trudged to Abbeville, where the Secretary of the Navy ordered them to be disbanded. These boys, averaging between fourteen and eighteen years of age, were, some of them, nearly a thousand miles from their homes. The railroads had been destroyed, and the country was filled with lawless men; but they were turned loose to shift for themselves. The money was turned over to the care of the soldiers, who took such good care of it that unto this day never a dollar of it has been traced! Later, a lie circulated, involving Mr. Davis with its disappearance; but it was afterwards dis-

proved by the poverty in which he and his wife lived and died.

While Mr. Davis was at Abbeville, a very unpleasant incident took place — an episode which has never been mentioned in other accounts of his flight from Richmond — doubtless because it was not to the credit of some of the Confederate soldiers. In the mountains of North and South Carolina, near the Tennessee line, there were bands of outlaws who called themselves 'guerillas.' A false report reached Mr. Davis to the effect that these brigands, learning that a large amount of gold was being taken through the country, protected only by a few little boys, had made a sudden descent from their mountain fastnesses and were rapidly approaching Abbeville.

On receiving this report, Mr. Davis mounted his horse and rode out to a camp where some of the soldiers were bivouacked. The troops were drawn up to receive him, and he made them a short address — very short. He informed them of the report about the guerillas, and also mentioned that both General Sherman and General Johnston attacked this band wherever they found them, on account of the many atrocities of which they had been guilty against both Union men and Confederates. He wound up his talk by asking the men if they would go out with him to attack these robbers and murderers. As he paused for a reply, a private pushed his horse to the front and said, 'Our lives are just as precious to us as yours is to you. The war is over and we are going home!'

And without the slightest semblance of order, the gang — I can call them nothing else — dispersed, leaving only those few gallant and loyal men who accompanied Mr. Davis until he was captured.

(The End)

CHANSON OF THE BELLS OF OSENEY

(THIRTEENTH CENTURY)

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

THE bells of Oseney
(*Hautclère, Doucement, Austyn*)
Chant sweetly every day,
And sadly, for our sin.
The bells of Oseney
(*John, Gabriel, Marie*)
Chant lowly,
 Chant slowly,
Chant wistfully and holy
Of Christ, our Paladin.

Hautclère chants to the East
(His tongue is silvery high),
And Austyn like a priest
Sends West a weighty cry;
But Doucement set between
(Like an appeasive nun)
Chants cheerly,
 Chants clearly,
As if Christ heard her nearly,
A plea to every sky.

A plea that John takes up
(He is the evangelist)
Till Gabriel's angel cup
Pours sound to sun or mist.
And last of all Marie
(The virgin-voice of God)

Peals purely,
 Demurely,
 And with a tone so surely
 Divine that all must hear.

The bells of Oseney
 (*Doucement, Austyn, Hautclère*)
 Pour ever day by day
 Their peals on the rapt air;
 And with their mellow mates
 (*John, Gabriel, Marie*)
 Tell slowly,
 Tell lowly,
 Of Christ the High and Holy,
 Who makes the whole world fair.

THE FIFTY-CENT KIND

BY KATHARINE BAKER

THERE are times when the very best children develop criminal tendencies. And these were not the very best children. The School Board, indeed, had declared them the worst. Anyway, the time had come.

The mistress of the grammar grades had foreseen this moment occasionally on nervous days, but it was worse than her forecast.

'If I only had complete control of myself, the children might not be so bad,' she reproached herself.

However, that could not be helped either. Her own teachers in the past had not had perfect self-control, nor perhaps theirs before them.

The children were bad. Nobody had any recess in the morning. They all had to stay in. And when they are bad in the morning, the afternoon session looms ominous.

'If the next two classes do not recite better and behave better, we shall have to omit *The Reds of the Midi*,' she announced.

Brief silence fell upon the school. The teacher read stories aloud on fortunate days. One more reading would finish the *Reds*, and Easter holidays would begin to-morrow.

'Aw, please, they'll be good,' remonstrated Samuel.

Samuel was an oaf. The teacher had

never really understood what an oaf might be, until she met Samuel. He had a chronic grievance, and roared with dissatisfaction at everything any one said to him. The principal had frequently offered to suspend Samuel, and only the teacher's weakness for bad boys kept him in the school.

But he liked the *Reds*. When the nuns and butchers danced through the streets of Avignon, Samuel's little eyes snapped with interest. When the hero helped to make guillotines, Samuel's clumsy head craned forward on his heavy shoulders. To any ill-advised child who rustled or coughed, he turned a threatening face.

The teacher rang her bell.

'Sixth geography,' she announced.

As the Sixth rose in their places, obstructing the view, a suppressed shriek was heard.

'Somebody shot water down my collar,' the grocer's boy angrily justified himself.

The grocer's boy was a pale, thin, little soul. He did not legally belong to the grocer, only industrially. All the little boys worked after hours and on holidays. Most of them bought their own clothes with what they earned in this way.

'George, come here,' the schoolmistress said severely to the boy behind, who was telegraph boy out of hours.

But the telegraph boy, with demoniacal astuteness, had passed the water-pistol to his *prochain ami* immediately after his nefarious act, and, thus journeying from hand to hand, it had disappeared. It took several minutes of the teacher's time to bring it to light again.

'I ought to keep you in after school,' said the disgusted teacher.

But she did not want to stay in herself. She felt that without the safety-valve provided by the noon hour, she might explode. So she stood the tele-

graph boy in a corner, which he did not mind in the least, as she very well knew.

While he wriggled in his corner, and Samuel displayed vast ignorance of the boundaries of Russia, notes were passing to and fro in the back of the room. The teacher weakly pretended to ignore them. Soon the best little girls were whispering. This could not be ignored.

'Martha,' warned the schoolmistress.

Martha was not one of the best, but she was incontestably one of the loudest. She stopped and bent her enchanting eye-brows at the tyrant.

'... on the south by Denmark,' concluded Samuel hopefully, and sat down.

Martha resumed her whispering.

'Dismissed.'

The geography class thundered to their seats. Classes were decidedly too short. There were ten or fifteen minute periods for lessons, and by night the teacher's head usually spun. Very likely the children's heads spun too; but there was so little in theirs, it could not mix things much.

'Martha, come here, please.'

Martha, a black cloud overshadowing her arch little face with its impeccable coloring, moved slowly forward and stood by the chair of state.

'I spoil you, don't I, Marfa?' said the teacher fondly. 'And so you won't do what I tell you.'

Martha squirmed.

'I always want to do what you tell me to,' she admitted; 'but often I get so mad I can't.'

'I sometimes have an inclination to eat you, Marfa,' divulged the teacher, 'beginning at your tan hair and stopping only at your missing shoe-buttons. But not to-day. You are not good enough to eat to-day.'

Martha grinned appreciatively.

'Do you think you could be quiet until noon?' inquired the teacher.

And Martha promised.

'Probably I'm too easy,' reflected the school-mistress with misgivings. After all, she did not really care a cent for discipline, and the children were well aware of it.

She wanted them to be clean, she wanted to improve their manners and awaken their minds, and sometimes she had hopes of these things; but just now she remembered the warning of the cynical old school-director when she entered this experiment in psychology.

'They're young devils,' said the director. 'You've got to rule them with a rod of iron. No one's ever been able to manage them.'

Probably he knew, too.

Anna Mixner, the professional tattletale, raised a signal. Her malicious black eyes snapped.

'Teacher, Jim Cole is reading a detective story.'

Privately the teacher would have been very glad to let sleeping dogs lie. She did not mind detective stories much, and she knew well how fortunate was Jim's preoccupation on such a day as this. But officially she had to take notice.

'James, please put away the story and study your lessons,' she suggested.

Jim burst into sudden fury.

'I would n't be a sneak like Anna Mixner,' he said in stentorian tones. 'I ain't reading any more than Sam Seaman. But Sam there, anything he does is all right.'

This was horrid and unprincipled in Jim, because he himself was the teacher's pet, and knew it.

'Some one's always pickin' on me,' began Sam in the manner of a complaining hippopotamus.

But the teacher interrupted him. She was flaming indignation at her inopportune favorite.

'You two boys will stay after school,' was all she said.

But James and Samuel subsided.

When the children had gone, Sam brought his 'detectif' story and laid it before her.

'I don't mind stories in their place, Samuel,' she began; then glanced down at the colored frontispiece, and hesitated.

A fainting woman in white reclined upon a sofa. 'As the gigantic black flourished his knife above her, Henry rushed in, revolver in hand. "Stop!" he commanded.'

'The principal disapproves of these five-cent tales. He thinks they are — unsettling. He tells me to take them from you.'

'Tis n't mine,' grumbled Samuel. 'It belongs to pop. You take it, and he'll get after me to pay for it.'

'Then, Samuel, please return it to your father at once.'

Samuel promised and departed. She turned to James.

James, his round, fresh face sulking above his childish blouse, stamped heavily up the aisle and stood beside the desk.

'How *could* you act so abominably when you know how I depend on you?' inquired the teacher in the sanctimonious voice of authority.

Her gaze fell on his hand extended over her white blotter.

'Goodness, James! Look at your hand!' she exclaimed, dropping her grief-stricken tone.

She laid her hand suggestively beside his on the blotter.

He studied his huge, purple, dirt-encrusted fist. His face grew as red as his hand.

'But you don't have to look after no horse,' he murmured defensively.

'No,' she admitted, feeling that into such a chaos of negatives she might safely cast another. 'I do have to manage a hateful mule sometimes though, now don't I?'

His gloom lightened at her brilliant witticism.

'Jimmy,' she added ingratiatingly, with her clean hand on his solid little shoulder, 'I'm awfully hungry, and I can't keep you in without keeping myself in too. Let's both go home now, and try to behave like human beings this afternoon.'

But make what haste she might, she was a bit late returning. The principal stopped her as she hurried by his door. He was smiling broadly.

'Mrs. Seaman was here this morning,' he said. 'She wants Samuel to study French next term. She told me she spoke of it to Samuel, and asked him if you could teach it. And Samuel laughed her to scorn. He said you knew everything.'

Well, that was gratifying. But how noisy the children were in that upper hall.

'If she'd come in this morning, she'd have thought she was in the Zoo,' confessed the teacher frankly. 'They behaved like hyenas.'

She flew up the stairs, snatching off her gloves.

'Hurry in, children,' she urged.

They were whispering, giggling, jumping about. They followed her through the door.

On her desk stood a tall gilt basket. It had an immense satin bow tied upon its handle. It was filled with candy, and in the middle reposed a huge chocolate egg, on whose surface a white china dove punctuated the teacher's name.

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Eager, joyous little faces crowded around her.

'That's why we were so bad,' explained Martha. She was hopping on and off the rung of the teacher's chair, shouting in the teacher's ear. 'My mamma put the bow on.'

'We were whispering about it,' said Samuel, with the only smile she had ever seen on his injured countenance.

'Why, you darling children!' said the teacher inarticulately.

All those shabby little suits surging around her, bought by their industrious little wearers; all those hard-earned pennies contributed with love to buy this for her — the teacher felt herself choking.

'It's perfectly beautiful,' she assured them.

But they needed no assurance. They knew it.

'You're the best children in the world,' asserted the teacher recklessly, 'and it's the most beautiful basket. Let's simply *rush* through our lessons, and then we'll have time to finish *The Reds of the Midi*.'

'Did you notice the dove?' inquired the emaciated grocer-boy with crafty nonchalance.

'Of course I did. The very first thing.'

'I said to the woman, "Are n't you forgetting the dove?" I reminded her. I said, "Look here, there belongs a dove on that kind of an egg."'

He paused and fingered the dove, then added in an off-hand manner, 'They only come on the fifty-cent kind.'

WITH ARMY ANTS 'SOMEWHERE' IN THE JUNGLE

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

PIT number five had become a shambles. Number five was one of a series of holes dug along the Convict Trail to entrap unwary walkers of the night — walkers or hoppers, for frogs and toads of strange tropical sorts were the most frequent victims. It was dug wide and deep on the slope of an ancient dune of pure white sand, a dune deep hidden in the Guiana jungle, which had not heard the rush and slither of breaking waves for centuries untold. All around this quiet glade was an almost pure culture of young *cecropia* trees. Day after day the pit had entrapped big beetles, rarely a mouse of some unknown species, more frequently a frog.

Now I stood on the brim, shocked at an unexpected sight. A horde of those Huns of the jungle, army ants, had made their drive directly across the glade, and scores of fleeing insects and other creatures had fallen headlong into this deep pit. From my man's height it was a dreadful encounter, but squatting near the edge it became even more terrible; and when I flattened myself on the sand and began to distinguish individuals and perceive the details from an ant's point of view, I realized the full horror and irresistibility of an assault by these ants.

One is not strongly affected by the dying struggles of a single grasshopper captured by a cuckoo or flycatcher. An individual roach being torn to pieces moves one but slightly. A batrachian, however, has more claim on our emo-

tions, and my sympathy went out to a small, sandy-white frog who was making a brave fight for his life. The pit was alive with a host of the army ants, and wherever the little frog hopped, some soldier or heavy-jawed worker soon found him and sank jaws into his soft skin. With frantic scratching the frog would brush it off and leap again, only to be again attacked. The most horrible thing about these ants is their leaping ability. The hop of a bird or the jump of a toad when going about their usual business of life, if we think of it at all, is only amusing. But the sudden leap of a bulldog or tarantula, and the corresponding vicious attack of these ants, is particularly appalling. I saw a soldier leap a full inch and a half toward the landing thud of the frog and bite and sting at the instant of contact. I did not dare go into the pit. No warm-blooded creature could have stood the torture for more than a few seconds. So I opened my umbrella and reaching down, scooped up the sand-colored frog. A half-dozen ants came up in the same instrument, but I evaded them and tied up the tormented batrachian in my handkerchief.

My next glance into the pit showed a large toad, squatted on a small shelf of sand, close to the edge of a crowded column of ants. He was a rough old chap, covered with warts and corrugations, and pigmented in dark gray, with mottlings of chocolate and dull red and occasional glints of gold. He was crouched flat, with all his fingers and toes tucked in beneath him. His head

was drawn in, his eyes closed, and all his exposed surface was sticky with his acid perspiration — the sweat of fear. He knew his danger, — of that there was no doubt, — and he was apparently aware of the fact that he could not escape. Resignedly he had settled on the very line of traffic of the deadly foe, after intrenching himself and summoning to his aid all the defenses with which nature had endowed him. And he was winning out — the first vertebrate I have ever known to withstand the army ants. For a few minutes he would be ignored and his sides would vibrate as he breathed with feverish rapidity. Then two or three ants would run toward him, play upon him with their antennæ, and examine him suspiciously. During this time he was immovable. Even when a soldier sank his mandibles deep into the roughened skin and wrenched viciously, the toad never moved. He might have been a parti-colored pebble embedded in its matrix of sand. Once, when three bit him simultaneously, he winced, and the whitish, acrid juice oozed from his pores. Usually the ants were content with merely examining him. I left him when I saw that he was in no immediate danger.

One other creature was quiescent in the pit and yet lived: a big, brown, hard-backed millipede. Like the frog, he fully realized his danger and had sunk his bulk partly into the sand, bending down head and tail and presenting only mailed segments. A mob of ants were trying vainly to bite their way into this organic citadel.

For the dozens of grasshoppers, crickets, roaches, beetles, spiders, ants, and harvest men, there was no escape. One daddy-long-legs did a pitiful dance of death. Supported on his eight long legs, he stood high out of reach of his assailants. He was balanced so exactly that the instant a feeling antenna

touched a leg, he would lift it out of reach. Even when two or three were simultaneously threatened, he raised them, and at one time stood perfectly balanced on four legs, other four waving in air. But his *kismet* came with a concerted rush of half a dozen ants, which overbore him, and in a fraction of time his body, with two long legs trailing behind, was straddled by a small worker and borne rapidly away.

I now flattened myself on an antless area at the edge of the pit and studied the field of battle. In another half-hour the massacre was almost over. Five double, or often quadruple, columns were formed up the sandy cliffs, and the terrific labor of carrying out the dead victims began. The pit was five feet deep, with perfectly straight sides, which at the rim had been gutted by the rain, so that they actually overhung. Yet the ants which had half-climbed, half-tumbled and rolled their way to the bottom in the wake of their victims, now set themselves to solving the problem of surmounting these cliffs of loose, crumbling grains, dragging loads which, in most cases, were much heavier than themselves. Imagine a gang of men set to carrying bundles of one to two hundred pounds up perpendicular cliffs twelve hundred feet in height, and the task of the army ants is made more vivid. So swiftly did they work and so constantly shift their formations and methods of meeting and surmounting difficulties, that I felt as I used when looking at a three-ring circus. I could perceive and record only a small part of the ingenious devices and the mutual assistance and sharing of the complicated conditions which arose at every step.

Among the frightened victims, even for those endowed with excellent eyesight and powerful flight, there was only hopeless confusion and blind terror. Instead of directing their flight

upward, they drove from side to side. Those whose leaps should have carried them out, simply kicked out blindly and brought up against the sandy walls. If leaf-cutting ants had been at work here, there would have been a certain amount of coöperation. Certain ones would have cut leaves, other individuals would have picked them up and transported them. But with the army ants this mutual assistance was sublimated, developed to a quintessence of excellence. If I, seated on the rim, overlooking the whole, had been an all-powerful spirit, gifted with the ability to guide by thought simultaneously all the ants within sight, such guidance could not have bettered the cunning coöperation, the unexpectedly clever anticipation of trouble, the marvelous singleness of purpose and manifold effectiveness exhibited by these astounding creatures.

First, as to the personnel of the army ants. Roughly I divided them into two categories, white-heads and black-heads. The latter were by far the more numerous and, as a rule, were smaller, with less powerful jaws. But this did not mean that the white-heads were all soldiers. Most of them indeed were the hardest workers. Between the great extremes of size in each of these two types, there seemed to exist only a difference of degree. The smallest black-head laborers, only a little more than one-fifth of an inch long, did their bit, flew like bull pups at any prey which showed signs of life, and staggered bravely along with any piece of loot which their short legs could straddle.

The white-heads, twice as large, were the strong men of the community, putting all their activity into the labor, shouldering, pushing, dragging, lifting, singly or in unison. These persons had powerful jaws, but jaws which were stout and scissor-edged. The largest of the white-heads were armed with reaping-hooks, long inwardly-pronged

jaws, curved like the tusks of ancient mammoths, too specialized for carrying loads, but well adapted for defense of the most powerful character. Yet, as we shall see, even these were not too proud to work, when occasion demanded it. But their jaws were so enormous that they had to carry themselves very erect, and they could not make quite as good time as the other castes.

All had reddish brown abdomens, with darker thoraxes and white or black heads. These heads bulged on each side like the domes of observatories. Exactly in the centre of each dome, looking like the jet black head of a tiny pin, was the single remaining facet of the eye, the degenerate residue of the hundreds which were present in their ancestors, and which the perfect males and females still possess and look through. Even this single eye is a sham, for its optic nerve dies out before the brain ganglion is reached; so we come to the astounding realization that these ants are totally blind, and carry on all their activities through the sense or senses residing in those marvelous quivering antennæ. Here are beings spending all their lives in ceaseless changing activities, meeting and coping with constantly new conditions, yet wholly blind. Their sense of smell dominates their judgment of substance, and the moment an army ant reached my moccasins he sank jaws and sting deep into the fabric as instinctively and instantly as when he executed the same manoeuvres more effectively on my hand.

II

Keeping this handicap in mind, the achievements of these little creatures assumed a still greater significance, and with renewed interest and appreciation I again surveyed the scene in the amphitheatre before me. When the majority of the pit victims had been slain,

the process of carrying them up to the surface began. The hordes of ravening ants resolved themselves, as I have said, into five distinct columns of traffic which, inch by inch, fought for a footing up three of the four sides.

Half of the bottom of the pit was a sort of flat table-land several inches higher than the rest, and the first thing the ants did was to carry all their booty to this steppe, in pieces or bodily, some of the unfortunate creatures still protesting weakly as they were dragged along. In fifteen minutes the lowest part of the pit bottom was deserted, and after much hesitation I vaulted down and found a footing reasonably safe from attack.

Two traffic columns had already reached the summit, and the others were forging rapidly ahead. All used a similar method of advance. A group of mixed castes led the way, acting as scouts, sappers, and miners. They searched out every slope, every helpful step or shelf of sand. They took advantage of every hurdle of white grass-roots as a welcome grip which would bind the shifting sand grains. Now and then they had to cross a bare, barren slope with no natural advantages. Behind them pressed a motley throng, some still obsessed with the sapper instinct, widening the trail, tumbling down loose, dangerous grains. Some bore the first-fruits of victory, small ants and roaches which had been the first to succumb. These were carried by one, or at most by two ants, usually with the prey held in the jaws close beneath the body, the legs or hind-part trailing behind. In this straddling fashion the burden was borne rapidly along, an opposite method from the overhead waving banners of the leaf-cutters.

With these came a crowd of workers, both white- and black-headed, and soldiers, all empty-jawed, active, but tak-

ing no part in the actual preparation of the trail. This second cohort or brigade had, it seemed to me, the most remarkable functions of any of the ants which I saw during my whole period of observation. They were the living implements of trail-making, and their ultimate functions and distribution were so astounding, so correlated, so synchronized with the activities of all the others that it was difficult not to postulate an all-pervading intelligence, to think of these hundreds and thousands of organisms as other than corpuscles in a dynamic stream of life controlled by some single, outside mind.

Here, then, were scores of ants scrambling up the steep uneven sides, over ground which they had never explored, with unknown obstacles confronting them at every step. To the eye they were ants of assorted sizes, but as they advanced, numbers fell out here and there and remained behind. This mob consisted of potential corduroy, rope-bridges, props, hand-rails, lattices, screens, fillers, stiles, ladders, and other unnamable adjuncts to the successful scaling of these apparently impregnable cliffs. If a stratum of hard sand appeared, on which no impression could be made, a line of ants strung themselves out, each elaborately fixing himself fast by means of jaws and feet. From that moment his feverish activity left him: he became a fixture, a single unit of a swaying bridge over a chasm; a beam, an organic plank, over which his fellows tramped by hundreds, some empty, some heavily laden. If a sudden ascent had to be made, one ant joined himself to others to form a hanging ladder, up which the columns climbed, partly braced against the sandy wall.

At uncertain, unguarded turns a huge soldier would take up his station, with as many functions and duties as a member of the Broadway traffic squad. Stray, wandering ants would be set right

by a single twiddle of antennæ; an overburdened brother would be given a helping jaw and assisted for some distance to the end of his beat. I was especially interested in seeing, again and again, this willingness to help bear the burdens. It showed the remains of an instinct, inhibited by over-development, by ultra-specialization of fighting paraphernalia, still active when opportunity gave it play. At the first hint, by sound or smell, of danger, the big soldier whirled outward and, rearing high on his legs, brandished his mighty blades in mid-air. Here was an ideal pacifist, who could turn his sword into a ploughshare at will, and yet keep the former unsheathed for instant use.

When I watched more closely, I detected more delicate gradations of mutual aid. At the same level in two columns of ascent, the same stratum of hard sand was encountered. To one column the sand presented a rough surface which gave good foothold. Here the single line of ants which was ranged along the lower edge of the trail, in lieu of hand-rail, all faced downward, so that the ants passing above them walked partly on the abdomens and partly on the hind legs of their fellows. In the second column, the surface of the sand was smooth, and here the burdened ants found great difficulty in obtaining a foothold. In this instance the supporting gang of ants faced upward, keeping their place solely by their six sturdy legs. This left head and jaws free, and in almost every case they helped the passage of the booty by a system of passing from jaw to jaw, like a line of people handing buckets at a fire. The rightful carriers gave up their loads temporarily and devoted their attention to their own precarious footing.

I learned as much from the failures of this particular formation as from its successes. Once a great segment of a wood-roach was too much for the gal-

lant line clinging to the sides of the pit, and the whole load broke loose and rolled to the bottom. Of the hand-rail squad only two ants remained. Yet in four minutes another line was formed of fresh ants, — ants who had never been to the spot before, — and again the traffic was uninterrupted. I saw one ant deliberately drop his burden, letting it bounce and roll far down to the bottom of the pit, and instantly take his place in the line of living guard-rails. The former constituents of the line had clung to the roach segment through all its wild descent, and until it came to rest at the bottom. Without a moment's pause, they all attacked it as if they thought it had come to life, then seized it and began tugging it upward. In a fraction of time, without signal or suggestion or order, the hand-rails had become porters. The huge piece of provender had rolled close to an ascending column on the opposite side of the pit, and up this new trail the bearers started, pulling and pushing in unison, as if they had been droghers and nothing else throughout the whole of their ant-existence.

One climax of mutual assistance occurred near the rim of the pit on a level with my eyes, where one column passed over a surface which had been undermined by heavy rain, and which actually overhung. I watched the overcoming of this obstacle. All the ants which attempted to make their way up at this point lost their footing and rolled headlong to the bottom. By superformicine exertions a single small worker at last won a path to the rim at the top. Around the edge of the pit innumerable ants were constantly running, trying, on their part, to find a way down. The single ant communicated at once with all which came past, and without hesitation a mass of the insects formed at this spot and began to work downward. This could be done

only by clinging one to the other; but more and more clambered down this living ladder, until it swayed far out over the vastness of the pit, three inches in length. I had never lost sight of the small worker, who had turned on his tracks and was now near the bottom of the ladder, reaching wildly out for some support — ant, grass, or sand. I was astonished to see that, as the length and consequent weight of the dangling chain increased, the base support was correspondingly strengthened. Ant after ant settled itself firmly on the sand at the top, until a mat of insects had been formed, spread out like animate guy-ropes.

At last the ultimate ant in the rope touched the upraised jaws of a soldier far below. The contact acted like an electric shock. The farthest ant in the guy-rope gang quivered with emotion, a crowd of ants climbed down and another up, and bits of insect and spider prey began to appear from the depths of the pit, over the living carpet suspended from the brim. For an inch the droghers climbed over the bodies braced against the cliff. Then, where the surface became smooth, the dangling chain came into use. Before the rim of the pit was reached, the chain had become a veritable hollow tube of ants, all with heads inward, and through this organic shaft passed the host from the ascending column. But it was far more than any mechanically built tube. When an extra large piece of loot came up, the tube voluntarily enlarged, the swelling passing along until the booty and its bearers emerged at the top.

Within five minutes after this last column was completed, there passed over it, out of the pit, a daddy-long-legs with legs trailing, perhaps the same one which I had seen in the tragic little dance of death. There followed two silvery-gray ants, a wood-roach in two installments, part of a small frog,

three roaches, and two beetles. These latter gave a great deal of trouble and tumbled down the cliff again and again.

III

When all the columns were established and the provision trains in full movement, I leaped out and scouted round for the rest of the army. I found that the pit was only an incident. In all directions lines of ants poured past, carrying booty of all sizes and descriptions. Here and there the huge soldiers walked slowly along the outskirts, directing stragglers, looking for danger, snapping at any roach or strange ant which rushed frantically by, and holding it until it was carried off by nearby workers.

I followed a column over logs and leaves to where it ascended a cecropia tree. A harvest of small arboreal insects was being gleaned high overhead. As I watched, there came a heavy down-pour of rain, a typical shower of the tropics, with a scattering of heavy drops out of the full sunshine and then a sudden clouding and a straight deluge for a few minutes. The reaction of the ants was interesting. They did not like the water, and it was comical to see them tumble over one another to get under shelter. Like the doorways of city shops in a shower, every curled-up leaf was packed, and from every crevice of bark projected sundry abdomens and hind legs for which there was no room inside. When the bearer of a large bag of booty found a convenient corner, he backed into it and left his meat sticking out in the rain.

After the shower all came forth at full speed, but for some minutes there was considerable confusion. The sluice of water had evidently washed away much of the scent which stood for guide-posts, directing signs, and pointing hands along the trail. Only after

many false starts were the old pathways discovered and again traversed. In one place the ants climbed a huge log and marched along the top for six or seven yards. I timed them carefully and found that on this straight-away track their average speed was two and a half feet in ten seconds. So they covered a mile in three hours and a half, and in all the army ants I have ever watched this rate of speed never slackens; in fact, it frequently greatly increases. When hot on the scent of prey they double their usual gait.

There are as many ludicrous sights to be seen in the ranks of army ants as there are among the banner-decked processions of the leaf-cutters. Along the tree-trunk track came three big white-heads straddling an inch-worm—in this case an inch-and-a-half worm. They leaned forward and downward, the heads of those behind overlapping the abdomens in front, and they looked for all the world like the riders of an old-fashioned three-seated bicycle, spurting along the trail. Another simile, even more vivid, evoked the vision of some weirdly constructed, elongated myriopod with four-and-twenty legs. After a hard fight, in the course of which I was stung twice, I unseated the trio and took the measuring worm away from them. As I lifted it from where it had fallen, at least fifty ants hurled themselves at the spot, jaws snapping, trembling with violent rage. I walked ten feet away and dropped the worm in the midst of another column, and within an equal number of seconds three new white-heads had mounted it and were hustling it along—the replicas in appearance and method of the first team.

Many species of stranger ants were killed and carried off as food, but now and then I noted a most significant exception. In three different parts of the glade I saw good-sized, pale, flesh-col-

ored ants which walked unharmed in the very ranks of the terrible host. Unharmed they were, but not wholly above suspicion, and their progress was not an easy one. For every unburdened ant which passed leaped at the pale one, antennæd it fiercely for a moment and reluctantly released it. One could read their indecision as they slowly loosened their hold, turning again and again and waving their antennæ as if to make sure that it was not better to act on their suspicion and slay at once. Finally, they always passed on. The pale ones had some strange inaudible password, some sensory parole which protected them. And their total lack of fear showed their knowledge of their immunity. Even with the added sense of sight which they possessed, they chose voluntarily to accept this dubious, reluctantly accorded friendship. But it was probable that, even if they lived in the very community or nest of the army ants, theirs was the hard-earned dependence of neutrals who were liable to be knocked down at a moment's notice, and searched for any strange, inimical scent which would spell instant death.

In one place the army column made a slight détour round a hillock of sand-grains upon which a host of tiny brown ants were laboring. I thought it remarkable that such immunity should be accorded these dwarfs, and I sought the reason. It was forthcoming at once when I gingerly lifted a big soldier with the forceps and dropped him on the ant-hill. What occurred was a replica of the usual army-ant scene, but enacted as if viewed through the large end of an opera-glass. Scores of the minute brown chaps rushed forth and for a moment fairly overbore the white-headed giant. Indeed, before he could recover he was dragged partly down a sandy hole. His jaws brandished and champéd, but his assailants were so

small that they slipped through them unharmed. Many actually seized the jaws themselves and were hurled through the air as these snapped together. Regaining his feet, the great army ant staggered off and, fortunately for him, rolled down a slope into another column of his own kind. Here he freed himself little by little, scraping off the minute fighting browns with the help of two very small workers, whose jaws, being much less in size, were better able to grip the diminutive furies. Their assistance was half-hearted, and the odor of the dead and dying pygmies was distinctly disliked by them. They were apparently well aware of the capabilities of these small cousins, and held them in high respect.

This outburst of successful defense on the part of the small ants was unexpected. I glanced back at their hill and saw them unconcernedly piling up grains as if nothing had occurred to disturb them. I wondered if, with senses perfectly attuned, with an enlarging-glass ability of observation, one might not find still lesser communities which would in their turn consider the little brown ants as giants, and on the space of a pin's head attack them and fly at their throats.

A species of silvery-gray ant which was abundant in the glade was an object of special enmity, and even after one of these was killed and being carried along, passing army ants would rush up and give it a vicious, unnecessary nip. One such ant made its escape from the hold of a small worker; but before it had taken ten steps it was actually buried under a rolling mass of army ants. The flying leap with which these athletes make their tackle would delight the heart of any football coach, although their succeeding activities belong rather to savage warfare. Termites, or so-called white ants, are, curiously enough, immune from attack. Yet

these slow-moving, fat-bodied creatures would seem first-rate food, and the fight they could put up would not stand an instant before a concerted rush of battling army ants. The saving character is doubtless odor or taste. I dropped a tunnelful of these insects in the path of the army ants and they were quite ignored, although the black- and white-headed fellows were terribly angry and excited.

I coveted a small beetle of peculiar pattern which the ants were hurrying along, and in taking it from them I accidentally cut an army ant in two. His abdomen rolled down a small slope and caused considerable panic among his fellows. They formed a ring round it and waved their antennæ in mid-air, the scent of the blood of their own kind causing them to forget hurry and burdens and their normal activities. The front part of the ant seemed but little inconvenienced and endeavored to seize and carry the load it had dropped. Little by little it began to realize that all was not right, and after one or two attempts to turn and investigate, it ran rapidly down the trail. I made a dab at it to put it out of what seems better called inconvenience than misery, but succeeded only in bisecting the thorax, so that there remained the head and front pair of legs. These lost nothing in activity, and by means of the single pair of legs the head rowed itself rapidly along, its antennæ twiddling vigorously those of every ant it met. This was uncanny, a little too much, and I ground the fraction of ant to powder. No wonder the army ant is such a virile creature, endowed with the most extreme emotions, when, with such a small section of its anatomy remaining, it can continue to show such astounding activity.

One could study for hours the interactions among the army ants themselves. More than once I saw a good-

sized ant transporting one of its fellows, exactly as it would carry a bit of booty. I tried to examine this ant, and to my surprise, both attacked me ferociously. The one which was carried was neither dead, ill, nor disabled, but very much alive. I cannot even suggest an explanation of this phenomenon, as it did not seem an attempt to aid a comrade in distress.

As dusk began to settle down, I found a column of ants which must have discovered and sacked the city of some stranger ants. They were laden with ant-booty: eggs, larvæ, and dead ants by the hundred. This was comprehensible, but what I did not at first understand was a dense line of ants moving solidly in one direction, all laden with large eggs and immature ants, which they were carrying with great care. A large number of the huge soldiers patrolled the outer flanks of the column, more than I had seen with all the other traffic lines together. I realized at last that I was looking at an actual moving of a portion of the army-ant household itself. It was guarded and transported with all the care of which these insects were capable. The infant ants rested safely in the great jaws, the same jaws which all day had been busy slashing and biting and tearing, and carrying food for these same infants.

And now the tropical night began to close down and I made my way back to the sand-pit. The last of the columns were making their way out, systematically from the bottom up, each ant following in turn. The moment the last bit of prey passed up the column, by some wonderfully delicate and subtle

sense, every ant knew of it, and the corduroy rose, the hand-rails unjointed themselves, the ropes unspliced, the embankments dislodged of their own volition, and stepping-stones took to themselves legs. After hours of total inactivity, these sentient paraphernalia of the *via formica* became, once more, beings surcharged with ceaseless movement, alert and ready to become a useful cog in the next movement of this myriad-minded machine. I jumped down into the pit. The great gold-spotted toad stretched and scratched himself, looked at me, and trembled his throat. I was not an army ant! The millipede cautiously reared its head from the sand and felt timidly about.

I looked out and saw the last of the mighty army disappearing into the undergrowth. I listened and heard no chirp of cricket, nor voice of any insect in the glade. Silence brooded, significant of wholesale death. Only at my feet two ants still moved, a small worker and a great white-headed soldier. Both had been badly disabled in the struggles in the pit, and now vainly sought to surmount even the first step of the lofty cliff. They had been ruthlessly deserted. The rearing of new hosts was too easy a matter for nature to have evolved anything like stretchers or a Red Cross service among these social beings. The impotence of these two, struggling in the dusk, only emphasized the terrible vitality of their distant fellows. As the last twilight of day dimmed, I saw the twain still bravely striving, and now the toad was watching them intently. A poor-me-one called mournfully from a distance, and I walked slowly toward home.

A HOUSE IN ATHENS

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

I PICK up the morning paper and read that my friend's house in Athens is besieged by the royalists because her brother is a Venizelist: he has escaped and taken refuge with the American Legation. The house—as many besides myself will remember—stands opposite Hadrian's Gate, within the 'city of Theseus,' that portion of Athens which even to the Roman Emperor seemed venerable and adorable. The street on which the hospitable door opens points the way to the Acropolis. Within the door is a little courtyard on which, in almost ancient fashion, the various rooms open. When I first visited my friend, a quarter of a century ago, quivering with youth and enthusiasms, I used to come out from my bedroom at night to stand on the balcony above the courtyard and look up, in the moonlit solitude, to the southern, broken columns of the Parthenon.

The thought that now this house is in danger from the supporters of a foreign king, who, at the behest of a Hohenzollern, has betrayed the Greek democracy, fills me with emotion. I am frightened and grieved by the peril besetting my friends, angered and depressed by the catastrophe which threatens the soul of their country.

'Discord, Macedon, and Rome
And lastly thou!'

But the Turk was not the last, if the Prussian is to dictate the overthrow of Venizelos and turn into 'ashes, wrecks, oblivion' the slowly maturing fruits of that liberty for which Shelley sang and Byron died.

The morning mail brings me a letter from an American who is still patiently excavating in Greece. The peasant in whose house he is living had just explained to him the present apparent confusion. 'The King and Venizelos'—the phrasing is the archæologist's—'have made a pact, one to support the Allies, the other to please Germany; they will continue to be at daggers drawn until it is perfectly clear to both in agreement which side is to win the war, whereupon one of them will go over to the other's camp and together they will give the *coup de grâce* to the defeated armies and win a great place for Greece in the world.'

I find myself smiling at the landlord's notion of the shrewdness of his own people and the blindness of foreigners, and touched, in spite of myself, by his success in keeping an unspoiled faith in a king who only a few years ago led the Greek army to victory and a statesman who has led Greek minds to the noble vision of a regenerated democracy.

My rage, seemingly so ungovernable, begins to seek bounds. I have been feeling that I never wish to set foot again in a self-betrayed Athens. But now there flash upon my inward eye the places which my friend and I often visited together, walking out from her house into the Attic plain. Except when you walk southward, straight toward the sea,—the bright green, or blackish purple, the turquoise or foamy blue gulf of the Ægean,—you face in any direction some one of the

mountains of Attica. Here is Pentelicon, its deep purple cut into by the white quarries and by vivid patches of red, upturned soil; here, the slopes of Parnes, so lately devastated by fire, so rich when I last saw them in pines and plane trees, poplars and oaks and cypresses; and here, in a long line stretching north and south, lies Hymettus. When the sky is dull, its whole substance, with the stark rocks revealed, looks gray and cold and hard, and yet superbly modeled. When the sun is shining and the air is clear, dark purple shadows cover the mountain, marking out its folds and slightest ravines. And when there is a haze, a delicate veil of blue hides all the rocks and depressions, and modeling gives way to color. Sometimes wet clouds cling to the summit and creep down over the side in thin gray fog. There are dark days in Athens, when in embattled array clouds hang low over Hymettus, Pentelicon, and Parnes. Then it is not possible to discern beyond the Attic borders the god-haunted ridges of Cithæron and Helicon.

The plain, where one is walking, is almost as barren as the Spartans left it in the Peloponnesian War. My friend tells me, with frank contempt, of Sophia's desire to cover it with fruit trees in German abundance and orderliness. At present only pink and white almond blossoms in the spring mingle with the gray-green olives, the black-green cypresses and yellow-green pines. In the winter the plane and beech trees carry pale gold leaves. When the winter passes wild flowers begin to appear. A rare green field is turned into shadowy blue by speedwell. Up on the Acropolis poppies and mallows, daisies and pale lilac dandelions creep out among the ruins. Anemones grow everywhere, sometimes close to clumps of asphodel. And on the sides of Parnes, among the rocks and rough shrubs, we used to pick

cowslips and crocuses and cyclamens. Only at well-watered Cephissia can nature become properly efficient, producing the vegetables and garden flowers which are sold in Athens.

Near the sophisticated Parisian city, in any direction, shepherds and their flocks abound. Often a woman, dressed in dull blue, leans against a tree and spins while she keeps an eye on her goats. One afternoon, accompanied by a friend, we followed a gray-haired old peasant as he was taking his donkey home from a day's marketing in Athens. He courteously accepted a cigarette from our man, and the two smoked and talked together along the highway. In his little village we found the streets peppered with children, and with women who gossiped at the corners as they plied the distaff or held the latest baby. The men were housing the sheep which had been pastured on Hymettus, and feeding the donkeys which had busily carried burdens all day long. One of the patient little beasts was rolling over and over, in an ecstasy of freedom, on a heap of straw in front of his master's hut. Every one wished us a 'beautiful evening,' and every one in doing it wore a happy air, except one old, old woman whose face was too set in sorrow to change, as she bowed gravely and spoke the words with exquisite courtesy. From the outer corners of the village streets we could look toward the Gulf of Ægina; from the inner corners we could see the near foot-hills of Hymettus. We loitered in the primitive one-roomed tavern for the excellent Turkish coffee obtainable anywhere in Greece, and as we came out, just as we opened the door, we saw, across the plain, the Acropolis, silvery gray in the late gray afternoon, aloof and still, rapt from all commerce with our kind.

My last walk with my friend led us out from the southern side of the Acropolis. The clouds were gathering and

sinking upon Hymettus, a fresh wind blew from the sea. We made our way across the plain to a hillock which is the private burying-place of friends of my friend. The graves lie about a tiny chapel erected for prayers. We sat in its open porch and looked out beyond Piræus to the noble hills of Salamis. The gulf was very green. In our talk we drifted from Salamis to Shelley, from the war of independence to the modern political situation. Venizelos, the man from Crete, had just been elected prime minister. King George, respected and shrewd, was holding on to his throne, although his sons had been removed from the army. Constantine, the Crown Prince, in civilian clothes, and Sophia, unpanoplied, if unchastened, were appearing at lectures in the German archæological school and climbing the Acropolis with the rest of us to hear the great Dörpfeld expound the architecture of the Propylæa. How little we foresaw the events close upon us — the Balkan War, the recall of the royal princes to military commands, the assassination of George and the enthronement of Constantine as king and popular hero in one!

The wind grew cold and we rose and walked around to the side of the chapel from which we could see the Acropolis. I reminded my friend of the night of our youth, twenty years before, when we had sat in the moonlight on the steps of the Parthenon and she, the Athenian-born, had shocked me, the passionate pilgrim, by wishing she were in Florence.

‘That was *Wanderlust*,’ she answered, — we did not in those days avoid German phrases, — ‘not unlike your own which brought you here.’ We talked of my imminent departure, and she wondered if I would ever return, as I had already twice before. ‘But, of course!’ I protested. ‘It is a home of the spirit. How can I not come back?’

We turned homeward, walking toward that citadel which, as a Turkish commander told his Sultan in 1826, ‘the nations of unbelievers regard as their own house.’ After skirting the Dionysiac theatre, we turned into the broad street which runs by Hadrian’s Gate, and came to my friend’s door, passing in to charm and cheer.

Now this house — like our common House on the rock above — is in danger from forces set in motion by one nation of unbelievers which denies immortal Athens and seeks to resurrect dead Sparta. As the Spartans laid waste the Attic plain, are these Germans laying waste the Athenian spirit? Are they making void the liberty and humanity handed down by the ancient democracy to a people which wrestled with the Turk and demanded constitutional rights from its first king?

In the beauty of the Attic plain there is an extraordinary spiritual power. Those who dwell with it often wonder whether this unique quality comes from the pervading restraint in color and form, from the strength of the hills, or from the presence, from street-corners and fields and mountain-tops, of the height which bears the temple of Wisdom. The first time I climbed up the Acropolis it was in the company of a German. I regretted my ignorance of much that lay around me and he said to me, ‘Do not be troubled because you do not yet know about these things. Love them first. The rest will follow.’ He died long ago, but there must be many left in his country who will not forever submit to Sparta. St. Paul, with a superb disregard for nationalism, talked of a spiritual commonwealth. Its citizens — we must assure ourselves — will yet join in what Paul’s Athenian forerunner described as a ‘recall of the noblest in the soul to a vision of the most excellent in the ideal.’

It is incredible that some day, in the

spring, when new-born flowers are creeping out among the ruins, I should not return to Greece. My bitter anger gives way to the passionate hope that I may then be willing again to ascend the steep of the Acropolis with a German. As I look down from there upon Mars'

Hill, where the Christian declared the Unknown God, — Him who is not far from every one of us and who hath made of one blood all nations of men, — I am emboldened to hope that my friend herself may receive us together in her house in Athens.

AT THE ENEMY'S MERCY

BY LIEUTENANT F. S., OF THE FRENCH ARMY

I

JANUARY 7, 1915, will remain a memorable date for me. It was the day when I was unfortunate enough to be captured by the Germans. A short description will show how it happened.

The company of which I was in command had to defend a front of about a thousand feet in the very heart of the Argonne, that is, eighteen odd miles west-northwest of Verdun. Trench warfare had set in over two months before, and deep trenches had been dug in the first line, while a second line was in course of completion about four hundred feet behind the first. They were connected by communication trenches which wound round the short stumps of oaks decapitated by shells. My company front was pretty secure, for my first line, manned by one half of my soldiers, was running along the northern brow of a small plateau which dipped clean down under our very parapets to make way for a small forest brook running parallel to my trench eighty feet below. The ground rose again as steeply on the other bank, the German position lying exactly opposite

ours, and on about the same level. There was no more idea of our making a frontal attack on the Germans than there was danger that they would disturb us seriously. But conditions were quite different on the right and left continuation of my trench, respectively held by the 7th and the 1st companies of my regiment. For there the slope toward the Germans was gentle and slow, and the 'debatable land' between the Germans and the first company amounted to a strip hardly 30 feet in depth, sometimes less. So that I was running the risk of having the Germans in the same trench with me on either of my flanks if they attacked the neighboring companies of the 46th, as was bound to happen sooner or later.

For there was no quiet in the Argonne throughout the winter of 1914-1915. There were no big-scale attacks, but plenty of trenches stormed and re-stormed: the German Crown Prince, who was in command of the army facing us, evidently tried to drive us gradually back till he got nearer to Verdun from the northwest. These attacks were to culminate in the well-known German partial offensive of July 13

and 14, 1915, which had some success at the beginning, but meant no serious advance; so that the lines in early 1917 are nearly the same as in early 1915.

On the 7th of January, 1915, about 8 A.M., we heard quite an unusual number of German shells gliding with a railway-like rumbling high above our heads (this is a pet metaphor of many *poilus* who have no idea what a metaphor is), and crashing a couple of hundred yards behind us. Did that mean that the Germans were up to something? It probably did, for after half an hour, as I was washing up out of a pail of water held for me by my orderly, a deafening report rose on my left, apparently very close. The pail drops on my feet and all the trench shakes and shivers as in a formidable earthquake. A most uncomfortable feeling. The Germans had presumably sprung a mine and were attacking on my left. All at once the sniping developed into regular gusts of musketry-fire. In a few seconds I had pulled my revolver, which I never abandoned, out of its case, and was rushing to the extreme left of my company front, which I well knew was for the moment the only endangered part, taking on my way a few men with me as a reinforcement.

Yells to the left! The Germans have jumped into the trench of the 1st Company, I hear from a few soldiers of that company, who are drawing back my way. I establish myself immediately, with my sergeant-major, behind a traverse, — *pare-éclats* (protection against splinters) as we call them, — and stand waiting there, revolver in hand, ready to fire on the first German whom I see. Suddenly, one yard off, the muzzle of a rifle faces me, and a *feldgrau* breast behind it. I fire from my concealed angle, something heavy splashes in the mud. Not five seconds have elapsed, as far as I can make out, when I feel a whirl and a hubbub in my head, and I myself am

lying wounded in the mud, looking in vain for my revolver.

The retribution had been quick. Two Germans rush at me, wildly excited, yelling like mad, and shouting in bad French, '*Rendez-vous!*' One of them takes a bad aim at me and pulls the trigger of his Mauser. The bullet hits the parapet, but not me, and I answer in the best German that I can muster, in a voice of command, '*Nicht schiessen! Ich bin ein verwundeter Oberleutnant! Lassen Sie mal einen Sanitäter herkommen.*' — '*Zu Befehl! Herr Oberleutnant.*' And the same man who tried to kill me half a minute before pulls me gently back to the now German side of the traverse and watches me good-humoredly, while his chum goes for a Red Cross orderly. I cannot move; I do not know where my limbs are, but my head is now a little clearer and I ask myself what has happened.

This is what has happened: the Germans had hand-bombs while we had not a single one, and they had very skillfully hurled one at me, over the traverse. It burst so near me on my left, that my left tympanum was broken under the pressure of air, while I got a rich allotment of splinters in my head above my left ear, in my left hand, in my breast, in my left thigh, and in my left and right calves. Képi and revolver had been flung away by the force of the explosion and were lying somewhere in the mud or over the parapet. And now I am lying on my back in thick Argonne mire, tinged red by my blood, and I look at the clouds scudding madly overhead, and it seems so funny to see all that reversed landscape, all those reversed trees which I used to know so well, every single one of them, but do not quite recognize now because I am gazing at them from a lying instead of a standing position. I felt just weak, so weak that I could not raise my head from the pillow of stone kindly

provided by my would-be murderer. I had no notion of time, did not feel unhappy, did not quite know whether I was going to die or not, did not much care; I took it as a matter of course to see the Germans firing at the French on both sides of me, and now and again casting a side glance at me. I think I did not even fully realize that I was a prisoner—did not resent it anyhow, as I was to do later. In short, I suffered neither physically nor morally, stripped as I apparently was of the very faculty of feeling.

How long I waited under the rain, on my soft bed of earth, watching all the time with keen interest a streamlet of clayey water playing along my breast and thigh, till it grew light pink, then crimson, and finally doubled the cape of my extended left boot, I cannot say. All I know is that some time in the course of the day, a *Sanitäter* came, dressed my wounds for pure form (they had already been anointed with French liquid mould), took me pickaback, tiny man though he was, and worked his way heavily, bent nearly double, over knapsacks ripped open, and rifles with their butt-ends smashed, over the tumbled corpses of French and German soldiers, till he landed me in the very crater of the mine sprung by the Germans in the morning. Quite a respectable hole, I must say, serving now as a waiting-room for a dozen wounded soldiers till they could be conveyed to the nearest ambulance. When my turn came, I was again loaded on sturdy Württembergers' shoulders and taken to the dressing-station, a pretty comfortable dug-out. The young *Unterarzt* on duty there dressed my wounds as thoroughly as was compatible with the circumstances. He told me that I was badly wounded and had more than one bone broken, but added that no vital organ had been touched.

A heap of stretchers lay near the

opening of the first-aid station; I was laid on one, and four soldiers carried me in the dark, with infinite labor and precaution, at a measured step which gave a not unpleasant swing to the stretcher. We finally reached a road, at a point where ambulance carriages were to fetch a batch of wounded Germans. I was to be taken to a field-hospital with them. Again I must say I met nothing but kindness at the hands of these privates; one of them, who was slightly wounded in the arm, even insisted on wrapping me in his great coat, for I had none, and he was afraid I might be cold, with my trousers ripped open lengthwise by the bomb.

I had not waited long on the roadside when a horse-carriage halted near our rather lamentable group, and I was hoisted up inside, stretcher, great coat and all, together with three more patients. One of the poor chaps must have felt very bad, for the moment the carriage started he began to howl and must have suffered frightfully from the ceaseless jolting. We were indeed relentlessly shaken from one side to the other, as this road, leading from Le Four de Paris to Varennes, was constantly under French artillery fire, so much so that the driver could not light his lamps for fear of being fired at. The big red cross painted on all sides would have been of little avail to us on such a pitch-dark night.

So we made slow and jerky headway, from one hastily-stopped shellhole to the next, till we pulled up before three lamp-lit windows. We were in a village of the Meuse, which I later heard was named Ecclise-Fontaine. I was in my turn hoisted down from the car, taken inside the house, and laid on an operating table. My wounds were disgracefully dirty and the German doctor cleansed them as well as he could; but nothing short of a bath could remove all the caked mud; as there was

no bathroom, I had to wait another fortnight or more.

When the doctor had finished his work, I was carried to the next room where some straw lay spread over the floor, and I was deposited near other human rags that were in no better plight than my own. Some moaned deeply; I myself began to suffer very much from the many splinters scattered all over my body. I lay on my handful of straw all through the eighth of January, in a kind of doze, indifferent to all that was going on around me or inside me.

II

It was late in the evening, when I was again loaded on a stretcher and carried into an ambulance motor-car *en route* for Montmédy, on the other side of the Meuse, and very near the frontier of Luxembourg. The journey was a little more uncomfortable than the preceding one, because my physical sensibility had reawakened and the car was driving fast over a road apparently inaccessible to French shells, but made very uneven by heavy wheeled traffic. It was a relief when we pulled up before an old convent-like building and a bevy of old and young Red-Cross orderlies hastened to pull us out of our car and land us in the big passage, behind the bulky folding-door opened to let us in. A fat sergeant looked at the printed cardboard forms which had been previously filled up by the *Unterarzt* of the first-aid station and fastened on one of our uniform-buttons. He delivered orders for us to be carried up to such and such a ward, according to rank, I suppose, or to the nature of the wounds.

So I was borne up a narrow staircase to a third-floor ward, which used to be, so I was told later, the lumber-room of the convent school in peace time. My stretcher was laid on the floor half-way down the central passage, before an

empty bed. A young nurse and an elderly nun helped me doff my mud- and blood-stained rags — or, rather, doffed them for me, for I was not up to much. My boots cost them no end of trouble, for they were soaked with water and glued fast to my icy feet by coagulated blood. I found myself finally lying on a bed — not precisely a clean one, for my only bedcloth was, I remember, of doubtful color, much to my disappointment. I had been longing for spotlessly white bedding, raving about it in my half-delirious state; and here I was, with a dirty bedcloth under me, and a blanket soiled by ghastly dried-up drops of yellow suppuration over me.

I must say that this first impression of uncleanness did not last long. The nuns and doctors were otherwise, I found later, extremely particular, and observed all the principles of hygiene in their tending of the wounded. They were no doubt short of bedclothes and bedding, and that is why I had to be content with another man's.

The nuns were very nice to me. One particularly, a sweet old nun with marked Silesian accent, always tried to get me into conversation with her. I did not understand all she meant, for I was half deaf and in her conversation she was not always loyal to High German. She used to insist good-naturedly on my eating some of the fare that was provided for us — soups so thick that the spoon could stand erect in the plate, potatoes half mashed by too much boiling, sauerkraut with sausage, and, at eight in the morning, a horrid mixture passing by the name of coffee and milk. I simply could not absorb any of that stuff, much to the disappointment of the sister, who used to shrug her awkward shoulders affectionately, sigh deeply, insist again, and finally go to the kitchen, and bring back a pint of milk instead of the food which I could not eat.

I had a few Germans next to me, mostly privates who were only slightly wounded and could go about the room during the day-time; they played cards noisily for hours together, and started smoking big cheap cigars in the ward a quarter of an hour after waking in the morning. It made me sick, but I had to put up with it: I was a prisoner.

Opposite me there was a poor Frenchman belonging to a regiment of the Verdun garrison, who often cried and called for his wife. The poor chap had received a bullet in his leg, and both his legs had frozen, as a consequence of lying forty hours in a shell-hole near Malancourt before he was picked up by some compassionate German. One morning he was carried from the ward to the operating-room. He had no legs left when he was brought back; both had been amputated just below the knees. I wonder where the poor man now is. Does he live to this day somewhere in a French village, after getting exchanged through Switzerland? Or does he lie in Montmédy churchyard? There is something truly dramatic about this my ignorance regarding the fate of a companion who had roused my deepest sympathy, wrung tears out of my eyes, and who now is nothing more to me than a phantom memory.

It was not very long before the doctor thought I could be transferred to some better *Lazarett* in Germany, without immediate danger to my life. New batches of wounded were arriving every day, and all hospitals in Montmédy were full. So, one snowy morning, — January 19, 1915, — I was again placed on a stretcher, again hoisted up into an ambulance motor-car; but this time I was to be conveyed only as far as the railway-station, where a hospital train was waiting to take several hundred Germans and a dozen Frenchmen to Trier and Coblenz.

On this train, I remember, we were kindly reminded how well we were treated, how very unworthy we were of all the comfort bestowed on us, by a heinous old hag of a volunteer hospital nurse who superintended the distribution of warm meals to the wounded. She ended by asking me point-blank, fists on hips, in a shrill, explosive, triumphant voice, '*Nun, sind wir Barbaren?*'

I quote this as eminently representative of the Germans' attitude toward their prisoners. Whenever a German officer or doctor thinks he is behaving at all courteously toward the prisoners who have been put under his charge, — as a matter of fact, courtesy is becoming more and more the rule in the Germans' treatment of their captives, — whenever he can offer them decent quarters, say new barracks, and the use of up-to-date shower-baths, he never fails to ask, '*Nun, sind wir Barbaren?*' Or if he does fail to ask the question, he *looks* it and invariably answers it to his satisfaction with a grin or a wink or some other outward sign of self-complacency. There is no denying it: the Germans have intensely resented the accusation of barbarity hurled at them from the very first by the Entente press, and a good many of the improvements introduced into the prisoners' camps are traceable to this very simple piece of reasoning: 'Wait a minute. I am going to show you that I am not a barbarian, and I am going to be photographed in the act of not being a barbarian, and I will print thousands of these photos, collect them into albums, and send them to the neutrals, so that they shall see — and believe.'

Whether it would not have been better policy for the Germans to ignore that supreme reproach, forego all spirit of propaganda, and give their prisoners bathing accommodation, tennis-courts, reading-rooms, as a matter of course, *en grand seigneur*, without a

word of explanation or self-commendation, I am no qualified judge to decide; but one thing I know: the German culture, whether deep or shallow, would have seemed deeper to me if the second way of proceeding had been unanimously adopted — if the German right hand had ignored what the left gave us, instead of frantically pointing to it.

III

My arrival in Coblenz was welcomed by me as the temporary end of all the hardships incidental to traveling in my state. Thirty-six hours of jolting had harassed me more than I can say, and I was yearning for a bed which would stand still. I found it in an asylum for old people built by the Brothers of Mercy (*Barmherzige Brüder*), and usually known in Coblenz as the Brotherhouse (*Brüderhaus*). It had been requisitioned by the military authority and converted into a military hospital. A few old pensioners, those who paid for board and residence, had been allowed to stay in one of the side wings. The brothers continued to be active in various capacities.

The building struck me as large and new, clean and hospitable. I was taken into the lift and up to the operating room, where a nice-looking young doctor in white overalls — I heard later that he was *Unterarzt Zeisler* — removed all my soiled bandages and dressed all my wounds — that is, almost my whole body from head to ankles. I was then taken to the bed assigned to me in the officers' ward. That ward was a room of middling size, spacious and light, in which I found three French officers who were having supper and who hastened to make me welcome in my new quarters. They seemed to be as glad to receive a new companion as I was to be again thrown with fellow officers.

One of them, Captain Pouget, belonged to the second regiment of colonial infantry. He had lost one arm. Then there was First Lieutenant Dunois, a *chasseur*, who had lost a leg at the battle of the Yser. Second Lieutenant Gérard, who belonged to a Norman infantry regiment, had been less severely wounded, though his broken shin was yet far from being healed. He had been captured somewhere in Belgium on August 22, 1914.

They all assailed me with questions, which was but natural, for two of them had been prisoners five months, the third two months and a half, and neither had any idea of what trench-warfare was. So I had to tell them in a rush that, when I had left the front, a fortnight before, the morale of the French soldiers was unbroken. This seemed to surprise and delight them, for the Germans had told them time after time that the French were fighting more and more slackly, that they were sustaining enormous losses and that their exhaustion was complete. I told them how a trench was dug, and what a hand-grenade looked like. They were greatly amused at hearing that the German grenades, those in use in January, 1915, looked exactly like tins of bully-beef, and they teased me ever after for having allowed myself to be downed by a harmless hand-thrown tin. They held that bullets were far smarter, far cleaner.

Needless to say, we got on splendidly together, although we sometimes disagreed as to whether the windows were to be shut or open. I was for the windows wide-open, could never have enough air, while Captain Pouget, who had served for years in Tonkin and Madagascar, preferred heat and stuffiness to a breath of fresh air. The other two officers did not much care, and remained neutral. I mention this trifling fact because it is so characteristic of the

average elderly Frenchman, whether he has served in the colonies or not: he has a prejudice against air. A draught will drive him mad. As to keeping his windows open at night, rather *la mort sans phrase* — death without a word. This is of course true of the older officers only; the younger generation, with its practice of sports and hygiene, is far more progressive.

As I spent five monotonous months in the *Brüderhaus* and had daily intercourse with the German brothers and doctors all the time, I had a large field for my observations. My knowledge of the German language helped me a good deal, as I was appealed to whenever a French or English wounded soldier and a German doctor did not understand each other.

The doctors were very good and able. The *Chefarzt*, Doctor Wehrli, a young mobilized surgeon of Aix-la-Chapelle, was a very bold advocate of the new methods in surgery, and saved a great many French lives through his skill and his coolness. Of course he was all for interesting cases, and slightly disregarded patients who could only boast of a broken leg or a *Fleischwunde*. (This last word he pronounced in a tone of unmitigated disdain.) Such wounds, even if purulent, which they almost all were, he left to themselves. They were hardly ever disinfected, peroxide being considered far too costly a drug. Light cases were dressed every few days by a brother or a *Sanitäter*, and many a time I have seen one of those extemporized medical assistants pick a sterilized gauze out of the covered glass case with unwashed hands, drop it accidentally on the floor, pick it up again, and spread it over a rankling wound.

Brother Albertinus, an ex-Uhlan of herculean build, who had left his spear for a rosary, nobody ever knew why, was particularly bad in this regard; but he was pardoned his unsound hygiene

for the sake of his inexhaustible good-humor. His hearty jokes and hail-fellow-well-met trick of patting your shoulder to cheer you up made you forget his roughness and his over-martial manners. He was of course frightfully sorry that he could not ride with his brother Uhlans in the marshes of Mazuria and aim his lance at some Siberian Cossack with Wotan-like battle-joy.

The medical staff proper consisted of two more doctors with the rank of *Unterarzt*, one of whom, the blond Doctor Dönhoff, was a very pleasant man and a gentleman born. I was not surprised to hear that he had served as an *Einjähriger Freiwillige* in a regiment of the Guard at Potsdam. The Guard regiments are the real élite of the German army. They are officered by men of tact and breeding, as was confirmed to me later by my brother-in-law, a cavalry officer in the Austrian army: he did not like the Germans before the war, nor does he like them much more after fighting and billeting with German officers for months, but he owned to me that he made an exception for the Guard officers, whom he considered quite decent fellows. Doctor Dönhoff was fond of a chat, and used to discuss the news of the day with us in the afternoon without too much bias. Once he even did an unprecedented thing: when the Arras offensive of May, 1915, started, he was the first to announce to us that the French had taken Carençy and captured several thousand prisoners. He did not try to belittle that success of the French arms. He seemed almost glad he could give us good news after the bad reports we had received from the Eastern war-theatre ever since the Germans and Austrians had broken the Russian front in Western Galicia. Let credit be given to humaneness wherever it may exist; Doctor Dönhoff was humane in the full meaning of the word.

IV

There was even more than humane-ness, there was deep sympathy, almost motherly pity, in the two old German Red-Cross orderlies who waited on us—Friedrich and Otto. Friedrich was tall and stringy (we had nicknamed him *Fil-de-Fer*); Otto was short, fat, and awkward, but so good, so generous in his feelings, so tender in his way of looking at us, so prone to tears in spite of his white hair and his fifty-five years, that even we Frenchmen, who are supposed to have a knack of detecting the ridiculous and to detest sentimentality, especially in a German, never made fun of him. We simply could not. Every one of his tears was an offering of the heart. I do not remember having ever seen a man to whose sincerity and family virtues I would have sworn so willingly as to Otto's. His round face, his way of toddling about in his pale-gray apron, his awkward way of sweeping under the beds—all carried absolute conviction.

The poor man had seen better days before the war. He had been a jeweler in Mannheim (Baden). As his shop was a branch of a Parisian firm, he had had to close down very early in the war, without other chance of earning a competency for his wife and five children than by offering his services to the state as a volunteer Red-Cross orderly. He was paid at the low rate of one mark and a few odd pfennigs a day, with board and lodging free. His wife got a ridiculously small allowance from the state for her husband, who was considered as a mobilized soldier, and an even smaller one (nine marks a month), for each of her children under sixteen. All that put together was utterly insufficient to feed the whole family. So the elder daughter, a seventeen-year-old girl, whose photograph Otto showed us several times, chose of her own ac-

cord to eke out the family income and reduce by one the number of mouths to be fed, by going into service as a maid. She was engaged by a Homburg pork-butcher's wife, who told her she would have to look after her small children. As a matter of fact, as she had no training and no experience, she was made to wash the shop and do all kind of gross work the livelong day, in return for bad food, a garret-bed, five marks a month, and plenty of abusive words for her slackness in work. The brave girl never complained to her father, who accidentally heard of this maltreatment through a third person. He took immediate steps to get his daughter out of this hell.

Nor were these his only tribulations. He had a very weak heart and could not do much scrubbing in the wards and passages without taking a rest of a few minutes every now and then. Now, this was not at all to the taste of the brother in charge of the ward, Brother Primus, as antipathetic a type of monk as I have ever seen. I rather think he embodied most of the vices which Rabelais and all satirists before and after him deemed inherent in monachism. Hypocrisy led the cortège in him; spitefulness followed hand in hand with hardness of heart. Stupidity lay stamped on his whole face, particularly on his chin, which reminded us so strongly of a rabbit's muzzle that we had nicknamed him 'the ecclesiastical rabbit.'

Otto was his pet aversion. Otto could never please him, whatever he did. Granted that Otto knew how to set a diamond or tell a genuine from a false pearl, whereas a broomstick in his hand, plates to be washed, a floor to be painted with encaustic converted him into a helpless, clumsy creature; still, would it not have been better to teach him how to do things, instead of bullying him because he had happened to

break a piece of crockery worth five sous? I was often revolted at the cruelty with which Brother Primus used to humiliate him and affected to treat him like a born scullion, precisely because he knew that Otto was much above his present position. How many times I had to comfort the white-haired wretch! How many times did I try and persuade him that this war was only a passing crisis, that he would see better times again, that peace would close the family ring around him for good and all! Seldom have I seen a man more thankful than he was for the interest we took in his family circumstances.

I think he would have done everything for us. He used stealthily to bring me a cup of warm milk, because he had noticed that I did not care for the indifferent coffee we were given morning and afternoon. It goes without saying that I never asked for that milk. On the contrary, I scolded him; I showed him that I could very well do without milk; but he remained deaf to all my remonstrances. He literally seemed to revel in his exultation at having overreached '*den Primus*,' as he used to call the brother, with an inimitable expression of rancor.

As he had two afternoons off every week, he used to ask us whether he could not bring us something back from town, and looked never more pleased than when we gave him a long list of things we needed: tobacco, tooth-paste, slippers, letter-paper and other articles of that description. After a while Brother Primus got wind of what was going on and forbade Otto to bring anything back to us from the city shops. The only effect of this prohibition was to make Otto conceal in his deep great-coat pockets what he had hitherto carried half openly under his arm; and to procure him once more the ineffable delight of having taken in '*den Primus*.' Primus, however, could not have been

quite blind to these goings-on, for it was not long before Otto was transferred from our 'station' on the second floor to a station of German wounded one floor higher. Otto could not check his tears when he broke the news to us, but he offered to come down occasionally and see us, although, or because, he was not allowed to. The kindly creature was as good as his word, usually choosing the time when the brothers were attending the afternoon office in the chapel of the *Brüderhaus*.

But his visits grew necessarily fewer, for he was afraid of being spied upon and reported to the Brother Superior, whom Brother Primus had circumvented and to whom he had represented Otto as a lazy servant who was getting on indecently well with the French officers and soldiers. So I did not see much of him after the beginning of May. All we could do was to nod to each other when I was carried up to the operating-room through a passage swept by Otto. I remember how he once grasped his broomstick with one hand at each end, without saying a word, and acted as if he were going to break it against his uplifted knee. He seemed to be quite beside himself with indignation at some new affront which he could not tell me. He deeply resented being assigned only rough work, although he had successfully gone through his first-aid examination and knew how to dress a wound properly. His certificate availed him nothing and the brothers never allowed him to look after a single invalid — out of sheer maliciousness, he said. He laid his many misfortunes to the fact that he was a Protestant.

The dénouement of that duel was not long in coming. Otto and Friedrich were ordered to pack and make ready for the first of June. They were hardly left time enough to come to our room and say farewell. They told us they had been detailed to serve in the Ambu-

lance service on the Russian front. That is all they knew as to the term of their journey. I have never heard of them since.

We were all greatly affected by their departure. I think the fatherland has been unfair to these two — to Otto in particular, whose white hair and heart-disease deserved to be taken into consideration, if anything did. Otto was

manifestly unable to resist the strain of service in a field-hospital; even less was he able to act as a stretcher-bearer on the battle-field. I am afraid that the broken-down old jeweler of Mannheim is now having a longer rest than that which Brother Primus grudged him, somewhere out in Poland, in one of the extemporized graveyards annexed to every military hospital, large or small.

(To be continued)

A CINEMA OF THE C.R.B.

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

THE CITY OF THE CARDINAL

UNQUESTIONABLY, the one Belgian whom above all others the Germans would rid themselves of if they could is Cardinal Mercier. He is the strong Prince of the Church, but in the hour of decision he stepped swiftly down and, with a ringing call to courage, took his place with the people. Ever since that day he has helped them to stand united, defiant, waiting the day of liberation. Others have been silenced by imprisonment or death, but the highest power has not dared to lay hands on the Cardinal. He is the voice, not only of the Church, but of Belgium heartening her children.

Malines has her cantines and soup-kitchens and *ouvroirs*—all the branches of relief work necessary to a city that was one of the centres of the German attack; but these are not the most interesting things about Malines. It is, above all, as the city of the Cardinal

that she stands forth in this war. Her task has been to give moral and spiritual support, not only to her own people, but to those of every part of Belgium.

Since under the 'Occupation' the press has naturally been 'controlled,' this support has been rendered chiefly through the famous letters of the Cardinal — messages to the priests to be re-read to their people. After the war there will be pilgrimages to the little room where the first one was printed. It is much as it was left after soldiers ransacked the place: books are still disarranged on their shelves, papers and pamphlets heaped in confusion on the tables. The red seals with which the Germans closed the keyholes have naturally been broken, but their edges still remain. Standing in the midst of this disarray, remembering that the owner had already been six months in a German prison, and looking out on the shattered façade of the building at

the end of the garden, I realized, at least partly, another moment of the war.

The Cardinal's message of courage, then, is distributed chiefly by letter, but continually by his presence and speech in Malines itself, and occasionally in other parts of the country. On the 21st of July, 1916, the anniversary of the independence of Belgium, all Brussels knew that the Cardinal was coming to celebrate high mass in the cathedral of Sainte Gudule. The mass was to begin at 11 o'clock, but at 9.30 practically every foot of standing-room in the vast church was occupied. In the dimness a great sea of people waited patiently, silently, the arrival of their leader. Occasionally a whispered question or rumor flashed along the nave. 'He has come!' — 'He has been prevented!' There was a tacit understanding that there should be no demonstration. The Cardinal himself had ordered it. Everyone was trying to control himself, and yet, as the air grew thicker and others fought their way into the already packed transepts, one felt that anything might happen! Almost every person had a bit of green ribbon, — color of hope, — or an ivy leaf, — symbol of endurance, — pinned to his coat. The wearing of the national colors was strictly forbidden, but the national spirit found another way. Green swiftly replaced the orange, black, and red.

We all knew that this meant trouble for Brussels, and the fact that the shops (which had all been ordered to keep open on this holiday) were carrying on a continuous comedy at the expense of the Germans, did not help matters. Their doors were open, to be sure, but in many the passage was blocked by the five or six employees, who sat in stiff rows with bows of green ribbon in their button-holes and indescribable expressions on their faces. In the big-

gest chocolate shop, the window display was an old pail of dirty water with a slimy rag thrown near it. There was no person inside but the owner, who stood beside the cash-register in dramatic and defiant attitude, smoking a pipe. There were crowds in front of the window, which displayed large photographs of the King and Queen draped with the American flag. Another shop had only an enormous green bow in the window. Almost every one took some part in the play. Not a Belgian entered a shop, and if a German was brave enough to do so, he was usually made the victim of his courage. The clerks were delighted to serve him, but unfortunately peaches had advanced to ten francs each, or something of the sort!

In the meantime, the packed thousands were waiting patiently in the cathedral. After an interminable delay a priest appeared in the pulpit and made an announcement which from our distance we misunderstood. We thought that he said that the mass would be celebrated, but unfortunately not by Monseigneur, who had been detained. Bitterly disappointed, a few of us worked our way inch by inch to the transept door and out into the street. There I found an excited group of Belgians running around the rear of the cathedral to the baptistry door. I joined them, and learned that the Cardinal had just passed through.

For no particular reason I waited there. Before long the door was partly opened by an acolyte, who was apparently expecting some one. He saw me and agreed that I might enter if I wished; so I slipped in and found room to stand just behind the altar-screen, where, all through the celebration, I could watch the face of the Cardinal, a face at once keen and tender — strong, fearless, and devout; one could read it all there. He was tall, thin, dominating — a heroic figure in his gorgeous

scarlet vestments, officiating at the altar of this beautiful Gothic cathedral.

The congregation remained silent. Three or four fainting women were carried out; that was all. Then the Cardinal mounted the pulpit at the farther end of the nave, to deliver his message — the same message that he had been preaching for two years. His people must hold themselves courageous, unconquered, with steadfast faith in God and in their final liberation. Tears were in the eyes of many, but there was no crying out.

From the pulpit he came back to the catafalque erected in the middle of the nave for the Belgian soldiers who died in battle, a great towering coffin, simply and beautifully draped with Belgian flags, veiled in crêpe. Tall flaming candles surrounded it. As the Cardinal approached, the dignitaries of the city, who had been occupying seats of honor below the altar, marched solemnly down and formed a circle about the catafalque. Then the Cardinal read the service for the dead. The dim light of the cathedral; the sea of silent people; the great cenotaph with its flags, its stately, flickering candles; the circle of dignitaries chosen to represent the city; the sad-faced Cardinal saying the prayers for those who had died in defense of the standard that now covered them — was it strange that as his voice ceased and he moved slowly toward the sacristy door by which he was to depart, the overwhelming tide of emotion swept aside all barriers, and the ancient cathedral echoed with cries of 'Vive le Roi!' — 'Vive Monseigneur!' We held our breath. Men were pressing by me, whispering, 'What shall we do? We need to cry out — after two years, we *must* cry out!'

The Cardinal went straight forward, looking neither to the right nor to the left, the tears streaming down his cheeks.

Outside, to pass from the rear of the cathedral to the Archbishop's palace, he was obliged to cross the road. As I turned up this road to go back to the main portal, the crowd came surging down, arms out-thrust, running, waving handkerchiefs and canes, pushing aside the few helpless Belgian police, quite beyond control, and shouting wildly now, 'Vive le Roi!' and 'Vive Monseigneur!' I was able to struggle free only after the gate had closed on the Cardinal.

This was the day when in times of peace all the populace brought wreaths to the foot of the statue erected in honor of the soldiers who had died for the independence of Belgium. The Germans had placed guards in the square and forbidden any one to go near it. And so all day long throngs of people, a constant, steady procession, marched along the street above, each man lifting his hat as soon as he came in view of the statue. All these things, I say, did not help Brussels in the matter of the demonstration at the cathedral. And a few days later a posted notice informed her that she had been fined one million marks!

But the people had seen their Cardinal — they had received their spiritual *secours*. He had brought heavenly comfort to their hearts, put new iron in their blood. They had dared to cry out just once their loyalty to him and to their King, and they laughed at the million marks!

THE SKATING RINK AT LIÉGE

To all the world Liège is the symbol of Belgium's courage. For eleven days her forts held back an overwhelming force in a heroic attempt to save the national integrity of Belgium. And well Belgium knew to what point she could count on the brave Liégeois; through all her troubled history, they

have been the most ardent champions of her freedom.

This city, as the populous centre of a great industrial region, was one of the first to realize the distress that followed the occupation and isolation of Belgium. One by one her famous fire-arm factories, glass-works, textile-mills closed their doors and poured their thousands of workmen into the streets. And this was happening all through the province, so that by 1915 it counted 90,000 idle workmen (*chômeurs*), and in the capital alone fully 18,000. Ordinarily among her 180,000 inhabitants Liège lists 43,000 skilled workmen; so for her the proportion of unemployed was almost one half; with their families they represented but little less than one quarter of the entire population. The four thousand workers in the coal mines, which fortunately were able to keep open, were the one saving factor in the situation.

The question of *chômage*—or unemployment—is the most serious one that the relief organization has had to face. It has been most acute in the two Flanders; but in Antwerp, with its 25,000 thousand idle dock-hands, in the highly industrial Hainault, in Namur and in Brabant, as well as in Liège, there have been special circumstances giving rise to particular difficulties. Over 665,000 workmen without work would present a sufficiently critical problem to a country not at war. One can imagine what it means to a country every square foot of which is controlled by an enemy so hated that the conquered would risk all the evils of continued non-employment rather than have any of its people serve in any way the ends of the invader.

None of the leaders I have talked with are satisfied with the system evolved, but no one has yet been able to suggest a better. A scheduled money allowance for the *chômeur* was quickly

adopted, but, as a friend from Tournai said, this enabled a man simply to escape complete starvation, but not to live. Three francs a week for the workman, one franc and a half for his wife, fifty centimes for each of his children, or one dollar and ten cents a week for a family of four — just about the war price of one pound of butter or meat! Obviously the *chômeur* and his family must draw on the soup-kitchens and cantines, and this they do. They make up a considerable part of the one and a quarter millions who throng the soup-lines every day.

Every province has tried to reduce its number of unemployed by providing a certain amount of work on roads and public utilities. Luxembourg has been conspicuous in this attempt, reclaiming swamps, rebuilding sewer systems and roadways, employing about 10,000 men. In fact, Luxembourg has so far almost avoided a *chômeur* class.

Throughout the country, too, the clothing and lace committees are furnishing at least partial employment to some women. In a lesser way various local relief committees are most ingenious in inventing opportunities to give work. In the face of the whole big problem these efforts often seem insignificant, but every community is heartened by even the smallest attempt to restore industry. I have seen fifty men given the chance to buy their own food by means of a 'soles work.' All the needy of the village were invited to bring their worn shoes to have a new kind of wooden sole put on for the winter. In one city the owner of a closed fire-arms factory had opened a toy works where 100 men and 30 women were kept busy carving little steel boxes and other toys. If these articles could be exported, such establishments would quickly multiply; but every enterprise must halt at the grim barrier.

In Liège I came upon a most pictur-

esque attempt at an individual solution. I had been much interested, in Antwerp and Charleroi and other cities, in the *dîner économique* or *dîner bourgeois*, conducted by philanthropic women. These are big popular restaurants, where, thanks to a subsidy from the relief committee and the untiring efforts of volunteer workers, a meal can be served for less than it costs. For a few centimes, — about ten cents, — one may usually have a good soup, a plate with meat and vegetables, and sometimes a dessert. Beer may be added for five centimes extra.

In Liège the work is consolidated. I found the once-popular skating-rink turned into a mighty restaurant, gay with American bunting. The skating floor was crowded with tables, the surrounding spectators' space made convenient cloak-rooms, the casual buffet of bygone days was a kitchen in deadly earnest, supplying dinners to about four thousand daily. When I arrived, there was already a line outside. Each person is supposed to present a card proving him a citizen of Liège. If he has the card, he pays seventy-five centimes (fifteen cents) for his dinner. Or, if he is provided with a special card from the Relief Committee, he may obtain it for sixty, or even thirty centimes — a little more than five cents.

Inside, the tables were crowded. Sixty-five women were hurrying back and forth between the diners and the directors, who stood at a long counter in front of the kitchen serving the thousands of portions of soup, sausage, and a kind of stew of rice and vegetables. In the kitchen, in the meat-and vegetable-rooms, there was the constant clamor of sifting, cutting, stirring; of the opening and shutting of ovens. While the sausages of the day were being hurried from the pans, the soup of the morrow was being mixed in the great caldrons; two hundred

and fifty men were hard at work. Somehow they did not look as if they had been peeling carrots and stirring soup all their lives — there was a certain dash in all their movements.

The superintendent laughed. 'Yes,' he said, 'they are chiefly railroad engineers, conductors, various workmen of the Liège Railroad Company! I myself was an attorney for the road, and I am really more interested in this *œuvre* from the point of view of these volunteers than because of the general public it helps. Here are two hundred and fifty men who are giving their best service to their country. The sixty-five women serving the four thousand were once in the telephone service. They also offered to devote themselves to their fellow-sufferers, and they are so proud, so happy to be able to stand shoulder to shoulder with other women in this black hour.'

I asked if each worker was given his dinner free.

'Ah! there is a problem,' he said. 'The meals which we furnish at from thirty to seventy-five centimes cost us on an average about sixty-three centimes.'

To supply this to more than three hundred assistants was quite beyond the subsidy allowed the committee. Yet the workers certainly must be fed. Finally he admitted that he and a group of friends were contributing the money necessary to supply these meals. He added that in the beginning the men were hardly able to give more than two hours of hard work a day, but that after a few months of proper nourishment their energy was inexhaustible.

The day of my visit there were no potatoes, so the number of meals served dropped fully one thousand: 743 at seventy-five centimes, 820 at sixty centimes, 1473 at thirty centimes. If there are no potatoes to be had elsewhere in the city, and they are known

to be on the cards of the restaurant, there is not standing-room. Hundreds have to be turned away. Bread, potatoes, and lard are the all-essentials!

This kind of double *œuvre* is quite the most interesting of all the varied attempts to meet the staggering problem Belgium has daily to face.

THE 'ASSISTANCE DISCRÈTE

In Brussels, no less than five thousand *pauvres honteux* — or 'ashamed poor,' — are being helped through the seven sections of the *Assistance Discrète*, each of which carries the same beautiful motto, 'Donne, et tais-toi' (Give, and be silent). At the very beginning of the war a greathearted woman saw where the chief danger of misery lay. Those who were accustomed to accept charity would make the earliest demands. But what about those whose business was slowly being ruined, whose reserves were small? What about schoolteachers, artists, and other members of the professional classes? And widows living on securities invested abroad, or children of gentle upbringing whose fathers had gone to the front expecting to return in three or four months? She saw many of them starving rather than go on the soup-lines.

She had a vision of true mutual aid. Each person who had, should become the sister of her who had not. There should be a sharing of individual with individual. She did not think of green boxes or sections, but of person linked with person in the spirit of fraternity. But the number of the desperate grew too rapidly; her first idea of direct individual help had to be abandoned; and, one after another, distribution centres were organized. An investigator was put in charge of each, who reported personally on all the cases that were brought in either directly or indirectly

to the committee. The Comité National granted a subsidy of ten thousand francs a month, which, however, does not nearly cover the need. So day after day the directors of each section canvass their districts for money and food, and by dint of an untiring devotion raise the monthly ten thousand to about twenty-eight thousand francs. But unfortunately every day of war means more wretched ones forced to the wall, and this sum is always far from meeting the distress. We have only to divide the thirty thousand francs by the five thousand on the lists to see what, at best, each family may receive.

I went with an investigator to visit one of these families. A charming old gentleman received us. I should say he was about seventy-three. He had been ill, and was most cheerful over what he called his 'recovery,' though to us he still looked far from well. The drawing-room was comfortable, spotlessly clean; there was no fire. We talked of his children, both of whom were married. One son was in Italy, another in Russia; the war had cut off all word or help from both. He himself had been a successful engineer in his day; he had not saved much, however, and his illness and two years of war had eaten up everything. He was deeply interested in Mexico and in the Panama Canal, and we chatted on until mademoiselle felt that we must go. As we were shaking hands she opened her black velvet bag and took out an egg, which she laughingly left on the table as her visiting card. She did it perfectly, and the old gentleman laughed back cheerily, 'After the war, my dear, I shall certainly find the hen that will lay you golden eggs!'

The woman we visited next did not have a comfortable home, but a single room. She had been for many years a governess in a family in Eastern Bel-

gium, but just before the war both she and the family had invested their money in a savings concern which had gone to pieces, and from that day she had been making the fight to keep her head above water. She had come to Brussels and was succeeding fairly well, when a horrible disease attacked her leg. She had had an operation, but after months there was still an open wound, and she could drag herself about only with great difficulty. I found that mademoiselle takes her to the hospital for treatment — a matter of hours — three times a week, and besides that, visits her in her room. As we were talking, a niece, also unfortunately penniless, came in to polish the stove and dust a bit. Mademoiselle reported that she was pretty sure of being able to bring some stockings to knit on her next visit. These would bring five cents a pair. And as we left she gave another egg, and this time a tiny package of cocoa, too. I discovered that every morsel this governess has to eat comes to her from mademoiselle. And yet I have never been in a room where there was greater courage and cheerfulness.

Of course, every city has its hundreds of unfortunates. There must be everywhere some form of *assistance discrète*, but most of those on the lists of this war-time organization would in peace-time be the ones to give rather than receive, and their number is increasing pitifully as the winter of 1916-1917 approaches.

Every one permitted to be in Belgium for any length of time marvels at the incredible, unbreakable spirit of its people. They meet every new military order with a laugh; when they have to give up their motor-cars, they ride on bicycles; when all bicycle tires are requisitioned, they cheerfully walk; if the city is fined one million marks, the laconic comment is, 'It was worth

it.' All the news is censored, so they manufacture and circulate cheerful news. Nothing ever breaks through their smiling, defiant solidarity. One thing only in secret I have heard them admit — the anguish of their complete separation from their loved ones at the front. Mothers and wives of every other nation may have messages; they, never, except by 'underground.'

One of the chief things that has bound them thus together and buoyed them up is just this enveloping, interpenetrating atmosphere of mutual aid, so beautifully expressed every day through the work of the *Assistance Discrète*. It was the vision of Fraternity in its widest sense that gave it birth, and every day the women of Belgium are making that vision a blessed reality.

THE LITTLE BEES

Madame G—— has charge of a canteen for *enfants débiles* (children below normal health) in one of the most crowded quarters of Brussels. These canteens are dining-rooms where little ones come from the schools at eleven each morning for a nourishing meal. They form the chief department of the work of the 'Little Bees,' a society which is taking care of practically all the children in Brussels, large and small, who are in one way or another victims of the war; and in July, 1916, these numbered about 25,000.

I visited one crowded canteen, where every day the women had to carry up and down a narrow ladder stairway all the plates and food for over 400 children. Each canteen has its own pantry or shop with its precious stores of rice, beans, sugar, macaroni, bacon, and other foodstuffs brought in by the Commission for Relief in Belgium, and in addition the fresh vegetables, potatoes, eggs, and meat that it solicits, or

buys with the money gathered from door to door.

The weekly menus are a triumph of ingenuity; they prove what variety can be had in apparent uniformity. Naturally, they are all based on scientific analysis of food-values, and strictly follow physicians' instructions. One day there are more grammes of potatoes, another more grammes of macaroni, in the stew; one noon there is rice for dessert, the next phosphatine. This phosphatine (a mixture of rice, wheat, maize-flour, phosphate of lime, and cocoa) was originated by the 'Little Bees.' They have a factory for making it, and up to August, 1916, had turned out 638,000 kilos.

It was raining as I entered the large modern tenement building, which Madame G—— had been fortunate enough to secure. I found on one side a group of mothers waiting for food to take home to their babies; on the other side the little office through which every child had to pass to have his ticket stamped before he could go upstairs to his dinner. This examining and stamping of cards by the thousand, day after day, is in itself an arduous piece of work, but women accomplish it cheerfully.

On the second floor, between two large connecting rooms, I found Madame G——, in white, superintending the day's preparation of the tables for 1662. Eight young women, with bees embroidered in the Belgian colors on their white caps, were bustling to and from the kitchen to the long counters in the hall-way piled high with plates, where they deposited their hundreds of slices of bread, and saucers for dessert. Some were hurrying along the tables with the soup-plates and the 1662 white bowls, while others poured milk or went on with the bread-cutting. Several more women were hard at work in the kitchens and vegetable-rooms. The

potato-peeling machine, the last proud acquisition, which was saving untold labor, had turned out the day's allotment of potatoes, which were already cooked, with meat, carrots, and green vegetables, into a thick, savory stew. The big fifty-quart cans were being filled to be carried to the dining-room; the rice dessert was getting its final stirring. Madame was darting about, watching every detail, assisting in every department.

It was raining outside, but all was white and clean and inviting within. Suddenly there was a rush of feet in the courtyard. I looked out of the window: in the rain 1662 children, between three and twelve years, mothers often leading the smaller ones, — not an umbrella or rubber-shoe among them, — were lining up with their cards, eager to be passed by the sergeants. These long-suffering sergeants kept them in place as they noisily climbed the long stairway, shouting, pushing. One little girl stepped out of line to put fresh flowers before the bust of the Queen. Boys and girls under six crowded into the first of the large, airy rooms, older girls into the second, while the bigger boys climbed to the floor above. With much chattering and shuffling of sabots they slid along the low benches to their places at the long narrow tables. The women hurried between the wriggling rows, ladling out hot, thick soup. The air was filled with cries of, 'Beaucoup, mademoiselle, beaucoup!' A few even said, 'Only a little, mademoiselle.' Everybody said something. One tiny golden-haired thing pleaded, 'You know I like the little pieces of meat best.' In no time they discovered that I was a newcomer, and tried slyly to induce me to give them extra slices of bread, or bowls of milk.

Madame seemed to be everywhere at once, lifting one after another in her

arms to get a better look at eyes or glands. Her husband, a physician of international reputation, was in the little clinic at the end of the hall, weighing and examining those whose turn it was to go to him that day. Later, he came out and passed up and down the rows, to get an impression of the general condition of this extraordinary family. When for a moment husband and wife stood together in the middle of the vast room, they seemed, with infinite solicitude, to be gathering all the sixteen hundred in their arms. Their own boy is at the front. And all the time the sixteen hundred were rapidly devouring their bread and soup.

Then began the cries of, 'Dessert, mademoiselle, dessert!' Tired arms carried the 1662 soup-plates to the kitchen, ladled out 1662 portions of rice, and set them before eager rows. Such a final scraping of spoons, such fascinating play of voice and gesture! When the last crumb was eaten, the hundreds were ready to go back to their schools. They crowded up to offer sticky hands with, 'Merci, mademoiselle!' and 'Au revoir!' The big American physician who had helped ladle the soup tried to limber up his weary arm. I looked with wonder at the women who had been doing this work practically every day for seven hundred days. Madame was apparently not thinking of resting—only of the next day's rations. I discovered later that at four o'clock that afternoon she had charge of a canteen for four hundred mothers and their new babies, and that after that she visited the family of a little boy who was absent—so his sister told us—because his shirt was being washed.

All attempts to express admiration of this beautiful devotion are interrupted by the cry, 'Oh, but it is you, it is America that is doing the astonishing thing—we *must* give ourselves,

but you need not. Your gift to us is the finest expression of sympathy the world has known.'

The second time, I visited Madame G——'s canteen with Mrs. Brand Whitlock, and I found out what it meant to be the wife of the United States Minister in Belgium. From the corner above to the entrance of the court the street was lined with people. At the gateway we were met by a committee headed by the wife of the Bourgmestre. Within the court were the hundreds of children,—with many more mothers this time,—all waiting expectantly, all specially scrubbed, though no amount of scrubbing could conceal their sad lack of shoes. There were smiles and greetings and little hands stretched out all along the line as we passed.

Inside there was no more than the usual cleanliness—for the canteens are scrupulously kept. Madame and her assistants had tiny American flags pinned to their white uniforms. In the corridor the American and Belgian flags hung together. The tables were laid, the lines began moving. As the little girls filed in, one of them came forward, and with a pretty courtesy offered Mrs. Whitlock a large bouquet of red roses. The boys followed, and their representative, struggling with shyness, recited a poem as he gave his flowers. All the children were very much impressed with this simple ceremony—and as the quavering little voice gave thanks to 'those who were bringing them their good bread,' there were tears in the eyes of the grown-ups standing beneath the intertwined flags.

American flags of one kind or another hang in all the canteens alongside the pictures of President Wilson. Mottoes expressing thanks to America, floursacks elaborately embroidered—on all sides are attempts to express gratitude and affection. That morning,

as the Legation car turned a corner, a little old Flemish lady in a white cap stepped forward and clapped her hands as the American flag floated by. Men lift their hats to it, children salute it. In the shop-windows one often sees it draping the pictures of the King and Queen.

These children of the cantine, as I have said, are all in need of special nourishment. One of the most striking effects of the war has been the rapid increase of tuberculosis. Many of the thousands in the cantines are the victims of 'glands,' or some other dread form of this disease. To combat this menace, 125 physicians are contributing their services to the 'Little Bees' in Brussels alone, where, during the first six months of 1916, infant mortality had decreased 19 per cent. It would be difficult to estimate the time given by physicians throughout the whole country, but probably half of the forty-seven hundred are making a very serious contribution, and almost all are doing something. It is a common sight in the late afternoon to see a physician who has had a full, hard day, rushing to a cantine to examine hundreds of children. Excluding the zone of military preparation, 26,500 children from three to seventeen, and over 53,000 babies under three months, are on their lists, besides a large number of adults.

Outside Brussels, the cantines are conducted in much the same way as those of the "Little Bees." Committees of women everywhere are devoting themselves to the children. One day, on a tour of inspection, several of us went to a town of 17,000 in the north-east, in the province of Limbourg. Mademoiselle took us to houses where we saw the misery of mothers left with seven, nine, eleven children, in one or two little rooms. There was no wage-earner — he was at the front; or there was no work. One woman was crying

as we went in. She explained that her son, a bad lot, had just been trying to take his father's boots. She pulled out from behind the basket where the twins were sleeping under the day's washing, a battered pair of coarse high boots. There were holes in the hobnailed soles; there was practically no heel left. The heavy tops still testified to an original stout leather, but never could one see a more miserable, run-down-at-the-heel, leaky, and useless pair of boots. Yet to that woman they represented a fortune. There is practically no leather left in the country, and if there were, how could her man, when he came back, have the money to buy another pair, and how could he work in the fields without his boots? And she wept bitterly because the son had tried to take his father's boots, as she hid them behind the twins' basket. I had heard of the sword as the symbol of honor and power of the house; in bitter reality it is the father's one pair of boots.

Chiefly I was impressed by the enormous quantities of food they are handling. The whole city seems turned into a kitchen — and there follows the inevitable question, 'Where does it all come from?' The women who are doing the work connect directly with the Belgian organization, and one almost forgets, in going about, their relation to the Relief Commission — the C.R.B., as every one calls it. But these three magic letters spell the answer to the inevitable question.

At the great C.R.B. bureau, I had seen the charts lining the corridors. They seemed alive, changing every day, marking the ships on the oceans, the number of tons of rice, wheat, maize, or sugar expected; and how these tons count up! In the two years that have passed, one million tons each year, meaning practically one ship every week-day in the month; 90,000 tons always on the Atlantic!

Other charts show the transit of goods already unloaded at Rotterdam. Over two hundred lighters are in constant movement on their way down the canals to the various C.R.B. warehouses, which means about 50,000 tons afloat all the time. I had seen, too, the reports of the enormous quantities of clothing brought in — four million dollars' worth, almost all of it the free gift of the United States.

In the director's room were other maps showing the territory in charge of each American. Back of every cantine and its power to work stands this American, the living guaranty to England that the Germans are not getting the food, the guaranty to Germany of neutrality, and to the Belgians themselves, that the gifts of the world to her will be brought in through the steel ring that girdles her. Thus, the food dispensed by the women is part of the great stream of supplies that pours steadily in — but between its purchase or its receipt as gift by the C.R.B. and its appearance as soup for adults or pudding for children is the whole intricate structure of the relief organization to which 40,000 Belgian men are giving their constant service.

Everybody who can pay for his food must do so. It is sold at a fair profit, and it is this profit, gained from those who still have money, that is given to the women in charge of the cantines for the provision of supplies for the destitute. They often supplement this subsidy by a house-to-house appeal to the people. For instance, in Brussels the 'Little Bees' are untiring in their canvass. Basket on arm, continually they solicit an egg here, a bunch of carrots there, a bit of meat, or a money gift. They have been able to count on about five thousand eggs and about twenty-five hundred francs a week, besides various other things. Naturally, the people in the poorer

sections can contribute only small amounts, but it is here that one finds the most touching examples of generosity — the old story of those who have suffered and understood. One woman who earns just a franc a day, and on it has to support herself and her family, carefully wraps up her weekly two-centime piece (one fifth of a cent), and has it ready when one of the 'Little Bees' calls for it.

I was going down the road toward Verviers. The summer had been wet and gray, but September was doing her best to make up for it. Suddenly I heard the soft *whirr-whirr* of a Zeppelin. A farmer who had been making prune-syrup left his caldron to join me in the road. We watched the great, strange thing gliding through the sunshine. It was flying so low that we could easily distinguish the fins, the gondolas, the propellers. It looked more like a gigantic, unearthly model for the little stuffed silk Japanese fish I had often seen in the toy-shops than anything else. Its blunt nose seemed shining white, the rest a soft gray. The effect of the soothing whirring and the slow gliding through the clear air was indescribable; it seemed incredible that this silvery ghost-ship could be aught but a gentle messenger of peace.

'Ah, madame,' said my companion, 'four years ago I saw *my* first Zeppelin. It seemed a beautiful vision from another world, something new in my religion. We all stood breathless, praying for the safety of this wonderful new being, praying that the brave men who guided it might be spared to the world. And to-day, madame, may it be blown to atoms, — if necessary, may its men be cut to bits, may they be burned to ashes, — anything, anything! With an undying hate I swear it *shall* be destroyed! Madame, that is what war does to a man.'

THE SINGING SOLDIER

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

I

THERE was something just a bit ominous in the brooding warmth of the soft air that was stirring at the base of the towering cliffs of the Marmolada, where I took the *teleferica*; and the tossing aigrettes of wind-driven snow at the lip of the pass where the cable-line ended in the lee of a rock just under the Italian first-line trenches signaled the reason why. The vanguard of one of those irresponsible mavericks of mountain storms that so delight to bustle about and take advantage of the fine weather to make surprise attacks on the Alpine sky-line outposts was sneaking over from the Austrian side; and somewhere up there where the tenuous wire of the *teleferica* fined down and merged into the amorphous mass of the cliff behind, my little car was going to run into it.

'A good ten minutes to snug down in, anyhow,' I said to myself. And after the fashion of the South Sea skipper who shortens sail and battens down the hatches with his weather eye on the squall roaring down from windward, I tucked in the loose ends of the rugs about my feet, rolled up the high fur collar of my *Alpini* coat, and buttoned the tab across my nose.

But things were developing faster than I had calculated. As the little wire basket glided out of the cut in the forty-foot drift that had encroached on its aerial right-of-way where the supporting cables cleared a jutting crag, I saw that it was not only an open-and-

above-board frontal attack that I had to reckon with, but also a craftily planned flank movement quite in keeping with the fact that the whole affair, lock, stock and barrel, was a 'Made in Austria' product. Swift-driven little shafts of blown snow, that tried hard to keep their plumes from tossing above the sheltering rock-pinnacles, were wriggling over between the little peaks on both sides of the pass and slipping down to launch themselves in flank attack along the narrowing valley traversed by the *teleferica* and the zigzagging trail up to the Italian positions. Even as I watched, one of them came into position to strike, and straight out over the ice-cap covering the brow of a cliff shot a clean-lined wedge of palpable, solid whiteness.

One instant my face was laved in the moist air-current drawing up from the wooded lower valley, where the warm fingers of the thaw were pressing close on the hair-poised triggers of the ready-cocked avalanches; the next I was gasping in a blast of Arctic frigidity as the points of the blown ice-needles tingled in my protesting lungs with the sting of hastily gulped champagne. Through frost-rimmed eyelashes I had just time to see a score of similar shafts leap out and go charging down into the bottom of the valley, before the main front of the storm came roaring along, and heights and hollows were masked by swishing veils of translucent white. In the space of a few seconds an amphitheatre of soaring mountain peaks roofed with a vault of deep purple sky

had resolved itself into a gusty gulf of spinning snow blasts.

My little wire basket swung giddily to one side as the first gust dove into it, promptly to swing back again, after the manner of a pendulum, when the air-buffer was undermined by a counter-gust and fell away; but the deeply grooved wheel was never near to jumping off the supporting cable, and the even throb of the distant engine coming down the pulling wire felt like a kindly hand-pat of reassurance.

'Good old teleferica!' I said half aloud, raising myself on one elbow and looking over the side; 'you're as comfy and safe as a passenger lift and as thrilling as an aeroplane. But' — as the picture of a line of ant-like figures I had noted toiling up the snowy slope a few moments before flashed to my mind — 'what happens to a man on his feet — a man not being yanked along out of trouble by an engine on the end of a nice strong cable — when he's caught in a maelstrom like that? What must be happening to those poor Alpini? Whatever can they be doing?'

And even before the clinging insistence of the warm breeze from the lower valley had checked the impetuosity of the invader, and diverted him, a cringing captive, to baiting avalanches with what was left of his strength, I had my answer; for it was while the ghostly draperies of the snow-charged wind-gusts still masked the icy slope below that, through one of those weird tricks of acoustics so common among high mountain peaks, the flute-like notes of a man singing in a clear tenor floated up to the ears I was just unmuffling from a furry collar: —

'Fratelli d'Italia, l'Italia, s'è desta;
Dell' elmo di Scipio s'è cinta la testa!'

It was the 'Inno di Mameli,' the Song of 1848 — the Marseillaise of the

Italians. I recognized it instantly, because, an hour previously, my hosts at luncheon in the officers' mess below had been playing it on the gramophone. Clear and silvery, like freshly minted coins made vocal, the stirring words winged up through the pulsing air till the 'sound chute' by which they had found their way was broken up by the milling currents of the dying storm. But I knew that the Alpini were still singing, — that they had been singing all the time, indeed, — and when the last of the snow-flurries was finally lapped up by the warm wind, there they were, just as I expected to find them, pressing onwards and upwards under their burdens of soup cans, wine bottles, stove-wood, blankets, munitions, and the thousand and one other things that must pass up the life-line of a body of soldiers holding a mountain pass in midwinter.

II

This befell, as it chanced, during one of my early days on the Alpine front, and the incident of men singing in a blizzard almost strong enough to sweep them from their feet made no small impression on me at the moment. It was my first experience of the kind. A week later I should have considered it just as astonishing to have encountered, under any conditions, an Alpino who was *not* singing; for to him — to all Italian soldiers, indeed — song furnishes the principal channel of outward expression of the spirit within him. And what a spirit it is! He sings as he works, he sings as he plays, he sings as he fights, and — many a tale is told of how this or that comrade has been seen to go down with a song on his lips — he sings as he dies. He soothes himself with song, he beguiles himself with song, he steadies himself with song, he exalts himself with song.

It is not song as the German knows it, not the ponderous marching chorus that the Prussian Guard thunders to order in the same way that it thumps through its goose-step; but rather a simple burst of song that is as natural and spontaneous as the soaring lark's greeting to the rising sun.

Discipline of any kind is more or less irksome to the high-spirited Alpino, but he manages to struggle along under it with tolerable goodwill so long as it is plain to him that the military exigencies really demand it. But the one thing that he really chafes under is the prohibition to sing. This is, of course, quite imperative when he is on scouting or patrol-work, or engaged in one of the incessant surprise attacks which form so important a feature of Alpine warfare. He was wont to sing as he climbed in those distant days when he scaled mountains for the love of it; and, somehow, a sort of reflex action seems to have been established between the legs and the vocal chords that makes it extremely awkward to work the one without the other. If the truth could be told, indeed, probably not a few half-consummated *coups de main* would be found to have been nearly marred by a joyous burst of 'unpremeditated melody' on the part of some spirited Alpino who succumbed to the force of habit.

I was witness of a rather amusing incident illustrative of the difficulty that even the officer of Alpini experiences in denying himself vocal expression, not only when it is strictly against regulations, but even on occasions when, both by instinct and experience, he knows that 'breaking into song' is really dangerous. It had to do with passing a certain exposed point in the Cadore at a time when there was every reason to fear the incidence of heavy avalanches. Your real Alpino has tremendous respect for the snow-slide, but

no fear. He has — especially since the war — faced death in too many really disagreeable forms to have any dread of what must seem to him the grandest and most inspiring finish of the lot — the one end which he could be depended upon to pick if ever the question of alternatives were in the balance. In the matter of the avalanche, as in most other things, he is quite fatalistic. If a certain *valanga* is meant for him, what use trying to avoid it? if it is not meant for him, what use taking precautions? All the precautions will be vain against *your* avalanche; all of them will be superfluous as regards the ones *not* for you.

It chanced, however, that this comforting Oriental philosophy entered not into the reckoning of the Italian General Staff when it laid its plans for minimizing unnecessary casualties; and so, among other precautionary admonitions, the order went out that soldiers passing certain exposed sections, designated by boards bearing the warning *Pericoloso di Valanga*, should not raise the voice above a speaking tone, and, especially, that no singing should be indulged in. This is, of course, no more than sensible, for a shout, or a high-pitched note of song, may set going just the vibrations of air needed to start a movement on the upper slopes of a mountain side which will culminate in launching a million tons of snow all the way across the lower valley. The Alpino has observed the rule as best he could, — probably saving not a few of his numbers thereby, — but the effort is one that at times tries his stout spirit almost to the breaking point.

On the occasion I have in mind it was necessary for us, in order to reach a position I especially desired to visit, to climb diagonally across something like three quarters of a mile of the swath of one of the largest and most

treacherous slides on the whole Alpine front. There had been a great avalanche here every year from time out of mind, usually preceded by a smaller one early in the winter. The preliminary slide had already occurred at the time of my visit, and, as the early winter storms had been the heaviest in years, the accumulated snows made the major avalanche almost inevitable on the first day of a warm wind. Such a day, unluckily, chanced to be the only one available for my visit to the position in question. Although it was in the first week in January, the eaves of the houses in the little Alpine village where the colonel quartered had been dripping all night, and even in the early morning the hard-packed snow of the trail was turning soft and slushy when we left our sledge on the main road and set out on foot.

We passed two or three sections marked off by the 'Pericoloso' signs, without taking any special precautions; and, even when we came to the big slide, the young major responsible for seeing the venture through merely directed that we were to proceed by twos (there were four of us), with a 300-metre interval between, walking as rapidly as possible and not doing any unnecessary talking. That was all. There were no dramatics about it — only the few simple directions that were calculated to minimize the chances of 'total loss' in case the slide did become restive. How little this young officer had to learn about the ways of avalanches I did not learn till that evening, when his colonel told me that he had been buried, with a company or two of his Alpini, not long previously, and escaped the fate of most of the men only through having been dug out by his dog.

The major, with the captain from the Comando Supremo who had been taking me about the front, went on

ahead, leaving me to follow, after five minutes had gone by, with a young lieutenant, a boy so full of bubbling mountain spirits that he had been dancing all along the way and warbling 'Rigoletto' to the tree-tops. Even as we waited he would burst into quick snatches of song, each of which was ended with a gulp as it flashed across his mind that the time had come to clamp on the safety-valve.

When his wrist-watch told us that it was time to follow on, the lad clapped his eagle-feather hat firmly on his head, set his jaw, fixed his eyes grimly on the trail in front of him, and strode off into the narrow passage that had been cut through the towering bulk of the slide. From the do-or-die expression on his handsome young face one might well have imagined that it was the menace of that engulfing mass of poised snow which was weighing him down, and such, I am sure, would have been my own impression had this been my first day among the Alpini. But by now I had seen enough of Italy's mountain soldiers to know that this one was as disdainful of the valanga as the valanga was of him; and that the crushing burden on his mind at that moment was only the problem how to negotiate that next kilometre of beautiful snow-walled trail without telling the world in one glad burst of song after another how wonderful it was to be alive and young, and climbing up nearer at every step to those glistening snow-peaks whence his comrades had driven the enemy headlong but a few months before, and whence, perchance, they would soon move again to take the next valley and the peaks beyond it in their turn. If he had been alone, slide or no slide, orders or no orders, he would have shouted his gladness to the high heavens, come what might; but as it was, with a more or less helpless foreigner on his hands, and within hearing of his

superior officer, it was quite another matter.

It was really very interesting going through that awakening valanga, — so my escorting captain told me when we rejoined him and the major under a sheltering cliff at the farther side, — especially in the opportunity that the cutting through of the trail gave to study a cross-section of the forest that had been folded down by the sliding snow. Indeed, they had told me in advance of this strange sight, and I had really had it in mind to look out for these up-ended and crumpled pine trees. Moreover, it is quite probable that I did let the corner of an eye rove over them in a perfunctory sort of way; but the fact remains that the one outstanding recollection I have of that thousand-yard-wide pile of hair-poised snow is of the hunched shoulders and comically set face of my young guide as revealed to me when he doubled the zigzags of the tortuous trail that penetrated it.

Time and again, as his eyes would wander to where the yellow light-motes shuttled down through the tree-tops to the snow-cap on the brow of the cliff toward which we toiled, I would hear the quick catch of his breath as, involuntarily, he sucked it in, to release it in a ringing whoop of gladness, only — recollecting in time — to expel it again with a wheezy snort of disgust. For the last two or three hundred yards, by humming a plaintive little love lilt through his nose, he hit upon a fairly innocuous compromise which seemed to serve the desired purpose of releasing the accumulating pressure slowly without blowing off the safety-valve. When we finally came out on the unthreatened expanse of the glacial moraine above, he unleashed his pent-up gladness in a wild peal of exultation that must have sent its bounding echoes caroming up to the solitary pinnacle of

the *massif* still in the hands of the slipping Austrians.

That afternoon, as it chanced, the teleferica to the summit, after passing the captain and myself up safely, went on a strike while the basket containing the young lieutenant was still only at the first stage of its long crawl, and he had full opportunity to make up, vocally, for lost time. It was an hour before the cable was running smoothly again, and by then it was time, and more than time, for us to descend if we were to reach the lower valley before nightfall. I found my young friend warbling blithely on the teleferica terrace when I crawled out at the lower end, apparently no whit upset by the way his excursion had been curtailed.

‘What did you do while you were stuck up there in the basket?’ I hastened to ask him; for being stalled midway on a teleferica cable at any time in the winter is an experience that may well develop into something serious. I had already heard recitals — in the quiet matter-of-fact Alpini way — of the astonishing feats of aerial acrobatics that had been performed in effecting rescues in such instances, and, once or twice, grim allusions to the tragic consequences when the attempted rescues had failed.

‘Oh, I just sang for a while,’ was the laughing reply in Italian; ‘and then, when it began to get cold up there, I dropped over on to the snow and slid down here to get warm.’

I have not yet been able to learn just how far it was that he had to drop before he struck the snow; but, whatever the distance, I am perfectly certain that he kept right on singing all the way.

III

As regards the spirits of the Alpini, song is a barometer; as regards their health, a thermometer. An experienced

officer will judge the mental or physical condition of one of his men by noting the way he is singing, or refraining from singing, just as a man determines his dog's condition by feeling its nose to see if it is hot or cold. I remember standing for a half hour on the wind-swept summit of a lofty Trentino pass, with a distinguished major-general who had taken me out that afternoon in his little mountain-climbing motor to give me an idea of how the winter road was kept clear in a blizzard. The wind was driving through the notch of the pass at fifty miles an hour; the air was stiff with falling and drifting snow; and it was through the narrowed holes in our *capuchos* that we watched a battalion filing by on its way from the front-line trenches to the plains for a spell of rest in billets. Packs and cloaks were crusted an inch thick with frozen snow, eyebrows were frosted, beards and moustaches iced; but, man after man (though sometimes, as a wind-blast swallowed the sound, one could only guess it by the rhythmically moving lips), they marched singing. Now and then, as the drifts permitted, they marched in lusty choruses of twos and threes; but for the most part each man was warbling on his own, many of them probably simply humming improvisations, giving vocal expression to their thoughts.

Suddenly the general stepped forward and, tapping sharply with his Alpenstock on the ice-stiff skirt of one of the marchers, brought him to a halt. The frost-rimmed haloes fringing the puckered apertures in the two hoods came close together and there was a quick interchange of question and answer between wind-muffled mouths. Then, with a clumsy pat of admonition, the general shoved the man back into the passing line.

'That boy was n't singing,' he roared into my ear in response to my look

of interrogation as he stepped back into the drift beside me. 'Knew something was wrong, so stopped him and asked what. Said he got thirsty — ate raw snow — made throat sore. Told him it served him quite right — an Arab from Tripoli would know better 'n to eat snow.'

Three or four times more in the quarter hour that elapsed before the heightening storm drove us to the shelter of a *rifugio* the general stopped men whose face or bearing implied that there was no song on their lips or in their hearts, and in each instance it transpired that something was wrong. One man confessed to having discarded his flannel abdominal bandage a couple of days before, and was developing a severe case of dysentery as a perfectly natural consequence of the chill which followed; another had just been kicked by a passing mule; and a third had received word that morning that his newly born child was dead and its mother dangerously ill. The two former were shoved none too gently back into line with what appeared to be the regulation prescription in such cases: 'Serves you right for your carelessness'; but I thought I saw a note slipped into the third man's hand as the general pressed it in sympathy and promised to see that leave should be arranged for at once.

I was no less struck by the efficacy of this novel system of diagnosis than by the illuminative example its workings presented of the paternal attitude of even the highest of the Alpini officers toward the least of the men under them.

But it is not only the buoyant Alpini who pour out their souls in song. The Italian soldier, no matter from what part of the country he comes or on what sector of the front he is stationed, can no more work or fight without singing than he can without eating.

Indeed, a popular song that is heard all along the front relates how, for some reason or other, an order went out to the army that there was to be no more singing in the trenches, and how a soldier, protesting to his officer, exclaimed, 'But, captain, if I cannot sing I shall die of sadness; and surely it is better that I should die fighting the enemy than that I should expire of a broken heart!'

On many a drizzly winter morning, motoring past the painted Sicilian carts which form so important a feature of the Italian transport on the broken hills of the Isonzo front, I noted with sheer astonishment that the drivers were far and away likelier to be singing than swearing at the mules. To one who has driven mules, or even lived in a country where mules are driven, I shall not need to advance any further evidence of the Sicilian soldier's love of song.

And on that stony trench-torn plateau of the Carso, where men live in caverns under the earth and where the casualties are multiplied two- or three-fold by the fragments of explosive-shattered rock; even there, on this deadliest and most repulsive of all the battle-fronts of Armageddon, the lilt-ing melodies of sunny southern Italy — punctuated, but never for long interrupted, by the shriek and detonation of Austrian shells — are heard on every hand.

There was a trio of blithe rock-breakers that furnished me with one of the most grimly amusing impressions of my visit. It was toward the end of December, and Captain G——, the indefatigable young officer who had me in charge, arranged a special treat in the form of a visit to a magnificent observation-post on the brink of a hill which the Italians had wrested from the Austrians in one of their late advances. We picked our way across

some miles of this shell-churned and still uncleared battlefield, and ate our lunch of sandwiches on the parapet of a trench from which one could follow, with only a few breaks, the course of the Austrian lines in the hills beyond Gorizia, to where they melted into the marshes fringing the sea.

'There's only one objection to this vantage-point,' remarked the captain, directing his glass along the lower fringe of the clouds that hung low on the opposite hills. 'Unless the weather is fairly thick one is under the direct observation of the Austrians over there for close to an hour, both going and coming. It would hardly be pleasant to come up here if the visibility were really good.'

And at that psychological moment the clouds began to lift, the sun came out, and, taking advantage of the first good gunnery weather that had offered for a long time, the artillery of both sides opened up for as lively a bit of practice as any really sober-minded individual could care to be mixed up with. I have seen quieter intervals on the Somme, even during a period when the attack was being sharply pushed. A hulking '305,' which swooped down and obliterated a spiny pinnacle of the ridge a few hundred yards farther along, also swept much of the zest out of the sharpening panorama, and signaled, 'Time to go!' A large-calibre high-explosive shell is a far more fearsome thing when rending a crater in the rock of the Carso than when tossing the soft mud of France.

Work was still going on in the half-sheltered 'sink-holes' that pock-marked the grisly plateau; but on the remains of a cart-road which we followed, and which appeared to be the special object of the Austrians' diversion, none seemed to be in sight save a few scattered individuals actively engaged in getting out

of sight. It was an illuminating example of the way most of the 'natives' appeared to feel about the situation, and we did not saunter any the more leisurely for having had the benefit of it.

We stepped around the riven body of a horse that still steamed from the dying warmth of the inert flesh, and, a little farther on, there was a red puddle in the middle of the road, a black, lazily smoking shell-hole close beside it, with a crisply fresh mound of sod and rock fragments just beyond. A hammer and a dented trench helmet indicated that the man had been cracking up stone for the road when *his* had come.

'One would imagine that they had enough broken stone around here already,' observed Captain G—— dryly, glancing back over his shoulder to where a fresh covey of bursting shell was making the sky-line of the stone wall behind us look like a hedge of pampas plumes in a high wind. 'Hope the rest of these poor fellows have taken to their holes. A little dose like we're getting here is only a good appetizer; to stick it out as a steady diet is quite another matter.'

Half a minute later we rounded a bend in the stone wall we had been hugging, to come full upon what I have always since thought of as the Anvil Chorus — three men cracking rock to metal the surface of a recently filled shell-hole in the road and singing a lusty song to which they kept time with the rhythmic strokes of their hammers. Dumped off in a heap at one side of the road was what may have been the hastily jettisoned cargo of a half-dozen motor-lorries, which had pussy-footed up there under cover of darkness — several hundred trench-bombs, containing among them enough explosive to have lifted the whole mountain-side off into the valley had a shell chanced to nose-dive into their

midst. Two of these stubby little 'winged victories' a couple of the singers had appropriated as work-stools. The third of them sat on the remains of a 'dud 305,' from a broad crack in which a tiny stream of rain-dissolved high explosive trickled out to form a gay saffron pool about his feet. This one was bareheaded, his trench helmet, full of nuts and dried figs, — evidently from a Christmas package, — lying on the ground within reach of all three men.

The sharp roar of the quickening Italian artillery, the deeper booms of the exploding Austrian shells, and the siren-like crescendo of the flying projectiles so filled the air, that it was not until one was almost opposite the merry trio that one could catch the fascinating swing of the iterated refrain.

'A fine song to dance to, that!' remarked Captain G——, stopping and swinging his shoulders to the time of the air. 'You can almost *feel* the beat of it.'

'It strikes me as being still better as a song to march to,' I rejoined meaningly, settling down my helmet over the back of my neck and suiting the action to the word. 'It's undoubtedly a fine song, but it does n't seem to me quite right to tempt a kind Providence by lingering near this young mountain of trench-bombs any longer than is strictly necessary. If that Austrian battery "lifts" another notch, something else is going to lift here, and I'd much rather go down to the valley on my feet than riding on a trench-bomb.'

The roar of the artillery battle flared up and died down by spells, but the steady throb of the Anvil Chorus followed us down the wind for some minutes after another bend in the stone wall cut off our view of the singers. How often I have wondered which ones of that careless trio survived that day, or the next, or the one after that; which,

if any, of them is still beating time on the red-brown rocks of the Carso to the air of that haunting refrain!

I was told that the wounded are sometimes located on the battlefield by their singing; that they not infrequently sing while being borne in on stretchers or transported in ambulances. I had no chance to observe personally instances of this kind, but I did hear, time and time again, men singing in the hospitals, and they were not all convalescents or lightly wounded, either. One brave little fellow in that fine British hospital on the Isonzo front, conducted with such conspicuous success by George Trevelyan and his co-workers, I shall never forget.

An explosive bullet had carried away all four fingers of his right hand, leaving behind it an infection which had run into gaseous gangrene. The stump swelled to a hideous mass, about the shape and size of a ten-pound ham, but the doctors were fighting amputation in the hope of saving the wrist and thumb, to have something to which artificial members might be attached. The crisis was over at the time I visited the hospital, but the whole arm was still so inflamed that the plucky lad had to close his eyes and set his teeth to keep from crying out with agony as the matron lifted the stump to show me the 'beautiful healthy red color' where healing had begun.

The matron had some 'splendid' trench-foot cases to show me farther along, and these, with some interesting experiments in disinfection by irrigation, were engrossing my attention, when a sort of a crooning hum caused me to turn and look at the patient in the bed behind me. It was the 'gaseous gangrene' boy again. We had worked down the next row till we were opposite him once more, and in the quarter hour which had elapsed his nurse had set a basin of disinfectant on his bed

in which to bathe his wound. Into this she had lifted the hideously swollen stump and hurried on to her next patient. And there he lay, swaying the repulsive mass of mortified flesh that was still a part of him back and forth in the healing liquid, the while he crooned a little song to it as a mother rocks her child to sleep as she sings a lullaby.

'He always does that,' said the nurse, stopping for a moment with her hands full of bandages. 'He says it helps him to forget the pain. And there are five or six others: the worse they feel, the more likely they are to try to sing as a sort of diversion. That big chap over there with the beard, — he's a fisherman from somewhere in the South, — he says that when the shooting pains begin in his frozen feet he has to sing to keep from cursing. Says he does n't want to curse before the *forestiere* if it can possibly be helped.'

On one of my last days on the Italian front I climbed to a shell-splintered peak of the Trentino under the guidance of the son of a famous general, a Mercury-footed flame of a lad who was aide-de-camp to the division commander of that sector. Mounting by an interminable teleferica from just above one of the half-ruined towns left behind by the retreating Austrians after their drive of last spring, we threaded a couple of miles of steep zig-zagging trail, climbed a hundred feet of ladder and about the same distance of rocky toe-holds, — the latter by means of a knotted rope and occasional friendly iron spikes, — finally to come out on the summit, with nothing between us and an almost precisely similar Austrian position opposite but a half mile of thin air and the overturned, shrapnel-pitted statue of a saint — doubtless erected in happier

days by the pious inhabitants of — as an emblem of peace and goodwill. An Italian youth who had returned from New York to fight for his country — he had charge of some kind of mechanical installation in a rock-gallery a few hundred feet beneath our feet — climbed up with us to act as interpreter.

To one peering through the crook in the lead-sheathed elbow of the fallen statue, the roughly squared openings of the rock galleries which sheltered an enemy battery seemed well within fair revolver shot; and, indeed, an Alpino sharpshooter had made a careless Austrian gunner pay the inevitable penalty of carelessness only an hour or two before. One could make one's voice carry across without half an effort.

Just before we started to descend, my young guide made a megaphone of his hands, threw his head back, his chest out, and, directing his voice across the seemingly bottomless gulf that separated us from the enemy, sang a few bars of what I took to be a stirring battle-song.

'What is the song the captain sings?' I asked of the New-York-bred youth, whose head was just disappearing over the edge of the cliff as he began to lower himself down the rope. 'Something from *William Tell*, is n't it?'

Young 'Mulberry Street' dug hard for a toe-hold, found it, slipped his right hand up till it closed on a comfortable knot above his head, and then, with left leg and left arm swinging free over a 200-foot drop to the terraces below, shouted back, —

'Not on yer life, mista. De capitan he not singa no song. He just tella de Ostrichun datta Italia, she ready fer him. Datta all.'

I looked down to the valley where line after line of trenches, fronted with a furry brown fringe that I knew to be rusting barbed wire, stretched out of sight over the divides on either hand, and where, for every gray-black geyser of smoke that marked the bursting of an Austrian shell, a half-dozen vivid flame-spurts, flashing out from unguessed caverns on the mountainside, told that the compliment was being returned with heavy interest.

'Yes, Italy is ready for them,' I thought; and whether she has to hold here and there — as she may — in defense, or whether she goes forward all along the line in triumphant offense — whichever it is, the Italian soldier will go out to the battle with a song on his lips, a song that no bullet which leaves the blood pulsing through his veins and breath in his lungs will have power to stop.

A CRITICISM OF THE ALLIED STRATEGY

BY H. SIDEBOTHAM

I

IN an article which appeared in these pages last November the writer argued that the German defeats at Verdun last summer and the dismissal of von Falkenhayn that followed the entry of Roumania into the war marked the definite downfall and disgrace of the old German General Staff. Had the Germans from the beginning concentrated on the East and remained on the defensive on the West, they might have halved their task; by invading Belgium and France they doubled it, and by making England's intervention certain put out-and-out victory beyond their grasp. The succession of Hindenburg to Falkenhayn's place with even greater powers meant that thenceforth German strategy would follow the natural orientation of German political ambitions Eastward; it confirmed the triumph of the Chancellor over Tirpitz, who had been the chief of the western expansionists. On the one side Tirpitz and Falkenhayn, and on the other side the Chancellor and Hindenburg, stood for two opposing schools alike of strategy and of politics, to which, as Clausewitz taught, strategy should hold up the mirror. Up to the late summer of 1916 strategy and politics had been at odds; but then began a new harmony between politics and strategy of which the remarkable victories in Roumania were the first expression, all the more striking because it coincided with a dangerous Allied offensive on the Somme.

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It is early yet to say what bearing the policy which has forced the rupture with the United States has upon the view then expressed. The blockade is a repetition of the crime and blunder of the invasion of Belgium, only in a more extreme form. The soil of Belgium, which Germany violated in her supposed military interest, is the property of one neutral nation only. But the seas whose rights Germany has violated are the common property of all. Of the two similar crimes the second was the grosser. Can we reconcile this second crime with the view of the Chancellor's policy expressed here last November? Has he gone over to the extremists who made England's intervention certain, and who, as Mr. Gerard broadly hinted at the Chamber of Commerce banquet in Berlin, would make the intervention of the United States highly probable if their views prevailed? Or is there some method in this seeming madness, some calculation which leaves the Chancellor's views about German policy and strategy still intact? That remains to be seen.

It does not, however, necessarily follow that Germany's desperate measures at sea will mean a change in her policy on land. Before Christmas it seemed highly probable that the offensive against Roumania would be followed by an offensive against Russia. There is now a considerable element of doubt. The Allied preparations in the West may have impressed the Germans as too alarming, and an offensive against Northern Italy may take the

place of the offensive against Russia, which, if it were to produce decisive results, would have to be carried so far, and would make such heavy demands for troops, that it might leave the Germans an insufficient reserve to deal with a possible break-through on the West. A campaign against Northern Italy, which is so much nearer to France, and, moreover, would not require so many troops, would be free from some of the dangers of an offensive campaign against Russia. However that may be, we may confidently expect the German strategy in the coming campaigns to reflect, as the old strategy did not, the views of the Chancellor about the peace. A strategical defensive in the West (which is not incompatible with a tactical offensive at some points) will have for its political counterpart a peace policy which is prepared to throw over all ideas of territorial gain in the West. On the other hand, a strategical offensive against Russia will have as its obverse a policy that is concerned to deny to Russia Poland and Constantinople, and expects the rare and refreshing fruits of victory to fall in the East.

So much for the mistakes of German strategy in the earlier passages of the war — mistakes so colossal as to make those of the Allies appear trifling by comparison. There has been far too much laudation of German ability in this war. When one considers the vast amount of forethought given by the Germans to the war, and the mobilization for a period of forty years of the best brains of the country toward the one end of military success, and then surveys the results achieved, one is not tempted to envy the Germans for their cleverness, but rather to think how much better the French, the Americans, or the English would have done the job if they had given their mind to it. The Germans in international politics

remind us of the dull schoolboy who, having worked out with immense industry an enormous sum in multiplication and division quite correctly to thirty places of decimals, manages at the end to produce a wildly incorrect result by pointing his decimals two or three places out.

The purpose of this paper, however, is to discuss the mistakes of the Allied strategy, or, at any rate, to present an unfamiliar and unorthodox view of what it might have been. The Allied strategy, too, like that of the Germans, has oscillated between East and West. Russia began the war with an attack on Germany in East Prussia, and in spite of the crushing defeat in the Masurian Lakes she might have continued to put her main offensive strength there. But she did nothing of the kind; instead, she turned against Austria. For Russia the war was primarily a Balkan war, a war of the Turkish Succession. She went on the plan of attacking the weaker member of the hostile coalition — a plan which Germany's prime sin and blunder in invading Belgium and concentrating on the West made very much easier. Not so her Western Allies. Their efforts were directed, not against the weaker members of the hostile coalition, but against its head and front, Germany; their object, unlike Russia's, seemed to be to find where the enemy was strongest and attack there; not to cast about for the decisive point which happened also to be weak.

The first principle of war is to concentrate overwhelming force at a point of such great importance that success or failure there will affect the result of the war; and the weaker the enemy is at this point, the easier it will be to establish indisputable superiority in force. The whole strategical problem was: which was the decisive point? and, if there were more decisive points than

one, at which would the employment of a given amount of effort yield the greatest military return?

Russia answered this question in one way, the Western Allies in another. Russia said Galicia and the Carpathians; the Western Allies said France and Belgium. To one wing of the Allies the war was on its political side a war for priority in the Balkans; to the other wing it was a war against the political philosophy and practice which had made the invasion of Belgium possible. In this view the opposition between policy and strategy which ruined Germany's chances of victory and even destroyed her character in the eyes of the world reappears, although under different forms, in the strategy of the Allies; and though it has not ruined their chances of victory, it has at any rate delayed its arrival.

It will at once be objected that the Allies had no alternative to acting as they did. At the beginning of the war France was attacked by five sixths of the whole military strength of Germany, and five sixths of this five sixths attacked her by way of the neutral territory of Belgium and Luxemburg. What else could the Western Allies do but put their main strength against so formidable a peril? There are those who would go further than this and say that the principal error in the Allied strategy was that they allowed any part of their strength to be diverted to other fields. Turkey, they say, might have been left alone; her offensive power was not very great. Bulgaria, too, must stand or fall with Germany, and every man used against her was an ineffective subtraction from the strength that ought to have been employed against the arch-enemy Germany. Some have gone further even than this, and argued that Russia would have been well-advised to leave Austria alone, to content herself with

parrying her attacks, and even after the terrible defeat in the Masurian Lakes, to return to the attack on East Prussia with new concentrations of men.

This last argument has been put with a good deal of force by Count de Souza in the last of the studies of the campaign which he is writing under the general title of *Germany in Defeat*; and the military correspondent of the London *Times*, Colonel Repington, has consistently pleaded for concentration of our military efforts against Germany, although he has not carried his argument so far as to deprecate the concentration of Russia's offensive effort against Austria. Colonel Repington is believed to express the views of the British General Staff, and the body of opinion in England which agrees with him may still be said to be dominant. The reaction in Germany from the western to the eastern school of strategy and politics has had its counterpart in England; but whereas in Germany the reaction triumphed (except on the sea), in England the official bias is still strongly to the western area.

The first question to be settled, then, is whether the British and French armies had any alternative to distributing their forces in the way that they did; and the answer depends to a very great extent on the view that we take of the battle of the Marne. If we regard it as the greatest strategical victory of the war, we can hardly maintain that the strategy of the Allies was still fettered after it had been won, still condemned to conform to the dispositions of the enemy. The test of a strategic victory is precisely this, that it confers on the victor freedom to make his dispositions as he pleases and not in conformity with the plans of the enemy. The use which the Allies in fact made of the victory of the Marne was to follow up the enemy and to attack him in his new

positions; and as it turned out, this was not a very fruitful use. At the time of the Marne the Allies had possession of Antwerp and Belgian Flanders; both were lost after the Marne. The Allies certainly advanced their line from the Marne to the Aisne and recovered ground in French Flanders; but in the main the territorial gains, even in France, were small; and from the end of 1914 to the present time it is disputable whether the advantage in such small changes as there have been has rested with the Allies or with Germany. When the losses in Belgium are taken into account, the balance of territorial gain since the Marne has certainly been on the side of the enemy. It can hardly be maintained that this is a satisfactory sequel to a battle which was hailed at the time, and with justice, as one of the great victories of history. There must have been an alternative, or the battle of the Marne was not the great victory that the best military opinion has pronounced it to be.

The error of the Allies at this time was the failure to perceive the difference in the standard of strength that is required for a successful offensive and a successful defensive. Because the Allies were strong and clever enough to win the Marne it did not in the least follow that they were capable of doing to the Germans what the Germans had failed so signally to do to them. A cold, calm review of the situation after the Marne would have convinced the Allies that they had no chance of a successful offensive against the Germans in France until they had made preparations which, on the most favorable view, and begun at the earliest possible moment, could not be complete for another eighteen months at least. Those eighteen months need not have been wasted by the Allies. They might have been employed in a defensive campaign in Belgium which would have kept Antwerp

and the sea-coast in our possession. Any surplus of energy that remained might have been employed in the East. The offensives of the Allies in France in 1915 were premature and accomplished no useful end. The theory of 'attrition,' which was invoked by popular writers to justify them, was unscientific, like the practice of unskilled draught-players who, unable to use an advantage they have gained, win the game by giving 'one for one.'

Sir John French undoubtedly has military gifts of a very high order. It was at his request that the sphere of operations of the British army was transferred from the Aisne to Flanders, and it is perhaps not unreasonable to suppose that this was not an idea that suddenly occurred to him, but a reversion to plans of campaign that he may have conceived before he left England. The services of the British Expeditionary Force to the French army during the retreat from the Belgian frontier to the Marne were invaluable; and though they were nothing like so great on the Marne as popular pride supposed them to be, they were not inconsiderable even there. Looking back, however, on the later history of the war in the West, we may doubt whether the most effective place in which our assistance might have been given to the French would not have been in Belgium on the flank of the German advance. Had there been an active British army in Belgium when the battle of the Marne was fought, or even (if we take the permissible view that the battle of the Marne would not have been won without British aid) within a fortnight after that battle, the position of the Germans in Belgium would have been perilous in the extreme.

The popular legend about the Russians in England at this time had its ridiculous side, but showed real insight into the strategy of the situation. Half

a million Russians would no doubt have been better, but 150,000 British would have sufficed to make serious inroads on the German flank and to save the coast of Belgium to the Allies. The victory of Ypres would then have been won in front of Antwerp. With a strong Anglo-Belgian army on the German flank there is every reason to think that the progress of the advance in France in the autumn of 1914 would have been not less but greater than it actually was. We could then have fallen back on the defensive until such time as we had equipped ourselves with the resources necessary for a successful offensive; and the position of the Germans, with an army between them and the Belgian coast, would have been one of such peril that they would have been compelled to keep up their numbers. In such a position the strategic initiative would have passed into our hands. It is one of the proofs of Mr. Churchill's strategic insight that he did realize very early the tremendous advantage of some such position as this. Half a million from beginning to end should have sufficed to keep these advantages in our hands, though not, of course, to press them to decisive victory.

Having thus established ourselves in a defensive position full of the most alarming possibilities for the enemy, we should then have been free, while developing our resources, to look round for a field in which we might take the initiative more easily and at less cost than in France. There were three such areas: two in Turkey and the other in the Balkans.

II

If the danger caused by the entry of Turkey into the war were to be regarded through British spectacles, the area indicated was clearly Syria, with or without Mesopotamia. When Turkey became an enemy the foundations

of our whole Eastern policy suddenly gave way. For more than a century we had supported her, because an independent and friendly Turkey was supposed to be necessary to the safety of our Indian Empire. Turkey was the buffer state between that Empire and Russia, and the first and main effect of her hostility, so far as England was concerned, was that the communications through Egypt were endangered. The surest way of defending Egypt and the communications with India was by attacking the communications of Turkey with the East. Turkey has only two routes to the East that matter — one along the northern shores of Asia Minor leading to Armenia, which was clearly the concern of Russia; the other through the Cilician Gates into Syria, and this was clearly our concern. A quite small military effort, made as soon as Turkey declared against us, would have given us Alexandretta and prevented Turkey from using the Bagdad railway and from reinforcing Syria with troops or munitions. Under these circumstances a serious attack on Egypt would have been quite out of the question. There might have been two supplements to this plan. If Akabah had been seized, we should not only have secured this flank of Egypt against attack but we should have cut Turkey's communications with Arabia by the Hedjaz railway. It might also have been convenient to seize the head of the Persian Gulf up to the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates; but this campaign had no urgency. Can it be doubted that the cutting of Turkey's railway communications with the East would have been infinitely more useful, not only to ourselves, but to the cause of the Allies as a whole, than, say, the dubious victory of Neuve Chapelle?

A second alternative would have been the forcing of the Dardanelles and

the capture of Constantinople. If the first of the plans that are now being outlined would have insured the safety of Egypt and of the communications with India, and the defeat of Germany's Bagdad railway schemes, the success of this second plan, by opening communications into Russia and breaking the blockade under which Russia was suffering, might perhaps have saved her from the heavy defeats of 1915, and would in any case have dealt a fatal blow at Germany's ambitions in Turkey — a blow that would have been a dramatically just retribution for the criminal folly of the General Staff in invading Belgium. Begun early and without the distraction of a premature offensive in the West, this enterprise would not have been impossible of accomplishment; and success would also have saved Serbia by preventing Bulgaria from taking the side of Germany.

A third alternative — though much more difficult of accomplishment — would have been so to strengthen Serbia that she not only could have resisted invasion, but might have developed an offensive against Hungary. This plan would have fitted in with the Russian strategy of concentration against Austria; it would have been invaluable if Roumania had come in early; and if our positions had been well established, it would have saved Roumania when she did come in. But the practical difficulties might very well have been insuperable, and this alternative cannot compare in attractiveness with the first and second.

The paradox of the whole business is that, while any one of these alternatives would have served and accomplished results far greater than any which were obtained on the West, and at far less cost, we should have tried all three in succession and each in a way that could not succeed. The first alternative we

adopted in the form of a campaign in Mesopotamia which did not protect Egypt, and, so long as Turkey was free to reinforce her local troops by the Bagdad railway, was most unlikely to reach any decisive results. The Dardanelles campaign, again, was ruined partly by bad management, but mainly by a strange lack of appreciation of the great prize for which we were working. Mr. Churchill was one of the very few Englishmen who realized that the logical sequence of the Marne victory was, first, the defense of Belgian Flanders, and after that a vigorous offensive, not against the strongest part of the enemy's defenses but against the weakest point at which victory would have given decisive results. This was, undoubtedly, Constantinople. Such a prize, once we had entered for it, was worth every man that we could spare after the defense of our lines in the West had been made secure.

Finally, after the failure of the second alternative, the third was tried under circumstances that insured failure from the very outset. It would have been at least an intelligible though not a wise policy to refuse at the outset to have anything to do with an Eastern campaign of offense and to confine all our offensive efforts to the West. It would have been equally intelligible, and productive under wise direction of immensely important, perhaps decisive, results, to confine ourselves on the West to a strict policy of defense, and to throw ourselves with all the vigor of which we were capable on the weak easterly wing of the hostile coalition. But the policy actually adopted, of attempting simultaneous offensives on both East and West fronts, was doomed to failure from the outset. Either West or East, — East rather than West, because not only was the offensive less difficult there, but success would bring us nearer to decisive results, — but not

both East and West at the same time.

It is interesting to speculate as to what would have happened if England had waged this war on the lines of Chatham's strategy, which was to avoid taking part in the main clash of European armies, except to supply money and munitions; to use the power of the fleet to the utmost; and to use the army only as an adjunct to the fleet in colonial operations or in such military enterprises on the Continent as were peninsular in character and could be waged on a system of strictly limited military liability. Some modification of this system would clearly have been necessary in view of pledges given by England in the military conversations with France that continued for years before the war; and as things were we had no alternative until after the battle of the Marne. But when that battle had been won, there were no valid objections to a reversion to Chatham's principles of strategy.

These principles would probably have dictated a defensive campaign for Antwerp and the Belgian coast, because our naval problems were greatly complicated by their loss. They would certainly have dictated a war against Germany in Turkey, like Chatham's wars against France in India and Canada. It is not impossible that, had this policy been adopted, the year 1915, or at least 1916, would have been as great in English history as 1757, the year of Plassey, or 1759, which saw the fall of Quebec. The element of doubt is whether France, if she had not had the British reinforcements that went to her in 1915 and 1916, would have been able to hold her defensive lines. The strong probability is that she would, though under such circumstances there could be no question of her attempting the offensive. But did she in fact gain anything by the premature offensives of 1915 and 1916? Were these not in

fact an extravagant use of her manpower? There were many Frenchmen who thought so. On August 13 M. Painlevé addressed to the President a memorandum embodying the unanimous resolutions of the three principal committees of the French Chamber, the Committees for War, for the Navy, and for Foreign Affairs. He gave an account of this memorandum in a speech to the Chamber shortly after the resignation of M. Delcassé, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. The following were its concluding words:—

'Seeing that all delays and all setbacks increase the danger and that the issue of the war is bound up with the taking of Constantinople, we ask the Government to take the urgent measures that the circumstances demand and to organize an expedition that will ensure the fall of Constantinople.

'These considerations and conclusions represent the attention and deliberation of two months.'

If the most responsible and informed members of the French Chamber could take this view, — men who would certainly feel to their innermost fibre the passionate desire to see the hated enemy ejected from the soil of France, — Englishmen can hardly plead that it was the necessity of France which prevented them from making their offensive effort in the East rather than in the West. On the contrary, the premature offensives in the West, though they were inspired by a very deep and sincere regard for France, were a very dubious service to her. The true direction of our best service to France may well have been along the lines of the traditional British strategy as laid down by Chatham. It is even possible that in this way the war might have been brought to a successful close without any breach with that other British tradition of voluntary service.

Lost opportunities in war never re-

turn, and it must not be supposed that what was sound strategy in 1915 and 1916, is, therefore, sound in 1917. The submarine campaign and the shortage of shipping tonnage have made it impossible to revive the idea of an Eastern campaign, at any rate in the form which might in former years have led to decisive results. England has deliberately chosen the West as her field of main military activity and there is now no departing from that decision. What happened in 1915 and 1916 will presently pass to receive the judgment of history. This judgment will turn on the rivalry between the Eastern and Western schools, which with us, as with Germany, has been pivotal. It is an interesting question for the United States, which, if the war lasts, may wish to make the most effective use of their military power; and it is worth remembering that there are no submarines in the Pacific and Indian Oceans.

But how, if we take the view that the East would have been the more profitable field of England's military effort, are we to explain the obstinate attachment of the British General Staff to the Western theatre? In the case of Germany the cause was the existence of a government within the government, a General Staff under the influence of the Crown Prince and his clique, which was disloyal to the official foreign policy and allowed political prejudice and the force of dull unimaginative conservatism to interfere with its natural expression in war strategy. No such causes were at work in England. But there were other causes, all honorable and natural, which distorted the nation's judgment. There is no such thing in history as a pure military problem, except perhaps in the narrower field of tactics. War is applied politics, and therefore, if we wish to understand the causes of success or

failure in war, we must usually expect to find it in political conditions.

Three sets of causes may be distinguished for the preference given to the Western field alike in the minds of the people and in the official policy of the country — the popular causes, the professional, and the political.

Chief among what we have called the popular causes was misjudgment of the part played by the British army in the defense of France. It was very distinguished, but the vulgar idea that the main work of defending France from her enemies was performed by the handful of men who formed the first Expeditionary Force was, of course, ridiculously wide of the mark. Further, popular opinion, full of an exaggerated idea of the part that the British army had played in resisting the first invasion, failed to distinguish between the standard necessary for defense and the much greater standard required for a successful offense. The two ideas of defending France from invasion and of ejecting the invaders were in reality sharply contrasted; a wholly different set of considerations applied to the two cases. But the popular mind glided insensibly from the one to the other, unconscious of the depth of the gulf that lay between them. Finally, the mismanagement of the Eastern campaigns prejudiced the popular mind against them. They failed to distinguish between the grandeur of the idea of the Dardanelles expedition and the paltriness of the support that was given to it, and the not infrequent inefficiency of its execution. They judged by results, and by results, which were lamentable enough, the Eastern school stood condemned. Among English politicians Mr. Churchill was distinguished by the soundness, and even the brilliancy, of his views of strategy. Yet in the course of his advocacy of the Eastern school of strategy he became involved in the

failures of the Dardanelles expedition, and most unjustly lost his political influence in consequence.

The professional causes can be stated quite summarily. Every soldier who is worth anything thinks the campaign in which he happens to be engaged to be far more important than any other. The campaign in France, even at the end of the first three months, was much the most serious that the British army had ever been engaged in. It was natural, therefore, that the professional interest and 'pull' (if that word is not misunderstood) of the Western campaign were vastly greater than those of any of its rivals.

And lastly, there were the political causes. Opinion in England was very slow to understand the real political causes that made the war; and no wonder, for Germany had done her best to obscure them by invading Belgium and concentrating on the West. Nine men out of ten interpreted Germany's strategy as proof of a deep design on this country. It is very arguable that the turn of England might have come next; but it is none the less true that Germany did not begin the invasion of Belgium and France in order to strike at England. If we can disentangle the political causes of the war from the moral and personal causes, they are to be found almost exclusively in the East. Germany wanted to have the reversion of Turkey. That was why Serbia, the bridge-head between the Central Allies and the East, mattered so much. British opinion, official as well as popular, was slow to understand that, or to realize that Germany's ambition to possess a great empire in the East threatened to alter the moorings of British foreign policy for the past hundred years.

So far from opposing these German ambitions, — at any rate in the form

in which they had been revealed before the war, — England had been on the whole rather sympathetic. She had placed no obstacle in the way of the Bagdad railway scheme; on the contrary an agreement with regard to it between England and Germany had been initialed, though not signed, a few months before the war broke out. Further, English opinion was slower still to understand that there might be opposition between the Chancellor's politics and the strategy of the General Staff. With regard to Balkan politics England's part had been that of a mediator. She had certainly not been anti-German in the conferences that followed the Balkan wars, and for this among other reasons she had declined, in the earlier stages of the dispute, while it was still an issue between Russia and Germany, and before France and Belgium had become involved, to declare herself in regard to the Balkans.

To official England the determining cause of England's participation in the war was France and Belgium; to unofficial England it was Belgium alone. The entry of Turkey into the war later, struck English people rather as an eccentricity of politics than as a fact that might have been foreseen from the first. Similarly, official England fought desperately against the idea that Bulgaria would come in against us. With British attention fixed so firmly on the West it was not surprising that at the first a persistently false view of the real causes of the war was taken in England, and that not only by popular judgment. It took Englishmen a long time before they could be induced to turn their heads away from France and Belgium; and when they did turn round in good earnest, the time had almost gone by when they could take decisive action elsewhere.

WAITING

THE war has brought America great prosperity. Some hundreds of our citizens have gained great fortunes, some thousands have two dollars to spend where once one sufficed. A hundred millions of us, it is true, have to pay half as much again for the necessities of life. But the sense of money is everywhere. The papers teem with the printed billions of the stock market, and editors flatter their readers with the massive figures of our export trade. This prosperity is neither our fault nor our merit. It arises from circumstances which give us, as a people, acute unhappiness. Not unnaturally, the contrast between the misery of Europe and the overflowing garners of America wins for us foreign envy and dislike. Not unnaturally, it rouses repugnance in the breasts of many onlookers at home. It is not nice to batten on suffering surpassing all the horror which the civilized world has known. It is not nice, and, though the situation is not of our own making, it is not comfortable.

But comfortable or not, the situation has been a test of character. England was driven to make her great decision within three days, while we for almost as many years have been left to find ourselves, swayed by fresh argument, now forward, now back. We have been confronted by a question as difficult to solve morally as intellectually. The steep and thorny way no longer seems to lead straight to certain right, nor the smooth and easy path to wrong. The needle points no longer to the pole. We have hesitated, perplexed. Our critics — and the bitterest of all our critics are Americans like the rest of us — say we are complacent.

They go further. They say that money is our single goal. Some of them go further still. They say, God help them! that we are content to have the war go on so long as we are paid for it!

It is idle to refute such slander. These are times which heat the blood, and words say more than they mean. But the bitter things Americans have said of America have done more to hurt the understanding of this country by Europe than any single cause. I do not refer to the expression of opinion as to our duty. That is the right of every citizen. I do not refer to any argument of policy or of honor; but I do condemn the constant and virulent indictment of a nation by its own citizens on charges of cowardice and covetousness.

They do not know America. Slow to think, in spite of business training, half-educated in spite of public school, taught for a hundred years to look on Europe as another world, drawing our blood from a score of neutralizing strains, with a passion for peace half sentimental, deeply religious, we were dumbfounded at the first shock of arms. Germany we only vaguely understood. Intellectually, we distrusted her, because in the long warfare between religion and science she had become the stark exemplar of the ultimate and uncompromising faith in material power. Politically, we knew that she was the proximate cause of the war, but we knew that back of that cause were a hundred others; and that centuries of ambition, intrigue, and pillage had left no nation in Europe with a clean inheritance. But when the rape of Belgium came, our sympathies were fixed. The Lusitania massacre, the

butcheries of Armenia, and organized piracy on the high seas made our judgment certain. It was not the cause but the method of the war which made our assurance sure. To Americans, a Teuton victory could only mean in Europe the subversion of everlasting right.

And, as the nation felt, so felt the leader. Trained in English thought, with British blood flowing through him, his mind and spirit disciplined by Burke and Wordsworth, every consideration of birth and education urged him to sympathize with the Allies. But Mr. Wilson was President of the greatest neutral nation. He shared to the full the common American belief that the world can no longer progress except through peace. And the United States, a world in miniature where the nations have joined together as a single people in a supreme experiment in the art of living together, can alone provide a common clearing-house for the discussion of a world-wide pact. As spokesman for America, the President kept the peace and offered, in all sincerity, his offices to the belligerents.

The war dragged its intolerable length along. The President realized, though the public did not, that Germany would not keep permanently the pledges that she had made in regard to neutral lives. Private reports from Germany assured him that submarines were building in the yards of Hamburg and Kiel on a scale which dwarfed all precedent, while the declining morale of the German armies on the western front, and the increasing intensity of suffering among the civilian populations of the Central Powers alike indicated that her submarine campaign would in time be stripped of the last vestige of restriction. The President made an announcement which seemed to wake us from a century of sleep. 'This is the last war,' he said in effect, 'in which the United States can remain

neutral.' Scarcely had the reverberation of that celebrated speech died down when we began to perceive, even the traditionalists among us, that the time when the United States must cease to be neutral was not in the next war, but *now*.

The realization came slowly. It was helped by the interchange of peace terms which the President secured from the belligerents — Berlin's windy words, and the set terms of the Allies. It gathered momentum as the flood of public opinion flowed silently between those who would fight from hate of Germany, and those who would not fight to save the future of the world. The Militarists reviled the Pacifists, and the Pacifists vilified the Militarists, while all the time the country was making up its mind aloof from both.

In a simpler world it once took two to make a quarrel, but at this juncture it cannot seriously be maintained that Germany desires to fight the United States. She has tried to hoodwink neutral nations with the panacea of peace in a world German-shaped and German-led, and she has failed. Her people are suffering acutely and losing confidence in the war. In times of crisis, an autocracy must be dramatic; and now that victories on land are no longer ripe for the harvest, Germany is obliged to continue her undersea warfare, or accept temporary stalemate and the inevitable end.

This compulsion the President appreciated. Sooner or later, the resumption of the unrestricted warfare upon commerce was bound to come, and with it the end of American neutrality. But, whether she fought or whether she kept the peace, America could have but one object — the world must be made and kept a decent place to live in. She could not join the Allies in the unrestricted sense. After one hundred and forty years of blessed isolation, she

could not scrap the Great Experiment and snare herself in the web no nation of Europe has ever torn herself free from. It was the President's duty to interpret America to Americans, and to the world, and to make plain on what terms the nation would cast aside the remnants of its own security for the world's sake. Such was the message that the President brought to the Senate, outlining the League of Nations and stating succinctly and dramatically the things for which America was willing to fight. It was a peace message, for Germany had not yet committed herself irrevocably to the policy of destroying and destruction. But the President knew that the crisis was upon us, and only wished this nation and all the nations of the earth to realize that his speech was no expression of personal opinion, but that the deliberate conscience of the United States had spoken through his lips.

The time will come when that speech will be familiar in the mouths of boys, and when, on the last day of school, it will be volleyed through the serried ranks of parents, while the smiling superintendent waits for the wide-collared orator to shout with upraised hand the final phrase: 'These are American principles, American policies. We could stand for no others, and yet they are the principles and policies of forward-looking men and women everywhere, of every modern nation, of every enlightened community. They are the principles of mankind and must prevail.'

The bare idea that the time is approaching when the United States must play her full part in the world, broke startlingly upon the great mass of Americans. Two years had brought the nation far on its journey, but till now the goal had not been in plain sight. The President's speech had the great advantage that it still, in the public

mind, was a discussion of theory. No act seemed contemplated, and the debate was unprejudiced by the responsibility of immediate decision. The country pondered, and began to understand.

Informed observers expected that the German onslaught would come in the spring; but it was on the first day of February that the Imperial government finally threw down the gage. America's part was already taken: the German ambassador was dismissed, and the final preparations begun.

Very, very slowly it has all come to pass. The breach in public opinion which, two years ago, cut to the heart of the nation, has narrowed steadily, till the chasm has become a crack. Even on the surface there is less of discord and more of purpose, for in the midst of noisy confusion of thought and speech, certain truths stand distinctly out. In the forefront is the conviction which comes to candid minds that nothing has been left undone to keep an honorable peace. For the first time a great nation has not allowed itself to consider insult a cause for war. The phrase which is a commonplace of democratic civilization, 'There are times when a nation is too proud to fight,' has been lent pith and meaning by resolute refusal to permit the impudence of an ambassador or the crass insolence of the government which accredited him, to make one hundred and seventy million people suffer the consequences of their brutal manners. And worse, infinitely, than any speech, was borne with only solemn warning. Long and harshly has Germany abused our patience, but that sufferance has not been lost. As we confront this conflict, every American knows that what could be borne has been borne, and patience (the spirit of history called by another name) has taken for us, as a people, a new significance. We feel its influence in the

righteousness of a cause which it has guided, and in the power of a nation which it has unified.

And another thing which stands forth in relief is this. In a war involving the nations of five continents, the United States alone fights without expectation, without desire for reward other than the common security of the seven seas. For herself alone she demands absolutely nothing. She enters the struggle purely for a world idea. France, most heroic of nations, fights for her life; Russia for power; Italy and Roumania for territory; unhappy Serbia and Belgium because their rights as nations are destroyed; England because her empire, even her existence, is at stake; the Central Powers, from a coarse mingling of fear and greed; but if we fight, we fight because a world ordered like this one is intolerable to all, remote and near. In such a world, security, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are forever impossible. Thus the isolation which has kept physical guard over us for a century still protects us morally on the threshold of war. Though the last barriers of space are broken down, our minds are insulated from the passion wrought by fear. Among us as a people there is no hatred of Germany, because there is no terror of Germany. With all our indignation at the monstrous crimes of the war, we are curiously dispassionate, ready in the extremest cases to make some allowance, still feeling, in Lincoln's phrase, charity for all.

What, then, is our plain duty? Militarily, on joining the Allies, we must join them wholeheartedly, completely. Our navy must be their navy, and our vast edifice of cash and credit must double their resources at a single stroke. This does not mean that we must sign their treaties, intrench ourselves within their new tariff walls, further their ambitions, and for a full generation beyond all lives now living, live at enmity

with the nations of middle Europe. Yet it might well mean a league between the great and sympathetic democracies of the modern world, Great Britain, France, and the United States — a league open in future to any nation which should subscribe to the covenant of peace and assume the responsibility of enforcing it. To such a treaty of universal promise the United States might indeed be party. By singular paradox, it seems given to us to fight Germany that her people may be saved; to help the Allies, not to Berlin and Vienna, but to peace and security. We Americans shall remember that a majority of Social Democrats in the Reichstag is worth more to civilization than a dozen victories on the Somme front. We shall not forget that it is the practical expression of American sympathy and the support of American conviction which will hearten the democratic masses of Britain to stand firm for a peace of moderation, whereby no nation shall be deprived of the essentials of national self-government and self-respect. We have not suffered the long agony of Europe; we are spared the fury born of hopelessness of heart. By every consideration of blessed fortune, of creed, of understanding of the past, of hope for the future, we must be wise, moderate, never ceasing to seek, at the opportune time, for a negotiated peace that will lead to Peace.

As these lines are written, the word is not yet spoken, the deed is not yet done. But the long, slow waiting, the wrestling of the spirit within us, has for many of us made the sense of physical ease, of immunity from the world's torture, almost intolerable. For such a war as this, there can be no 'moral equivalent.' In a dull and blunted sense, we feel that longing the disciples felt when they beheld the Master on the tree, and longed to hang there by his side. Our hearts and minds are sick with fever

which only the letting of our blood may heal. Please God, we shall, in this fight, forget ourselves, keep free from the wild hates of the moment, remembering only the long years ahead and the generations which must be reared in a

world not weighted and balanced by opposing forces, but wrought into the common fabric of a civilization without fissure and without strain.

E.S.

March 1, 1917.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

TO BORE OR NOT TO BORE

'TAKE me away,' said Thomas Carlyle, when silence settled for a moment over a dinner-table where one diner had been monologuing to the limit of boredom, 'for God's sake take me away, and put me in a room by myself and give me a pipe of tobacco!'

Little as we may otherwise resemble Carlyle, many of us have felt this emotion; and some realize (although the painful suspicion comes from a mind too analytical for its own comfort) that we may have occasioned it. Carlyle defined the feeling when he said, 'To sit still and be pumped into is never an exhilarating process.' But pumping is different. How often have I myself, my adieus seemingly done, my hat in my hand and my feet on the threshold, taken a fresh grip, hat or no hat, on the pump-handle, and set good-natured, Christian folk distressedly wondering if I would never stop! And how often have I afterward recalled something strained and morbidly intent in their expressions, a glassiness of the staring eye and a starchiness in the smiling lip, that has made me suffer under my bed-cover and swear that next time I would depart like a sky-rocket!

Truly it seems surprising, in a fortunate century when the correspon-

dence school offers so many inexpensive educational advantages for deficient adults, that one never sees an advertisement —

STOP BEING A BORE!

If you *bore people* you can't be loved. *Don't you want to be loved?* Don't YOU? Then sign and mail this coupon *at once*. Let Dynamo Doit teach you through his famous mail course, *How not to be a Bore*.

The explanation, I fancy, must be that people who sign and mail coupons *at once* do not know when they are bored; that the word 'boredom,' so hopelessly heavy with sad significance to many of us, is nevertheless but caviar to the general and no bait at all for an enterprising correspondence school.

A swift survey of literature, from the Old Testament down, yields some striking discoveries. To take an example, Job does not appear to have regarded Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar as bores. And there is Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*, out of which one can familiarly quote nothing about boredom earlier than Lord Byron. The subject has apparently never been studied, and the broad division into Bores Positive and Bores Negative is so recent that I have but this minute made it myself.

The Bore Positive pumps; the Bore Negative compels pumping. Unlike

Carlyle, he regards being pumped into as an exhilarating process; and so, like the Old Man of the Sea on Sindbad's tired shoulders, he sits tight and says nothing; the difference being that, whereas the Old Man kept Sindbad walking, the Bore Negative keeps his victim talking. Charlie Wax (who lives down town in the shop-window and is always so well-dressed) would be a fine Bore Negative if one were left alone with him under compulsion to keep up a conversation.

Boredom, in fact, is an acquired distaste — a by-product of the printing-press and steam-engine, which between them have made and kept mankind busier than Solomon in all his wisdom could have imagined. Our arboreal ancestor could neither bore nor be bored. We see him, with the mind's eye, up there in his tree, poor stupid, his think-tank (if the reader will forgive me a word which he or she may not have *quite* accepted) practically empty; nothing but a few primal, inarticulate thinks at the bottom. It will be a million years or so yet before his progeny will say a long farewell to the old home in the tree; and even then they will lack words with which to do the occasion justice. Language, in short, must be invented before anybody can be bored with it. And I do not believe, although I find it stated in a ten-volume Science-History of the Universe, that 'language is an internal necessity, begotten of a lustful longing to express, through the plastic vocal energy, man's secret sense of his ability to interpret Nature.' An internal necessity, yes — except in the case of the Bore Negative, who prefers to listen; but quite as likely begotten of man's anything but secret sense of his ability to interpret himself.

Speech grew slowly; and mankind, now a speaking animal, had centuries — nay, epochs — in which to become habituated to the longwindedness that

Job accepted as a matter of course in Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar. So that even to-day many, like Job, Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar, bore and are bored without really knowing it.

In the last analysis a bore bores because he keeps us from something more interesting than himself. He becomes a menace to happiness in proportion as the span of life is shortened by an increasing number of things to do and places to go between crib and coffin. Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, full of an unusual personal experience that the leisurely reader finds most horribly entertaining, bored the Wedding Guest because at that moment the Wedding Guest wanted to get to the wedding, and was probably restrained from violence only by the subconscious thought that it is not good form to appear at such functions with a missing button. But the Mariner was too engrossed in his own tale to notice this lack of interest; and so invariably is the Bore Positive: everything escapes him except his listener.

But no matter how well we know when we are bored, none of us can be certain that he does not sometimes bore — not even Tammas. The one certainty is that *I may bore*, and that on the very occasion when I have felt myself as entertaining as a three-ring circus, I may in effect have been as gay and chatty as a like number of tombstones. There are persons, for that matter, who are bored by circuses and delighted by tombstones. My mistake may have been to put all my conversational eggs in one basket — which, indeed, is a very good way to bore people. Dynamo Doit, teaching his class of industrious correspondents, would probably write them, with a picture of himself shaking his fist to emphasize his point, 'Do not try to exhaust your subject. You will only exhaust your audience. Never talk for more than three

minutes on any topic. Wear a wrist-watch and keep your eye on it. If at the end of *three minutes* you cannot change the subject, tell one of the following anecdotes.' And I am quite sure also that Professor Doit would write to his class, 'Whatever topic you discuss, *discuss it originally*. Be apt. Be bright. Be pertinent. Be *yourself*. Remember always that it is not so much what you say as the *way you say it* that will charm your listener. Think clearly. Illustrate and drive home your meaning with illuminating figures — the sort of thing that your hearer will remember and pass on to others as "another of So-and-so's *bon-mots*." Here you will find that reading the "Wit and Humor" column in newspapers and magazines is a great help. And speak plainly. Remember that unless you are *heard* you cannot expect to *interest*. On this point, dear student, I can do no better than repeat Lord Chesterfield's advice to his son: "Read what Cicero and Quintilian say of enunciation."'

But perhaps, after all, enunciation is no more important than renunciation; and the first virtue that we who do not wish to be bores must practice is abstemiousness of self. I know it is hard, but I do not mean total abstinence. A man who tried to converse without his *I's* would make but a blind stagger at it. This short and handsome word (as Colonel Roosevelt might say) is not to be utterly discarded without danger of such a silence as would transform the experimenter into a Bore Negative of the most negative description. Practically deprived of speech, he would become like a Charlie Wax endowed with locomotion and provided with letters of introduction. But one can at least curb the pronoun, and, with shrewd covert glances at his wrist-watch, confine the personally conducted tour into and about Myself within reasonable limits. Let him say bravely in the beginning,

'I will not talk about Myself for more than thirty minutes by my wrist-watch'; then reduce it to twenty-five; then to twenty — and so on to the irreducible minimum, and he will be surprised to feel how his popularity increases with leaps and bounds at each reduction — provided, of course that he finds anything else to talk about.

Your Complete Bore, however, is incapable of this treatment, for he does not know that he is a bore. It is only the Occasional Bore, a sensitive, well-meaning fellow who would not harm anybody, whose head lies sleepless on a pillow hot with his blushes while he goes over and over so apt and tripping a dialogue that it would withhold Gabriel from blowing his trumpet. So it seems to him in his bed; but alas, these dialogues are never of any practical use. They comfort, but they do not cure. For no person ever talks to us as we talk to ourselves. The better way is to decide firmly (1) to get a wrist-watch, and (2) to get to sleep.

There is, however, one infallible rule for not being a bore, or at any rate for not being much of a bore, and that is, never to make a call, or talk to one person, or to several at once, for more than fifteen minutes. Fifteen minutes is not really a very long time, although it may seem so. But to apply this rule successfully one must become adept in the Fine Art of Going Away. Resting your left hand negligently on your right knee, so that the wrist protrudes with an effect of careless grace from the cuff, you have glanced at your watch and observed that the fifteen minutes are up. You get up yourself. Others get up — or, if there is but one other, she. So far, so good. But now that everybody is up, new subjects of conversation, as if catching this rising infection, come up also. You are in a position in which, except by rather too oratorical or dramatic a gesture, you

cannot look at your watch; more than that, if you bore a person sitting down and wondering when you are going to get up, you bore far worse a person standing up and wondering when you will go away. That you have in effect started to go away — and not gone away — and yet must go away some time — and may go away at any minute: this consciousness, to a person standing first on one tired foot and then on the other, rapidly becomes almost, but never quite unendurable. Reason totters, but remains on the throne. One can almost lay down a law: *Two persons who do not part with kisses should part with haste.*

The way to do is to go like the sky-rocket — up and out.

But the fifteen-minute call followed by the flying exit is at best only a niggling and unsatisfactory solution; it is next door to always staying at home. Then certainly you would never be a bore (except to the family); but neither by any possibility could you ever be that most desirable factor in life, the Not-Bore. The Hermit is a slacker. Better far to come out of your cave, mingle, bore as little as may be — and thank Heaven that here and there you meet one whom you somehow feel reasonably certain that you do not bore.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION AGAIN

THE jottings which follow are intended as a footnote to one of the happiest remarks of one of the most genial and witty philosophers of our time and country. I have not the text for citation verbatim, but even a garbled version cannot wholly spoil such felicity.

When a young man arrives at college, says Mr. Dooley in one of his delightful chronicles of manners, — I trust it has not yet attained to the cheapness of the over-familiar, — he is ushered into the luxurious office of the

Prisidint, who shoves a Roosian cigarette into his face and says, 'And now, me b'y, what branch iv larnin' would ye loike to have pursooed fer ye be our expayrienced and competint perfes-sers?'

Myself, having spent half of what the *Harvard Lampoon* used to call 'the epidemic year' pursuing the history of English literature from 1700 to 1900 for a class of sophomores, in one of our oldest and deservedly most respected New England universities, I have lately made my semi-annual descent into that abyss of desolation, the examination period. And, after the official waste of three hours in the examination room as 'proctor,' I have spent one hour with the written rewards of my vigilance. It has brought me to that pass where the spirit balks. I cannot do another thing until I have vented myself somehow. *Hinc illa scripta.*

Perhaps the most disconcerting effects of examinations are those which result from conservative attempts to echo the preceptorial vocabulary, and to hand back information in the verbal envelope of the original. 'Wordsworth,' I read, 'exalted in the beauties of nature.' Addison and Steele, I find myself corroborated, taught their age manners — 'and this was done not in a preaching way but in homeletic fashion.' 'Helenism' — Greek is a very dead language nowadays — 'Helenism is immoral beauty.' Can this be the wander echo of my attempt to analyze that temper which fondly imagines itself 'unmoral'?

But I prefer originality — such originality as that of the youth who assures me that Franklin was the first great American man of letters because 'he invented the postal system.' A wilder originality as to the fact occurs here: 'De Quincey was always very dreamy. His *Dream Children* is a good example of him.' The quite reasonable

request for illustration of the heroic couplet was rewarded thus:—

The lowing herd trods slowly o'er the lee.

And Wordsworth's worship of nature is illustrated best in the ballad beginning, —

The world is too good for us.

Students are usually more alive to fiction in prose than to poem or essay. Yet to the question, 'What was Defoe's most important contribution to the novel as a form of imaginative literature?' a majority answered '*Robinson Crusoe*,' and one youth returned for all answer: 'Defoe's most important contribution to the form of the novel was in the form of imaginative literature.' We ask: 'What was Swift besides a man of letters?' The answer: 'Swift, besides a man of letters, was a lunatic.' And in a tabular arrangement of the chief novelists from 1700 to 1800 appear Alexander Pope, Thomas Grey, Collins, Macpherson, Bosworth, Tobias Stern, Laurence Smollet, Chatterton, Lamb, George Elliott, George Dickens, Thackeray, McCaully, and Jane Eyrie.

Nor let it be thought that the style of these disgorgements is necessarily less piquant than the matter. Here is metaphor, here is simile: 'Byron was a Roosevelt, with poetic teeth that loved to grind and grind on the reputation of man or upon the life of the man himself. Shelly was quiet and docile compared with Byron. Shelly was perhaps like Brian and his "dove of peace." *That conception is too insipient however.*' (When I read this to my wife, she said: 'Yes — its fontanel never closed.') To this flight, the printed question, 'Compare Byron and Shelly as poets of revolt,' is a tame, tepid, and (dare I say?) toothless thing.

One more passage I include, as reflecting another youth's taste in the

difficult matter of style — the more faithfully reflecting because, tintured as it is with the selective memory of one hardly knows what, it frankly abandons the youth's own native wood-notes wild. 'Upon the barren panorama of Scotch letters in the closing years of the 18th Century Robert Burns through a ray of sunlight, that has never faded away. As a boy Burns had a grammar school education, augmented by diligent reading of Swift, Pope Addison and Arbuthnot. He was, in early youth, a lover of nature. It was not until however, that Burns fell into that passion which is at once both the glory and the sorrow of mankind, love, that we discover the latent power which nestled in the heart of this Scotchman.'

Thus one hour of mingled emotions. I have at least six more hours of the same to face. And I owe this hour, and shall presently be owing the other six, to college sophomores — American young men of nineteen and twenty, graduates of the best secondary schools, sons of good families and best families, by selection and survival arrived at those opportunities which are usually accounted the best. Were they doing their best to carry out the printed injunction at the head of the examination paper — 'Write carefully. Your answers will be judged on their form as well as on their substance'?

I am not asking just now what these fairly representative jottings prove. They may prove that I have done my teaching badly, or that the American college is a bluff, or that the modern young man has only contempt for the cultivation of the mind, or that the English classics ought to be considered as dead to all but pedants, or that real education is an impossibility in a social order founded on and dedicated to commerce, or that the preparatory schools do not know what they are

about, or that the undergraduate will take his academic instruction from only one man, the athletic coach — *the man who teaches him to play*. I promise myself a terrible day of reckoning up these issues and the relation of my own conscience to them.

But for the moment I only ask, What can be done about it? What on earth can be done about it?

CONCERNING UNHEARD MELODIES

'SUPPOSE, children, nobody had ears, suppose no living *thing* had ears,' Teacher said, looking hard out of her brown eyes at the row of attentive faces before her, 'would there be any sound in the world?'

Silence — into which presently a bumblebee, fresh from the sweets of the scraggly lilac bush outside the school-house window, boomed his sturdy disapproval of speculative niceties. The third boy from the door dragged a copper-toed shoe across the bare floor, and nodded doubtfully. Then there was a chorus of nods — practical unanimity.

'Sure there would be,' quoth freckled John Smith, emboldened by the nods. What courage of conviction is ever so recklessly cocksure as that inspired by conscious cohesion with the uninspired majority? 'T would n't make no difference. The *noise*'d be there just the same, whether anybody heard it or not. 'Course it would — why would n't it?'

Another boy, minus forty-odd years of enlightening experience, seconded John Smith. 'S'posen, now, a gun was set some way, so's it'd go off in — in the middle of the Desert of Sahary. Would n't it bang, same as it does here?'

Teacher smiled oddly, and the controversialist was seized with geographical searchings of heart.

'Well, s'posen a thunder shower was to come up in the middle of the night, and nobody waked up — nobody 't all *anywhere* — then it'd be just heat-lightnin', would it? Huh! And could n't the deafest man ever was see a dog's mouth go, and *know* the bark was comin'?' Well, I rather guess he could!'

But Teacher convicted us of scientific heresy from a torn volume of *Webster's Unabridged*, though our uninstructed common-sense still stood stubbornly on the defensive. Sound was a sensation, produced through the medium of the ear, she explained; hence, if there were no ears, there could be no sound — no sound of any sort.

Freckled John Smith drew a long breath, making an incredulous wheeze through his nose.

'But there'd be the *stuff* to make it of,' he contested; and Teacher conceded that much, with cautions about the materialistic suggestions of 'stuff.'

This reminiscence of my boyhood was recalled by Mr. and Mrs. Follett's essay on Henry James in the June, 1916, *Atlantic*, especially by that line, aptly quoted to such a theme, concerning 'unheard melodies,' which — granting we trust the poetic intuition — are sweeter far than any which filter through the tympanum, and get themselves duly recognized as melodious in the positive degree. I confess that that line, and its suggestions, have always troubled me a good deal. For if a melody is unheard, how does anybody know that it *is* a melody, and not a discord? Does an exceptionally keen ear catch a glinting note now and again, and boldly vouch for the quality of what ears in general are oblivious to? And, even then, is n't 'just plain sweet,' with the popular vote in its favor, vastly preferable to the superlatively saccharine, with its severely select audience, or no audience at all? Again I seem to see Teacher's brown eyes look-

ing at me over the dog-eared pages of *Webster's Unabridged*, as she patiently explains that 'if there were no ears, there could be no sound, no sound of any sort.'

It is Browning who has given the strongest color of reality to the myth of the 'unheard melody,' because, in listening to his song, new, rich notes repeatedly vocalize out of the silence. I never take up my Browning without an awed sense of treading on brinks of unsuspected discovery, which goes to prove the contention of Mr. Chesterton that things undreamed of, or, better still, vaguely surmised, whether these be in heaven or earth, or in *Sordello*, have a 'certain poetic value.' This value depreciates notably, however, when the 'unheard melody,' long listened for, unravels itself out of the brooding silence only to prove a familiar street ballad in a Browningese setting—not particularly apt, but only incoherent. And this, alas, happens oftener than one might wish!

Furthermore, despite Browning societies numberless, and a perfect Midrash of illuminating or distracting commentary, there are lines in Browning which still whet the daring of the adventurous. What is under there, we ask—Kohinoor or brook-smoothed pebble? And sometimes we add, with a dash of petulance, Why should so much be left underground, anyhow? Is this which baffles the fairly intelligent reader, after a third reading, or even a fourth, the ecstatic utterance of a soul which has drunk so deep of the Pierian spring that the common tongue of the street and the drawing-room fails in its struggle for self-expression; or is it merely the blundering obscurity of a 'great demagogue, with an impediment in his speech'?

Mr. Browning is credited with the belief that it would be rather difficult to express some of the thoughts in *Sor-*

dello in a perfectly lucid manner. Well, be it so, but is not literary artistry admittedly difficult, and is it not the chief glory of the poet's craft to fit apt and understandable phrases to unknown or dimly comprehended truths? The true poet is burdened with his seer's vision, but is he not burdened also with the interpretation thereof? If Browning be 'clearly one of that class of poets who are also prophets,' shall it not, then, be frankly counted a defect that his message will never be delivered in its entirety, and that only a few stray lines of cheerful optimism will ever reach the common ear? After *Sordello*, 'the most involved, bewildering, and altogether incomprehensible poem ever written by Browning,' there was ample time left to cultivate the 'winning graces of simplicity,' had such a course seemed desirable. Was it desirable? Was it possible? Or is genius of a high order always erratic, and more or less bewildering?

It is the fashion of critics to mention Meredith after Browning, and the later Henry James after Meredith. For writers of prose, these two last certainly sported to the verge of peril with the 'unheard melody,' so far, at least, as a popular hearing is concerned. It is said that Meredith wrapped his toga wrathfully about him, and shook the dust of the arena from his sandals, when his second book, *Evan Harrington*, failed to win the plaudits of the giddy populace. Whether the deserted public afterwards shed bitter penitential tears over the distressing complexities of *Diana of the Crossways*, bewailing too late what was now lost forever, or simply 'threw up its hands in despair' and went its light-hearted, care-free way to the literary music-hall on the next corner, is a question for those better versed in Meredithiana to decide.

And when all is said, was Meredith's style influenced in the least by a public

frigid to his fires, or by what flippant critics thought of him, or does genius of his peculiar type have a natural trend, which it cannot but follow? Can we conceive a Meredith praised and petted into a Meredithian Thomas Hardy? Or if the worst must be told, did the three of them — Browning, Meredith, and Henry James — count 'the common sort, the crowd' a negligible quantity, and thus allow a good many truths, neither hopelessly profound, nor especially intricate in themselves, to 'suffer stifle in the mist,' from which a modicum of trouble might have extricated them? In short, was the reproach of 'perverse obscurity' easier to be borne than the odium of 'playing to the pit'?

And, most important of all, are we dealing here with a literary tendency likely to persist? Shall we have presently a cult of the 'unheard melody' and of the 'story that cannot be told'? As Romanticism was a revolt against time-honored classic models, do we see here a revolt against the conventional audience — the audience of Dickens and Scott? That would be a sad pity, just at this time, too, when the alluring 'best seller' is still in the land, with a vast deal of doubtful ethics stored away under red cloth and white lettering. A writer with a gracious message ought to be heard, not only by open wood fires, and in dim-lighted libraries, but in cottages and on street-corners as well.

THE GENIUS OF THE RACE

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be,
 And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defense,
 How oft in spirit have I turned to Thee,
 Amidst the soundless solitudes immense,
 O only source of all our light and life!
 Lean close to me, for now the sinking sun,
 The settled shadow of an inward strife,
 Hath made us worshipers; O claim thine own!
 From the contagion of the world's slow stain
 Grant us Thy peace and purity of mind;
 And rivet faster round Thyself the chain,
 The heart, which love of Thee alone can bind.
 So shall I live like one not born to die,
 Holding so fast by Thine Infinity!

[Lest the newer poets be too harsh in their criticism of this sonnet, the *Atlantic* hastens to break the anonymity of the Club and award the credit where it belongs, to the following poetasters: — Keats, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Thomson, Clough, Rossetti, Byron, Keble, Shelley, Rogers, Southey, Byron again, Coleridge, and E. Brontë. — THE EDITORS.]